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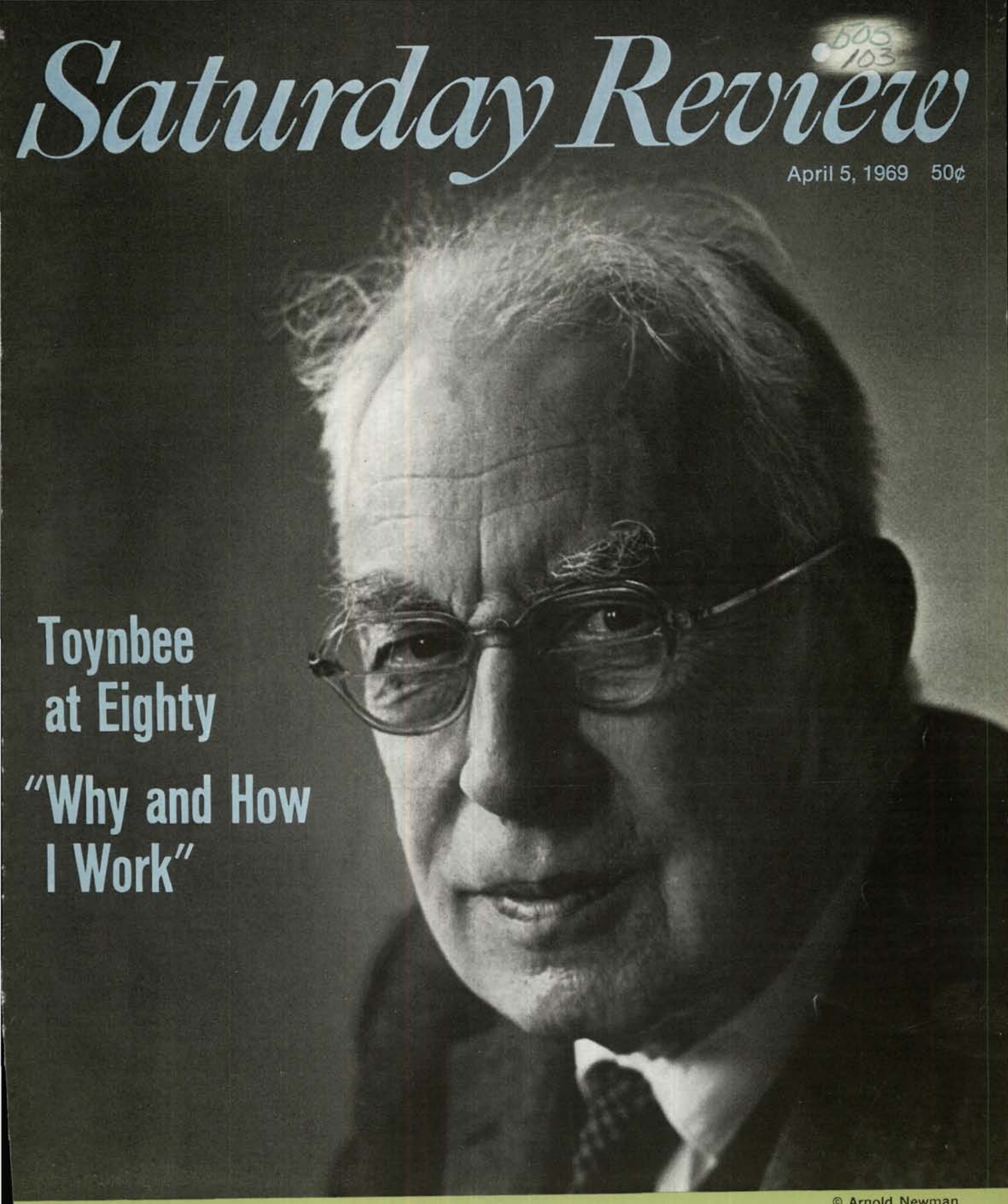
Saturday Review

April 5, 1969 50¢



Toynbee at Eighty

"Why and How I Work"

© Arnold Newman

SPINNING THE THREAD OF LIFE

By John Lear

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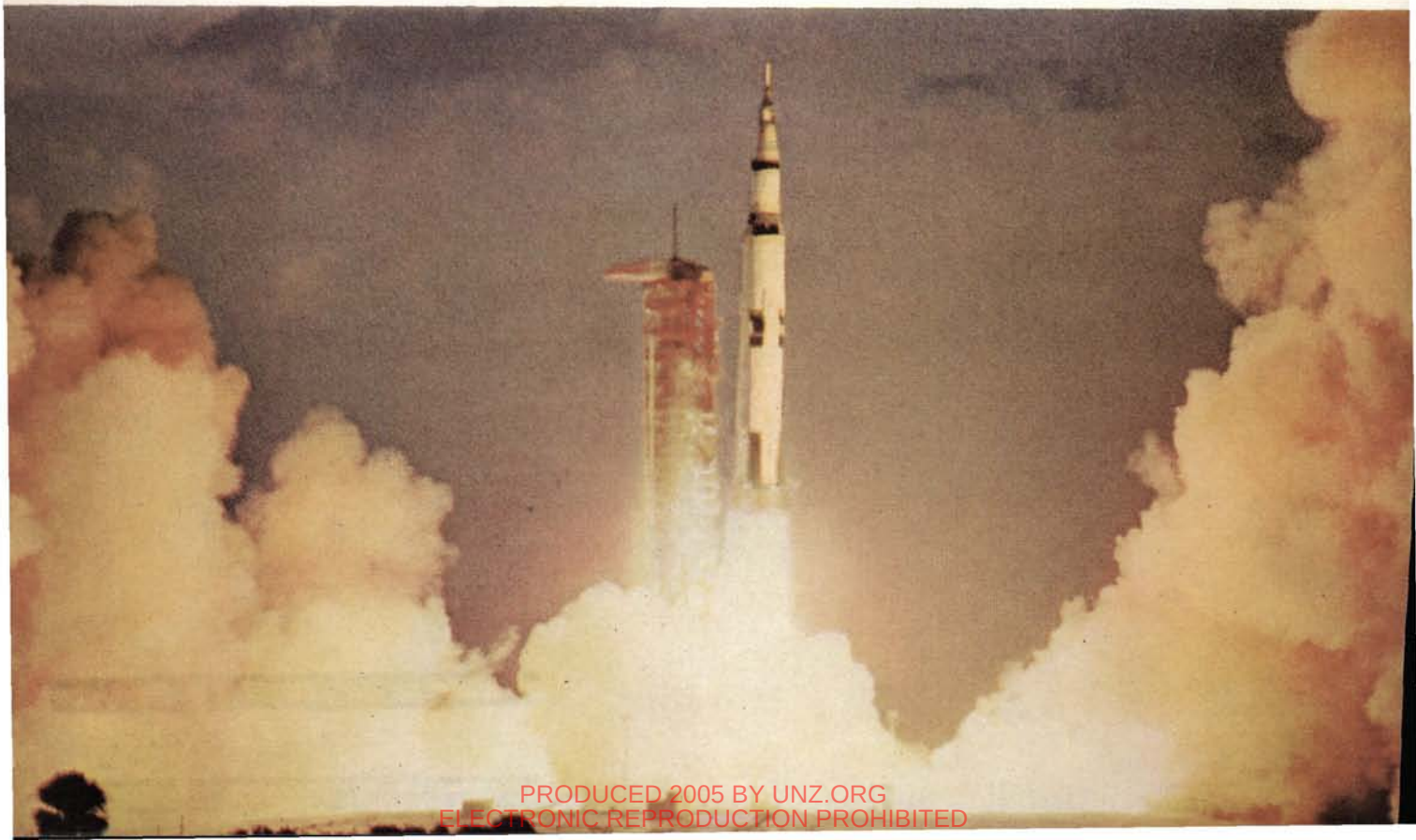

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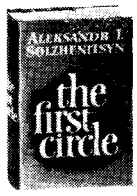

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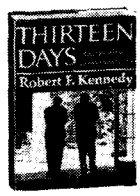

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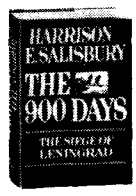

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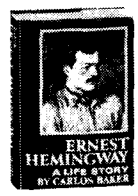

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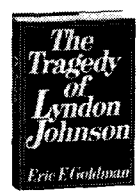

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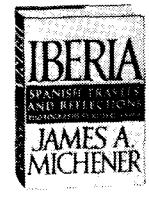

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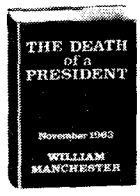

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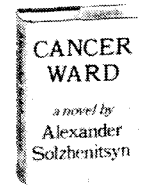

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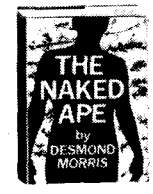

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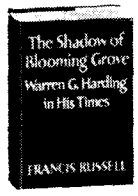

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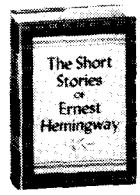

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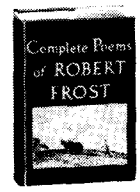

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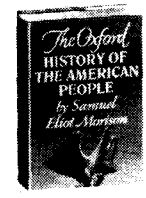

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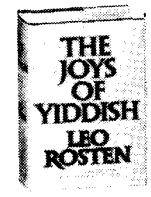

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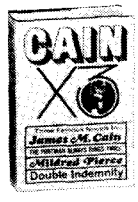

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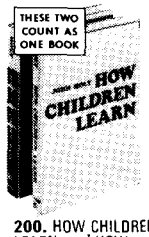

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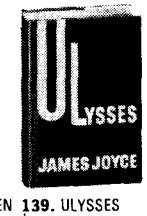

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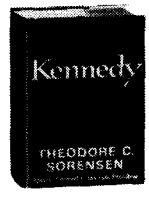

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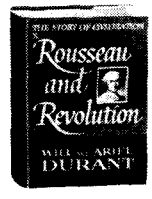

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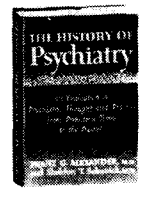

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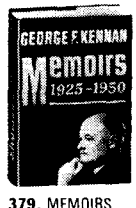

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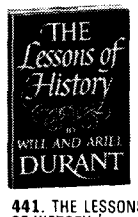

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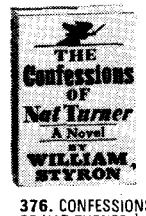

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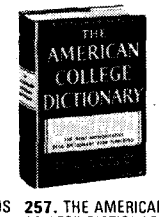

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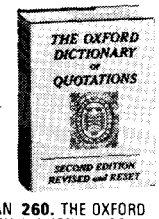

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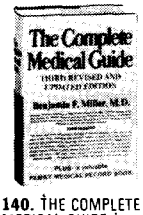

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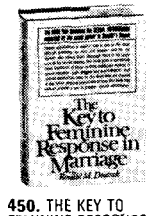

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All right, I've never steered you wrong before, have I? Oh well, *okay*, so now and then we haven't seen eye to eye on a book. But you don't get the word *here* about the new sex novel. (Is there a novel about the *old* sex in the house?) What you get here is the word on the book you might otherwise miss and shouldn't.

A few columns back I remarked on the occasional very likable book with highly unlikely subject matter. You know: books on roots and hummingbirds and the bandersnatch. Today's little wonder is CLOTHESLINES U.S.A.

Now who needs a book on clotheslines? You do. Because Helen Mather's beautiful little book, lovingly designed by Stefan Salter (and only $3.95), will strike your soul like a poem. It is the result of a 12,000-mile trip pursuing a love affair with flapping lines and what people hang on them. They hang out clothes, to be sure, but until I used Helen Mather's eyes, I didn't know that they also hang out stories: flapping fables of love, decency, depression, exultation, precision, nonchalance.

I smile at Mrs. Mather's directness: "A lot of people talked about clotheslines, but nobody did anything about them. It was up to me." I had thought that people talked *over* clotheslines (which, here and there, they still do) and that dryers had taken over everywhere (which they sure haven't).

This book of eighty-four pictures and subversively disarming text is our best indescribable book since Shirley Burden's bestselling *I Wonder Why*. When you see CLOTHESLINES U.S.A., you will not wonder why we published it. For the fifty best short letters telling me why you think we did, I'll send a free copy of the book for you to give to your mother, aunt, sister, or daughter, plus your choice of one free book from any in print on the Doubleday list priced at under ten dollars.

L. L. Day
EDITOR-AT-LARGE

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Saturday Review

April 5, 1969

Cover photograph by Arnold Newman.

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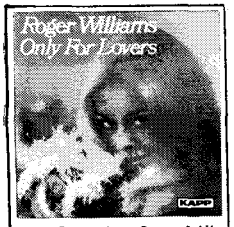
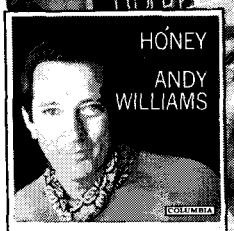
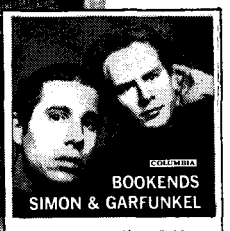


7249. Roger plays: Dream A Little Dream Of Me; Talk To The Animals; Up, Up And Away; etc.



6558. Also: Up, Up And Away; By The Time I Get To Phoenix; Love Is Blue; 11 in all



6366. Includes Mrs. Robinson from "The Graduate," Fakin' It, At The Zoo, Old Friends, etc.

7348. Also: Little Green Apples, Fool On The Hill, etc.

7272. Also: For Once In My Life, Halfway To Paradise, Tiff, etc.

7245. Also: Little Green Apples, Moody River, 6 more

7241. Also: Spinning Wheel, Smiling Phases, etc.

7150. Tune in, and turn on . . . as mod as Carnaby Street.

7115. Plus: Color My World, My Love, Call Me, Two Rivers, etc.

7114. Also: By The Time I Get To Phoenix, Honey, 11 in all

7051. Also: You Send Me, A Change, I Take What I Want, etc.

6897. Also: People; The Good, The Bad And The Ugly; 11 in all

1013. Also: Twelfth of Never, No Love, Come to Me, etc.

6415. Folsom Prison Blues, The Long Black Veil, The Wall, etc.

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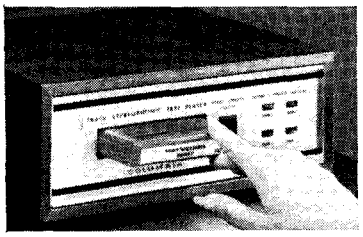

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Top of My Head

Goodman Ace

Growing Older Disgracefully

IT IS ALWAYS sad to see a man in the prime of life suddenly and perceptibly aging before his time. But on a recent NBC-TV special it was miraculously hilarious to see and hear a thirty-nine-year-old young man confess before millions of viewers that he was that day celebrating his seventy-fifth birthday.

Of course it was Jack Benny, who had been thirty-nine since he was forty. He seemed eager and happy to tell his age to anyone within earshot, as if the burden of his nefarious masquerade had lain heavily upon his conscience for too long.

He even summoned courage to ask a ten-year-old girl on the program how old she thought he was. The child stared thoughtfully into his beaming face bent closely over her, and said, "Oh, I'd say you're about forty or forty-one."

Mr. Benny laughed gleefully at her naïveté. He thanked her but confessed he was really somewhat older, and smilingly encouraged her to guess again. She did, loud and clear.

"Seventy-five," she said.

His smile faded, and he stared at her. And stared. And stared. And the miracle was that Jack Benny, who had been an old thirty-nine, had suddenly become a young seventy-five.

To each his own. Around our house age hasn't been handled that gracefully. Birthdays went out of style some years ago at breakfast when my wife said: "Well, dear, how do you feel this morning on your birthday?"

"Old," I replied.

"Now, dear, that's the wrong altitude."

"Well, Jane, I'm not flying, if that's what you mean."

"No, I mean you keep forgetting what I told you. If I told you once, I told you twice. Don't say you're old, just say you're only getting older. Now repeat after me: I'm not old."

"I'm not old."

"I'm only getting older."

"I'm only getting older."

"Now, don't you feel better? Worry is what makes a person old. I had an aunt whose hair was snow-white. One day she decided not to worry any more, and overnight her hair turned brown. You make it sound as if you're older than Macushla. From now on, we won't mention birthdays around here, if they upset you so. You are not old. You are only getting older. Right?"

"Right. But my glasses are old, and my ears."

"But not you. The word 'birthday' is tatoo around here."

And so with that indelibly inscribed we haven't mentioned or celebrated birthdays for some years. Although the day following that sparkling little chat I did find a package on the dresser. It was a sweater.

"I just happened to accidentally pass a store," she said, "and it was just your shade."

And it was. It was a sort of faded yellow. With a split infinitive. And that's

how it's been—the day following every birthday she happened to accidentally pass a store, etc., etc.

That was about ten or twelve sweaters ago. Also, I confess to ten or twelve bottles of White Shoulders perfume from me. No parties, no cakes, no candles to blow out. Just accidentally passing stores through the leisurely flow of time.

And you want to know something? It has taken years off my age. The secret is simple. I pass it on. Follow carefully:

Since birthdays are not my bag any more, I haven't bothered to keep a chronological record. Some time ago, I had a birthday hiatus of three years. Then, I received a Hallmark thing from a sister. That reminded me of the date. So I simply added one year to the number at which I had left off three years before.

After four more years of no birthdays there came a telegram to remind me. But I couldn't remember the number at which I had previously left off. So I selected an attractive, young number, and added one year to that. According to my abacus I am now a sexagenarian.

I like that word. It has a ring to it. A ring of excitement and élan. And, alas, of promise.

She didn't mention my birthday this year. But there was an oblique reference: "I heard a funny joke today about age," she said. "I hope I can tell it right. Oh yes, I got it: A man is as old as he looks. A woman is as old as she likes. Ha, ha, ha."

"You heard that today?"

"Yes, don't you get it, dear?"

"That joke is not old. It's only getting older."

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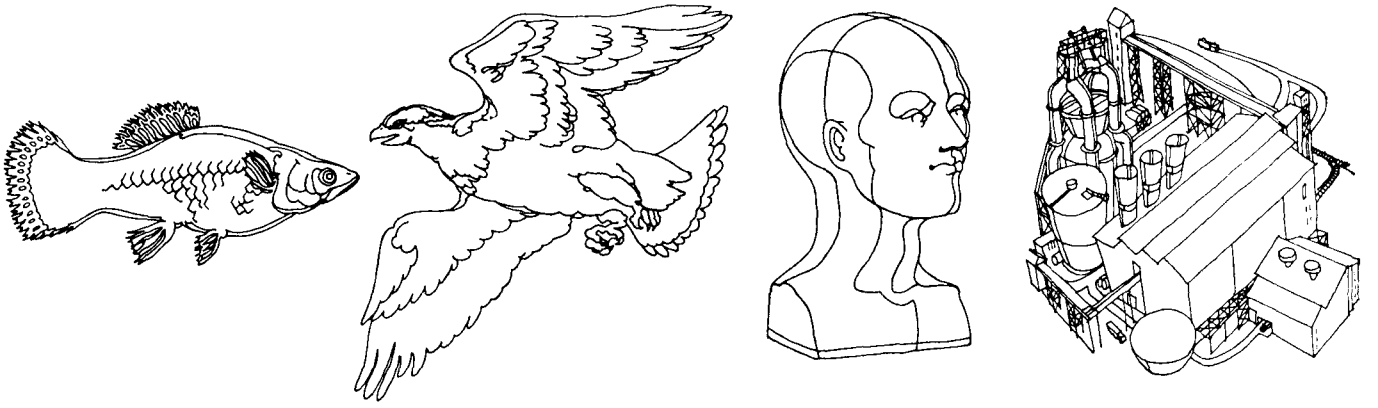

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Meanwhile, we're determined to help conserve natural resources for our neighbors.

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Phoenix Nest

Edited by Martin Levin

Consider the Artichoke

I SOMETIMES wonder whether artichokes were meant to be eaten. The very word disturbs me, especially the "choke" part. I would be somewhat reassured if it were "antichoke," a preventive, instead of what sounds like an artistic method of strangulation. Nor does it help me to trace the word through the Italian *articiocco* and ultimately back to the Arabic *al-khurshuf*, which suggests an enormous, all-encompassing, and perhaps throat-rupturing sneeze.

But what causes me most to question the edibility of the artichoke, or *Cynara scolymus*, is its appearance. What we persist in eating, indeed consider a delicacy, is the flower head of a thistle-like plant. Surely its coarse, leathery texture and sharp-pointed tips were meant by nature to warn us away, or to suggest that if we pluck the flower head at all we should use it in a centerpiece on the table and not serve it on a salad plate.

And yet we boil it in salted water for forty minutes and serve it up. The very fact that it must be boiled for forty minutes is further proof that it was not meant to be eaten. Encouraged by their success, gourmets may yet try this treatment on pine cones, boiling them until soft and then bearing them triumphantly to the table, where eager guests sit salivating.

Our way of eating artichokes increases my doubt that they were intended for more than decoration. One by one, we tear off what botanists describe as their "large oval involucral bracts" (a far from appetizing description) and scrape away the flesh near the base with our front teeth. Fangs bared, we revert to the primitive, even to the animal.

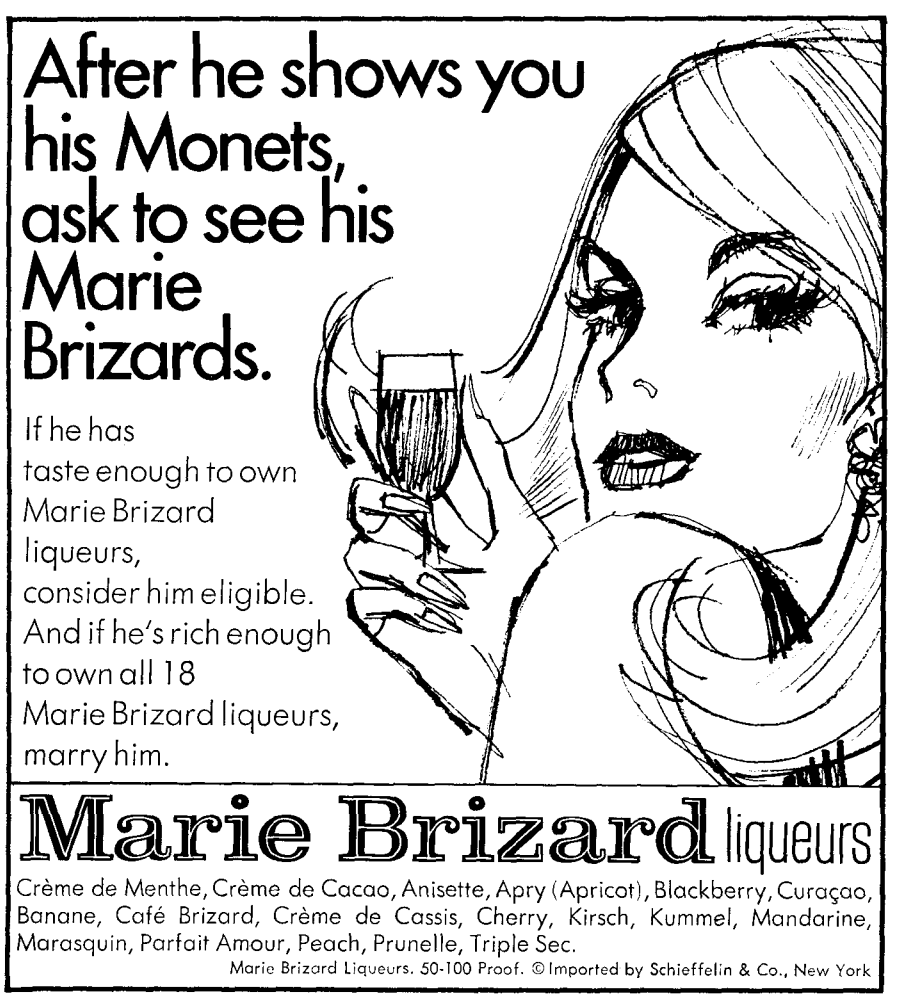
It can hardly be the taste of the artichoke that attracts us. Whatever taste it has we disguise by plunging each bract into mayonnaise or drawn butter before each bite. It might be the pleasurable act of eating, the reversion to the primitive mentioned above, a kind of gastronomic atavism. Or it might be the fact that we get such a titillating little with each toothy scrape. This is comparable to extracting the sweet fluid, drop by drop, from honeysuckle. A cup of the stuff would be nauseating. The heart of the artichoke is too easy, and many, after working their way to what might seem their reward, lose interest.

Sometimes, at a fashionable dinner party, I briefly stay my own gnawing and furtively look around at the other guests as they work on their artichokes. In my mind's eye, high-style dresses and tailored suits become tiger skins, crudely fastened by thongs. I shudder. "Would you like to finish this?" I ask, pointing to the artichoke I had barely begun to dismember. Someone, already down to the heart, is almost sure to look at me gratefully and ask, "Are you sure you don't want it?"

But the most astonishing thing about the artichoke is how it looks when one has finished eating it. In place of the tightly balled flower head is a large dish filled with bracts, each bearing teeth marks so plainly that a dentist could identify the eater if a crime had been committed and he were called to testify in a court of law.

The artichoke is the only vegetable, if vegetable it is, of which there is more after it has been eaten.

—RICHARD ARMOUR.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Logic

It stands to reason that:

A word is worth .001 of a picture.

Shallow water runs loud.

One head is worse than two.

No loaves are worse than half a loaf.

A day in January, February, March, April, May, July, August, September, October, November, and December is common.

A bird in the bush is worth half a bird in the hand.

Moss builds up on stationary rocks.

The quality of broth is inversely proportional to the number of cooks.

There are always half as many stories as there are sides.

If you go to bed late and get up late, you'll be sick, poor, and stupid.

—DERECK WILLIAMSON.

A Candied Lobbyist Speaks Out

MOVIES MAY or may not be getting better than ever, but there's no longer any doubt that snack bars are getting too good for me. I could sense it coming when Jujubes went from 5 to 6 cents. I was certain of it when ice cream bonbons began elbowing their way past the Eskimo Pies. I conceded defeat the day Life Savers were relegated to a vending machine in a remote corner of the lobby.

Back in the days before Cinerama, it took up the better part of an evening at the refreshment stand to eat your way

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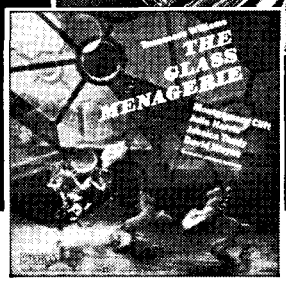

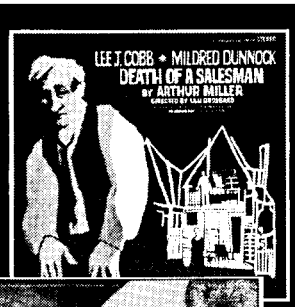

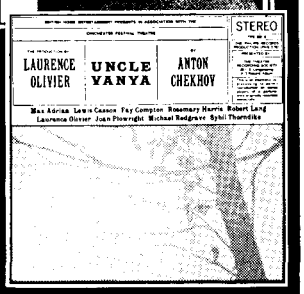

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through a quarter. In fact, it was all I could do to tear myself away long enough to go back inside and see the picture. But lately, I've been avoiding candy counters almost entirely and spending more and more time at the drinking fountain, shrewdly located out of reach down a long perilous flight of stairs. The refreshments, which once competed with the feature for one's attention, are now outclassing it.

Nowadays, you don't dare show your face in the lobby of a modern movie house unless you intend to lavish a day's earnings on Milky Ways (the lobbies I frequent refuse to book Forever Yours) or on an orange drink measuring 18 inches high.

What bothers me most, however, is not just that the cost of keeping a family of three in chocolate bars for an evening has tripled, but that the selection of sweets is precisely the same as it was when I was a boy—and a pretty dreary lot it was then. With the exception of long cellophane boxes of after-dinner mints, the bill of fare under glass has hardly changed a Dot.

In addition, I find myself the victim of a psychological block (no doubt dating back to childhood Saturday matinees) that prevents me from pronouncing the names of certain candy bars whose brands seem to have been chosen by a classroom of preschoolers.

I mean, how does a mature adult bring himself to babble such nonsense as "Milk Duds," "Crackle," "Jujy Fruits," "Chocolate Babies," "Chuckles," "Zagnut," "Baby Ruth," and "Good and Plenty"?

If you're anything like me, you don't say anything. You point instead to an Almond Roca or maybe a Schrafft's Butter-Cream—something with a little dignity to it. You may not particularly care for the choice itself, but at least you can mumble the name without covering your face with a newspaper.

As long as we're forced to spend 75 cents to a dollar at the candy counter, it seems only fair that the management offer a decent selection. I've about had my fill of U-Nos for a while; I find if you say "U-No" very quickly, and kind of slur it, it's not so bad, and it's the only reasonably priced bar with class.

What I'd really like to see in the future is one of those oval glass counters where we might fuss over such delicacies as hand-dipped coconut drops, raisin clusters, orange sticks, raspberry marshmallow bars, chocolate cherries, rainbow marzipan, molasses chips, salt-water taffy, jelly beans, and soft-center creams.

It's very possible that within the next few years some of your better cinemas will find it more profitable to concentrate on upgrading their lobby cuisine and eventually decide to eliminate movies completely. —Gerald Nachman.

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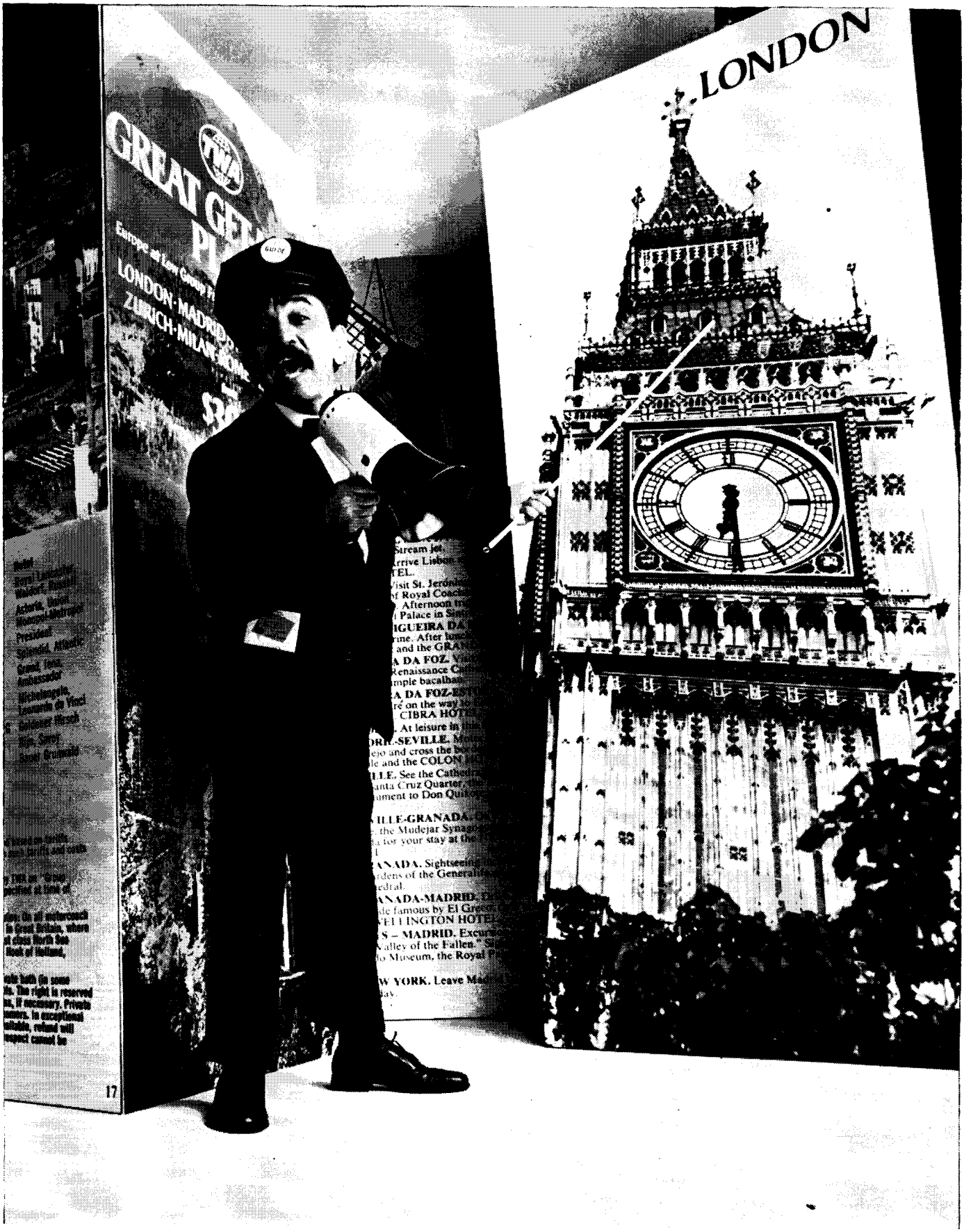

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Manner of Speaking

John Ciardi

Term Paper Time and No Thanks: I taught college English for most of twenty years and let me confess that the prospect of release from student maunderings and student papers was one compelling reason for giving up habit and tenure to gamble as a free lance in my declining years. It is even possible that by "declining" I mean "no thanks."

I had not known, though I soon learned, that to be listed on the masthead of a magazine, even as a part-time visitor to the premises, was to live in a constant dribble of letters from students who had been given a paper to write, and who wanted me to write it for them.

At first, still conditioned by academic habit, I was tempted to help the helpless. It took me a while to learn that either compassion or water poured into cracked vessels can only leak out. No man can have his questions answered until he has thought how to ask them, and I soon learned that no question addressed to me in a letter from a student was likely to be touched by a trace of thought.

In my next phase, I was moved to answer students with an avuncular scolding about their methods and with a few notes on how to use a library. Such letters, however, if they were answered at all, only produced a cry to the effect that the local library lacked all the resources I had mentioned (the willful little liars!) and would I, therefore, define poetry, or write a page or two explaining why I was a poet, or give my impressions of William Butler Yeats (was he really a good poet?)—and so endlessly *da capo* until I became inured.

In my third phase, I took to composing snappy form letters, to be signed by my secretary, and to be left in my files as proof that I was some sort of wit. One such letter ran:

> Dear Sir:
> Mr. Ciardi regrets that he is behind in his own homework and is, therefore, unable to undertake yours.
> Sincerely,
> Ima Dragon
> (Sec. to J.C.)

The act of composing such letters can serve as a sort of release. The trouble with them is that they are obviously too stupid to mail. Having composed them, therefore, I always ended up by chucking them into the wastebasket.

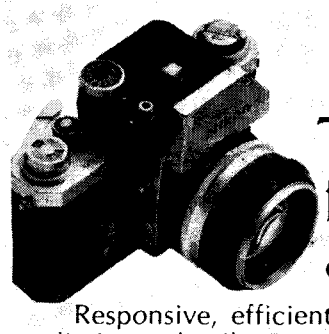
From that point it was an easy step to the fourth phase in which I chucked all such letters into the wastebasket to begin with. Nothing in mortal man better defines his character than his sense of which letters to chuck into the wastebasket at sight. His chuck rate of the trivial, I am prepared to assert, is a direct measure of his sense of serious purpose.

I have been in that fourth phase of my always questionable character for some time (students and teachers, please note). I am aware that, in one legend of civility, it is rudeness to throw a letter away unanswered. In an even more basic idea of civility, let me suggest that it is oafish to toss off unconsidered questions in the hope that a man with his own work to do will take time to do your thinking for you. Has no one suggested to American students that when they want favors from a stranger they are under a civil obligation to do all that is in their power to ease the work of the entreated stranger? I had assumed such an obligation to be a basic teaching. I can only report that it seems to be unknown to the young, either as courtesy or as simple shrewdness.

My character is, by now, formed and I am determined to answer no such letters. But the young, I suspect, broadcast their letters. They deal in statistical response, and I can certainly advise them on how to improve that response. To begin with, they are foolish not to inclose a stamped, self-addressed return envelope. Such an envelope is not enough in itself to assure a reply, but it will at least testify to a minimum sense of civility, and such a testimony will swing some decisions in their favor.

What is more likely to elicit a response is some indication that the student has thought his questions through to reasonable specification. "Can you tell me what inspires a poem?" is not only a stupid question, but an unmanageable one. A considered questionnaire, on the other hand, might ask (leaving spaces for brief replies): "Do your poems generally take off from a felicitous phrase? from an image? from bare idea? from a rhythm? in some other way?" Such a questionnaire might reasonably bid for an answer. For my part, I have never seen a student's letter whose questions have been specified in any such detail.

For such reasons, I thought my fourth phase was my last. I have, as a matter of fact, yet to see a student's question I have not addressed more than once in print. Why, then, should I write essays for students who will not go to th



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library to dig out the essays I have already written?

A recent letter, however, persuades me that there is a fifth phase to go through before the wastebasket swallows all. The letter, from a student in a small town in Oregon, reads:

> I have been asked to write a paper on what I would like to do for a living. I have been considering a career as a poet. Can you write me a short summary on how you became a poet, such as the educational requirements, whether or not you are satisfied with your work, where you have your works published, and approximate salary a beginner can expect.

I enter my fifth phase with the thought that no student could write so stupid a letter entirely on his own resources. Idiocy of this order could be achieved only under instruction. I clearly have a final scolding to scold, but it must obviously be addressed not to the student but to the teachers who encourage students to such acts of public idiocy. My fifth phase will consist, therefore, of a single open letter I must get off my chest, after which the wastebasket shall once more be the place of eternal rest, and this column (I hope) need never again address the mail-order curriculum:

Dear Teacher:

The letter(s) I have received from your student(s) suggest that you have chosen me (probably among others) to serve as your assistant in what they call "writing a term paper," and in what I am tempted to think of as their confirmation in idiocy.

I should perhaps be grateful for your confidence in me, but my more powerful inclination is to think of your teaching methods as deficient.

I note, first, that the questions I have received are mindless in a way I do not readily associate with the young. Could it be that they are under some duress to reflect a mindlessness not their own? I hesitate to inquire further into the source of that mindlessness. I am, perhaps, naturally suspicious. Yet, let me recommend the inquiry to your own reflections.

My suspicions, I realize, may be unworthy. Yet it seems certain from the letter(s) I have received that no one has taught them how to use a library. Might not that be part of your responsibility?

Perhaps your local library facilities are limited. In that case, might it not be your duty to assign papers that can be based on existing resources? Whatever the facilities, good research method has a common base.

Have you considered that it might not be fair to students to make them base their research on letters to strangers? What happens to their grades when the stranger decides not to answer? This sort of prepubescent mail-order request for material, I suggest, leaves too much to chance. On any such measure, I have myself been the cause of hundreds of failing grades.

I will certainly deny that any student with a six-cent stamp may use me as part of your teaching method, if any. And I will insist that urging students to mail off ill-considered letters is a poor substitute for responsible teaching.

Your duty is to teach method of inquiry, ideas, and criteria. If you are unable to perform that duty, there is always a demand for waitresses and for charwomen. There is, that is to say, honest work available. I should think any such work might be more useful than the act of posing as a teacher only to teach infant methods to the merely juvenile.

In any case, I should like you to know that I have begun a private blacklist, and that any further letters from students in your school will be answered by my detailed private assessment of you as a teacher, with carbon copies to your superintendent of schools and to your board of education. Which is to say, I dare you.

Yours truly,
John Ogre Ciardi

AAAAAAH! You don't need me anymore. What you need now is a flute.

The role of Cleopatra, created for Miss Price, is here reflected in two arias recorded in a concert version by the composer. In "Knoxville: Summer of 1915," a piece based on a prose fragment by James Agee, she interprets another side of Barber's nature.

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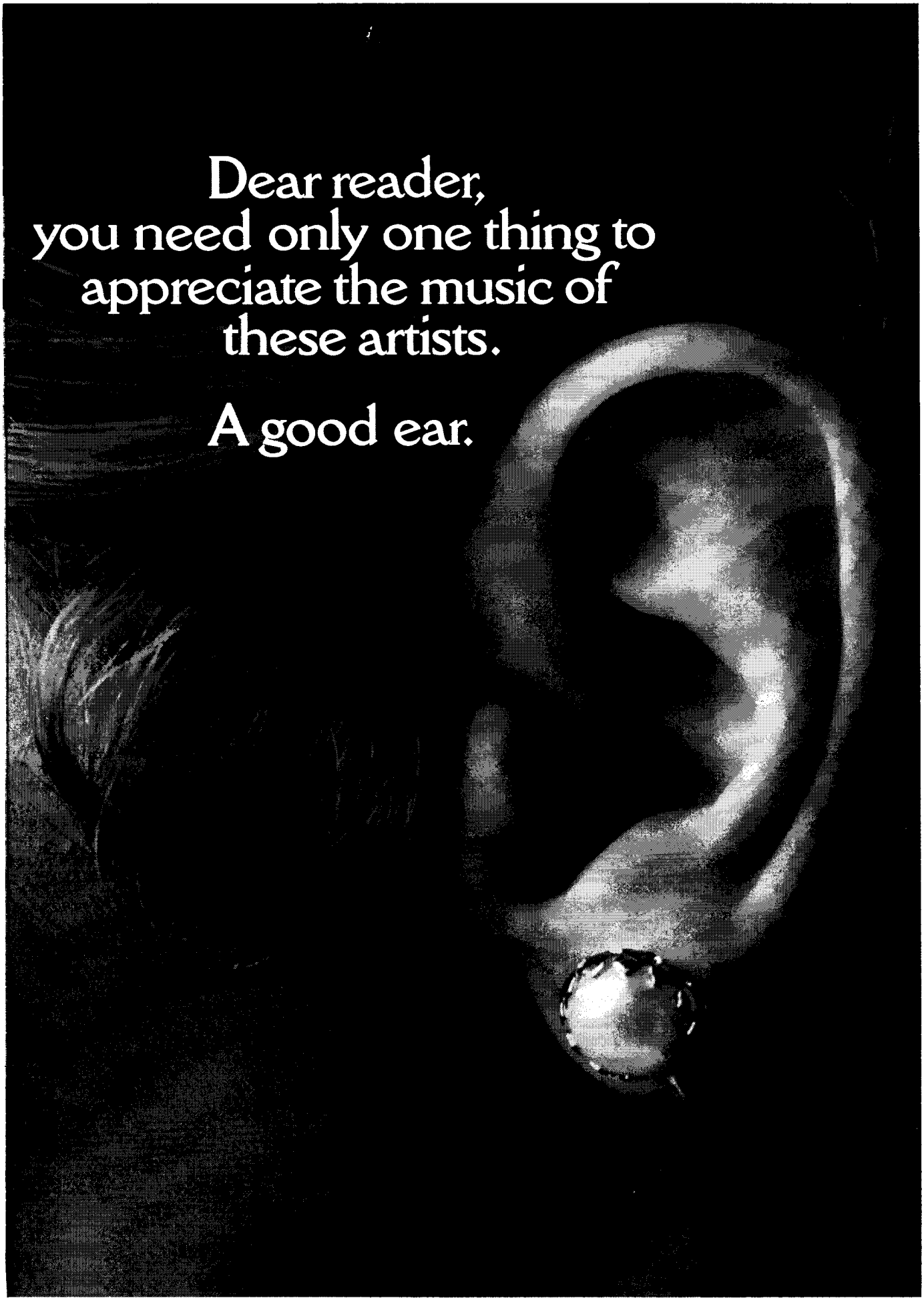

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Trade Winds

Jerome Beatty, Jr.

One of the great figures in the motion picture business was Irving Thalberg, the brains and guiding genius behind the Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer studio. *Thalberg* by Bob Thomas is a chronicle of the young man's career – which ended in 1936 with his untimely death at the age of thirty-seven. I especially enjoyed reading about Thalberg's relations with his talented writers. There were about a hundred of them on the payroll–including Kaufman and Hart, Dorothy Parker, Charles MacArthur, Fitzgerald. There always had to be a writer available so that the stars – a Gable or a Dressler–wouldn't fall idle for lack of a script. Sometimes half a dozen writers would be working on stories for one star.

It reminded me of the experience of a good friend of mine who, shortly after World War II, said good-by to me and left New York for Hollywood. He had obtained a job as a scriptwriter. He was back East a year or so later, disgusted. The pay had been fabulous, about $1,000 a week, but the working conditions had not been. He could never get to see his boss and, although he received his salary regularly, there were many weeks between assignments.

On one occasion, when the idleness was just about driving him crazy, he finally was given a story to work on. Feverishly and enthusiastically he turned out page after page, day after day. One

evening, exhausted and in need of relaxation, he went to the movies. There was a sneak preview. It was his story. Another writer on the payroll had written a script and the movie had already been made.

On a winter afternoon in 1940, nearly a half century after he had written one of the most famous quatrains in the English language, Gelett Burgess was working in his apartment at the Imperial Hotel on Broadway in New York City. The phone rang. A Mr. Moran was waiting to see him. Would Mr. Burgess please come down to the lobby?

When Burgess reached the lobby, Mr. Moran introduced him to the strangest beast ever imagined. Its size, shape, and horns indicated it was a large cow, but the creature had been dyed purple all over.

"There!" said Moran. "Now you've seen one."

That's one of the legends, apparently based on fact, of Jim Moran, the famous publicist who has for years engaged in such stunts. Once he sold a refrigerator to an Eskimo. Another time, he found a needle in a haystack.

All the more reason to take seriously his new short book, *Why Men Shouldn't Marry* (Stuart). In a few pages Moran manages to gather together the most compelling arguments for his position. He starts off with an illustration of a marriage certificate. "Get your name on one of these," he says, "and brother, you're in trouble." Moran wants, for example, to do away with the adjective

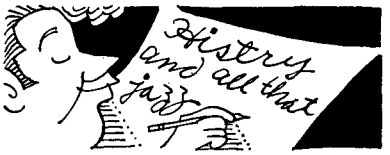
"premarital," because it tends to encourage the silly notion that, sooner or later, everyone is bound to get married. In the same way, he says, a doctor can pronounce healthy lungs "precancerous."

Moran quotes America's leading "skip-tracer," who said that over a period of fifty years his detective agency had been hired to locate 50,000 missing husbands, but during the same period it had requests to find only ten missing wives. "Surely there must be some reason for this," Moran observes. His book is not just a penetrating analysis of the institution of marriage, but it also offers advice on how to avoid it. Bachelors are warned never to take a girl into their apartments, for she will eventually move herself in permanently. As a "practicing anti-marriage counselor," Moran deals with so-called "reasons" for getting married, the worst being "I'm in love." He calls our attention to what Naromji said: "Romantic love is a form of temporary insanity."

Jim Moran is a guy who can paint a cow purple, and matrimony black.

"World War I started when this archiduke guy got assinated in a little place called Serbia (green on the map). This guy, whose name was Frances Something was hair to the throne of Austria-Hungry. One of his students named Boznia shot him one day by jumping on the runnerboard of his car and killed him in cold blood. Then this other guy got in the throne and said, 'France did it.' Then some other stuff happened."

And that's the name of one of the funniest books I've seen in ages: *Then Some Other Stuff Happened* (Pegasus). It's history as told in test papers and reports by eighth-grade students of Bill Lawrence, a teacher in Pine Bluff, Arkansas. Despite their baffling treatment of historical events, the students usually



manage to get the general drift of things, and one wonders if that actually isn't enough. For example, the following excerpt offers a really interesting idea: "Abe Lincoln had a wife named Bathsheba. But she died and he got married to Mary Tood who was crazy. Carol Sandburg was the girl he really wanted."

A new book entitled *Loud and Clear* by Robert J. Serling (Doubleday) deals with the question, "Are the jets really safe?" As the author is an aviation writer who obtained most of his material from stewardesses, pilots, airline executives, and from other aviation writers–and little from passengers–perhaps it's too much to expect his answer to be negative. Calling us scaredy-cats "cynics, doubters, and scoffers," the author points out that, after all, there are 1,800 ship collisions a year. He soft-pedals the sonic boom. As for complaints of noisy jet engines, the problem can be traced to the silly habit of building homes near airports. If you are worried about the hijacking of airliners, you'll be relieved to know we are protected by "sky marshals" who wear civilian clothes and ride flights in mufti. "They are experts at karate and judo, and carry concealed weapons such as pistols, tear gas pens, and blackjacks," the author reveals. Verrry int-er-est-ing.

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(George and Helen) Papashvily: *Anything Can Happen*

Especially beautiful springs they have there in Virginia and in a week the meadows were running blue with grape hyacinths and under the trees violets with leopard leaves made golden carpets and everywhere . . . was perfume from the pine trees.

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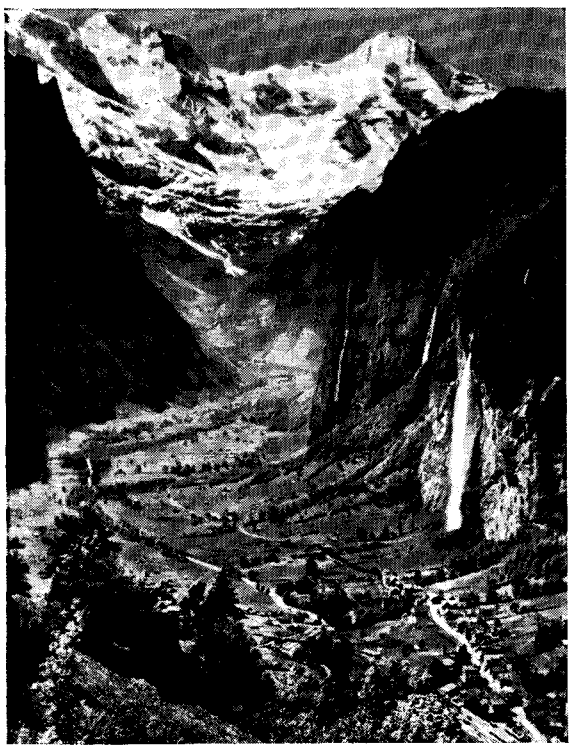

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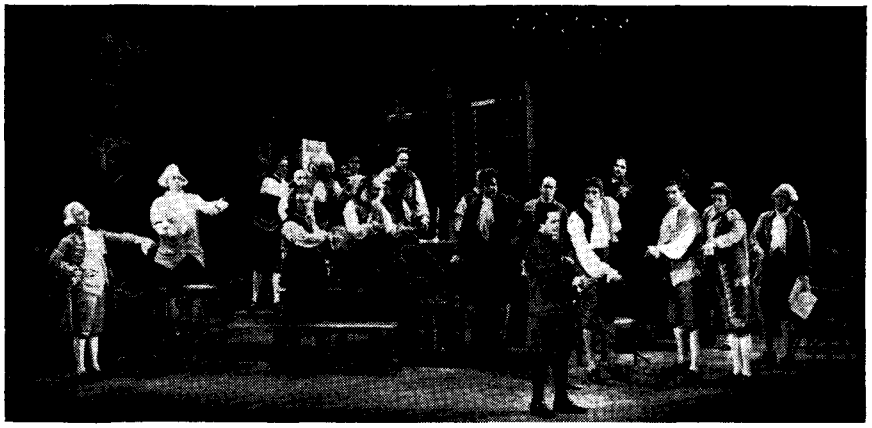
The Theater

Henry Hewes



—*Martha Swope.*

William Daniels as John Adams in *1776*—"a narrow victory of good storytelling over much that is ordinary."

History à la mode

WOULD IT BE inaccurate to call the new musical hit *1776* Broadway's answer to *Tom Paine*? For whereas last season's Off Broadway treatment of the American Revolution was an enormity full of sprawling, loosely connected images, *1776* appears to be a neatly calculated dramatization showing us how an unlikely mixture of widely differing founding fathers were persuaded to come to unanimous agreement about seceding from the Crown.

The new musical sets out almost like an opera, with the obnoxiously zealous John Adams singing an angry complaint about his colleagues who have been sitting in Philadelphia doing nothing. To confirm his point, a motley group of some twenty representatives (scaled down from the actual fifty-six) chant about the gloomy time they are having in Philadelphia, which, even in those days, it would seem was not regarded as one of our swinging cities.

Fortunately, however, witty and wise Benjamin Franklin is on hand to save the day. He sees that there is an outside chance of manipulating this wrangling group of politicians into coalition, and the rest of the show is mainly an amusing and fascinating history lesson. The humor varies from Franklin's sophisticated epigrams to sight gags, such as one in which a downtrodden corporal keeps slouching unceremoniously while carrying a message from General Washington. Some of the fun comes from what I can only describe as very un-Hewes-like behavior on the part of North Carolina's Joseph Hewes, who keeps yielding to South Carolina on every decision. The New York representative is also the butt of jokes, and it seems that any reference to the inability of the New York State Legislature to be decisive strikes present-day New Yorkers as hilarious.

Of course, the most entertaining ingredient of any historical drama is its debunking of history. And the show's best number, "But, Mr. Adams," humorously replays the process whereby an unwilling Thomas Jefferson got stuck with a job nobody wanted, namely the writing of the Declaration of Independence. Jefferson, it is postulated, had a stronger motive for not wanting the task: he had planned a trip home to be with his young wife for the first time in six months. The spectacle of poor, sexually frustrated Tom wrestling unsuccessfully with his lead sentence is droll. And the thought that this great document might never have existed, if Mrs. Jefferson hadn't shown up for one wild night in Philadelphia, is a delightfully modern irony.

The musical is less successful in its attempts at seriousness, and perhaps it should not have tried to go any deeper than it does in the number "The Egg." In this, Franklin, Adams, and Jefferson debate which bird to use as a symbol of the new country, thereby leading us to wonder whether our national character would have been different had they casually chosen the dove or the turkey instead of the eagle. But we are not prepared for the intense emotion of an aria in which a southerner upbraids the North for the duplicity of operating slave ships while professing to want plantation owners to give up their slaves. A better exploration would have been something that delved into the reasoning whereby Jefferson removed the Declaration's explicit stand against slavery. For the irony of this compromise is that although it advanced the cause of freedom, it failed to leap forward far enough to prevent the tragic Civil War. Similarly, what may have been the author's sincere effort to state an attitude, an anti-war dirge, sung by a soldier, only slows the proceedings. And Abigail Adams's remote ballads seem unnecessary telepathy.

Ultimately, however, the evening does eke out a narrow victory of good storytelling and good acting over much that is ordinary and nominal. Peter Stone's book is sure-handed. Sherman Edwards's music and lyrics generally reinforce the plot, and one cannot help but admire the nerve of any lyricist who tries to rhyme "etiquette," "predicate," and "Connecticut." Patricia Zipprodt's costumes are not only attractive, but help distinguish the widely varying personalities of the congressmen who wear them. Jo Mielziner uses subtle lighting effects to give constant variety to what is basically a unit set. And Peter Hunt's formal staging somehow manages not to become boringly repetitive over an evening that is presented without an intermission.

Howard Da Silva makes a lively and playful Franklin. William Daniels is convincingly obdurate as Adams. Ken Howard captures the youthfulness of Jefferson. Clifford David emerges as a fiery Edward Rutledge. And these performances are firmly supported by a cast that includes Paul Hecht, Ronald Holgate, and Roy Poole.

While *1776* virtually does without dancing and catchy tunes, the musical comedy elements that do remain permit it to present a pleasantly didactic scenario that might not have been accepted as enthusiastically had it been offered as a straight play.

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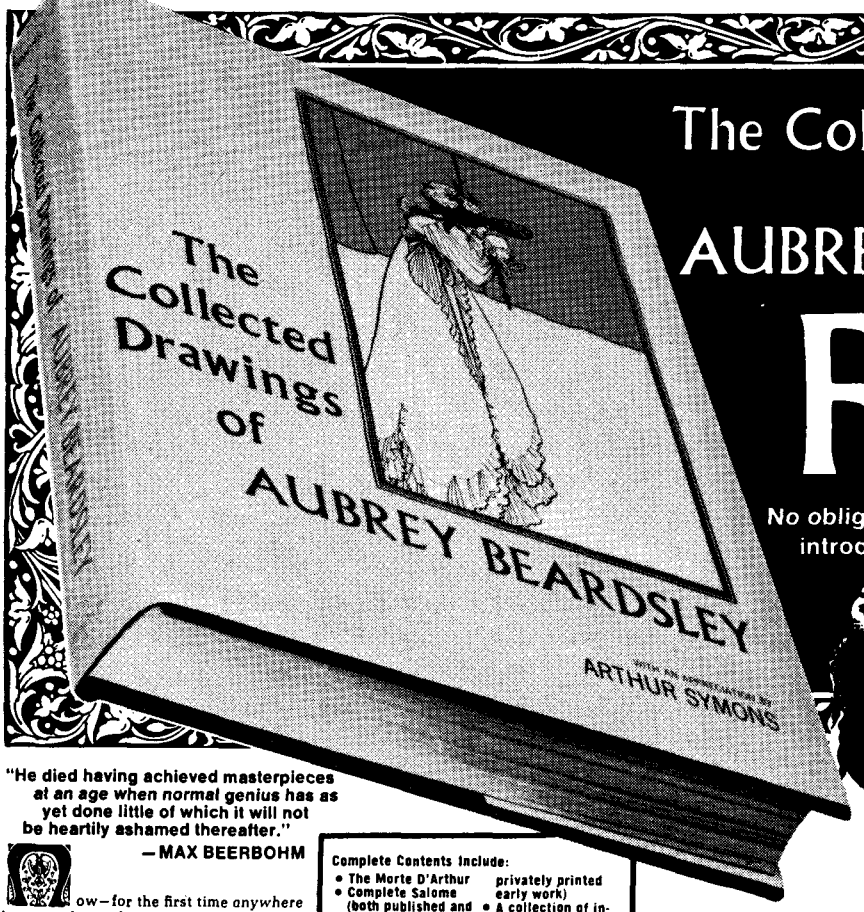

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Saturday Review
April 5, 1969

Why and How I Work

By ARNOLD J. TOYNBEE

WHAT has made me work? When I was a child at school, the spur that I was first conscious of was anxiety. I was anxious always to be well ahead in puzzling out the meaning of passages of Greek and Latin that I might be called on to construe in class. I am still anxious to arrive well in time for catching trains and planes. This has its disadvantages. It uses up a lot of nervous energy that might be put to more positive use; and sometimes I carry my beforehandness to a point at which it catches me out. When I arrive at the station forty minutes ahead of my train's departure time, the porter will not wait till the train comes into the station; so I have to put my luggage on board myself. Something like that happened to me once when I was called on to construe a difficult passage of Thucydides. I had prepared it carefully; but that had been several weeks ago; and I had now far outshot the point that we had reached in class, and my mastery of this passage had grown rusty.

Anxiety can be a bad thing if it goes to these extremes, and it is never a good thing in itself. It is, though, a powerful driving force; so its drawbacks may be outweighed by its results.

A second spur that has pricked me on has been, and still is, conscience. My grandfather on my father's side came off a farm within sight of the tower of St. Botolph's Church in Boston, England. The puritan conscience was perhaps part of my father's family's social heritage. In my attitude toward work I am American-minded, not Australian-minded. To be always working, and still at full stretch, has been laid upon me by my conscience as a duty. This enslavement to work for work's sake is, I suppose, irrational; but thinking so would not liberate me. If I slacked, or even just slackened, I should be conscience-stricken and therefore uneasy and unhappy, so this spur seems likely to continue to drive me on so long as I have any working power left in me.

Anxiety and conscience are a powerful pair of dynamos. Between them, they have ensured that I shall work hard, but they cannot ensure that one shall work at anything worthwhile. They are blind forces, which drive but do not direct. Fortunately, I have also been moved by a third motive: the wish to see and understand. I did not become conscious of this motive till some time after I had become aware of the other two; but I think that, before I became conscious of it, it must have been moving me, and this since an early stage of my life. Curiosity is a positive motive for action. It is also one of the distinctive characteristics of human nature as contrasted with the natures of non-human animals. All human beings have curiosity in some degree; and we also all have it about things that are of no practical use—or that seem, at least, to be of no practical use at the time when one's curiosity is first excited by them. However, this universal human quality is stronger in some people than it is in others. This is one of the points in which human beings differ from each other markedly. The charge of curiosity with which I have been endowed happens to be high. This is a gift of the gods, and I am heartily grateful for it.

When I am asked, as I sometimes am, why I have spent my life on studying history, my answer is "for fun." I find this an adequate answer, and it is cer-

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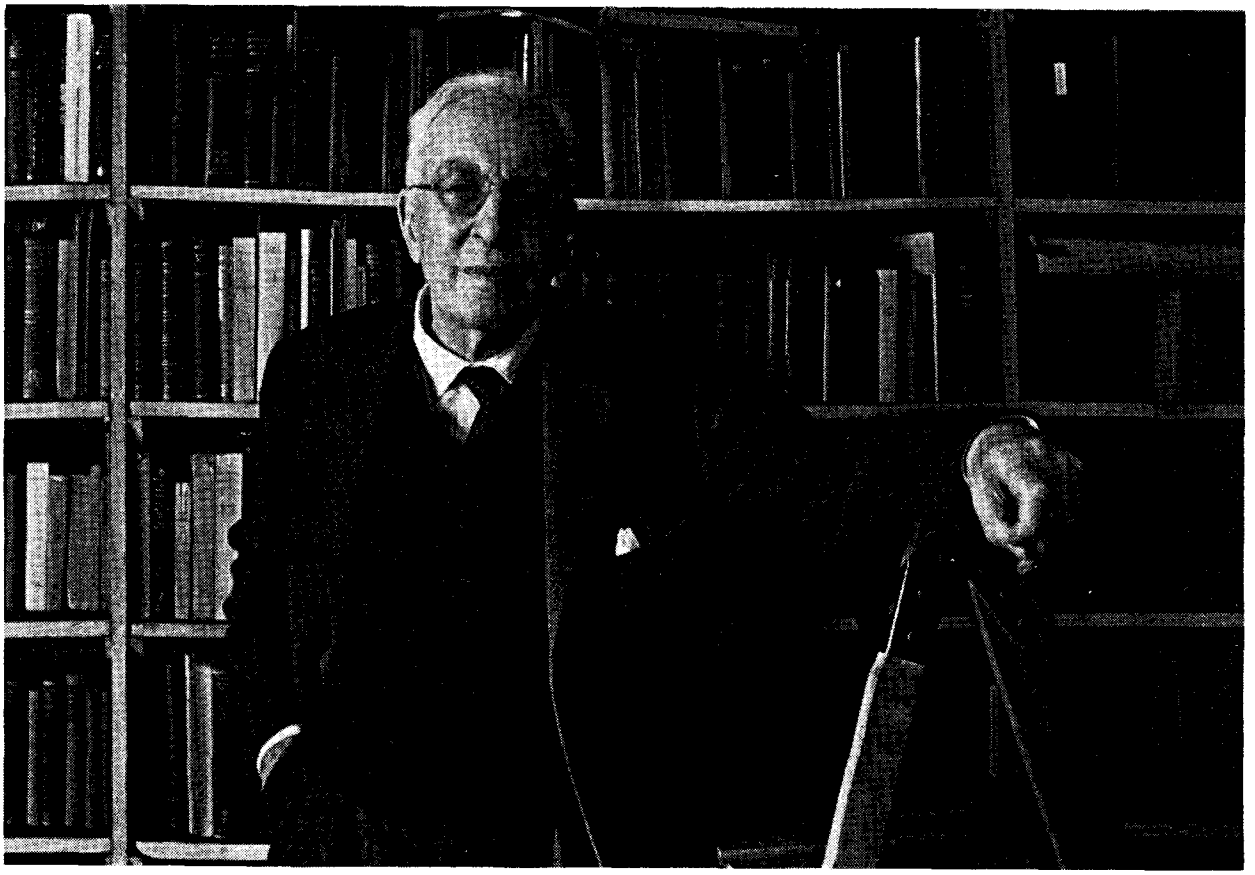

—*Arnold Newman.*

Arnold Toynbee, pictured in his London study, will be eighty on April 14.

AT EIGHTY, Arnold Toynbee has come to symbolize the civilized man. Historian, philosopher, humanist, he tried to explain the rise and fall of civilizations in the prodigious twelve-volume "Study of History." In his time, Toynbee has seen the world change about him. "The greatest change for good," he said last week in London, "is in the increase of social justice in Western countries. Another great change, for both good and ill, is the 'decolonization' in Asia and Africa. There has been change for ill too—the world-wide exasperation, boiling over into murderous violence, and the application of science and technology to manufacture fiendish and devastating weapons."

In the past Toynbee has written about how each society progresses only to the extent that it meets its challenges. Of our own times he said: "Our greatest challenge today is the 'morality gap' between our cumulative accelerating advance in science and technology and our appalling failure in our relations with each other (relations of *all* kinds: industrial, political, family, racial)."

Although famed for his travels to exotic lands, Toynbee is inexorably English, Oxford-trained, London-bred. "I lived in the same house in London from birth till I was twenty-two, and I have continued to live and work in London, except for short interludes as an Oxford don in 1912-1915 and in Oxford again for war-work in 1939-1942. So my life has a thread of continuity in familiar bits of London (especially the London parks) and also in bits of furniture and in books that I have possessed and used since I was a child: the English poets, a copy of Bury's edition of Gibbon given to me by my mother, the Greek and Latin classics." So classical is Toynbee's tradition that he once wrote: "When I feel a poetic emotion, it is not English that comes to my lips, but Greek or Latin."

"My interests have not changed," he said. "I care intensely about what is going to happen after I am dead, and I still do all I can (not much, of course) 'to make the good prevail' (Aeschylus)."

Toynbee's world view has not changed much either. "My own view of history is that human beings do have genuine freedom to make choices. Our destiny is *not* predetermined for us; we determine it for ourselves. If we crash, it will be because we have chosen death and evil when we were free to choose life and good. The three wars and the rising tide of mutual hatred make me wonder whether we are not going to wreck ourselves, as our predecessors wrecked themselves a number of times—as I see the pattern of the past."

His concern is not only impersonal. "I have eleven grandchildren and one great-grandchild. They stand, in my feelings, for all the 77,000,000 generations waiting to be born during the next 2,000 million years for which this planet will still be habitable. Question: Are my generation and my children's generation going to let them be born? Or are these two generations going to liquidate the human race?

"I guess that, however many more income tax returns I may live to make, I shall still be left guessing the answer to this question at the moment of my death. But my great-granddaughter may live to know whether mankind is, or is not, going to condemn itself to death." —R. W. S.

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tainly a sincere one. If the questioner goes on to ask whether, if I could have my life over again, I would spend it in the same way again, I answer that I would, and I say this with conviction.

BUT why study history in particular? Curiosity is omnivorous. There are innumerable other things in the universe besides history that can and do arouse curiosity in human beings. Why has my curiosity focused itself on history? The answer to this question is one that I know for certain. I am an historian because my mother was one. I cannot remember a time when I had not already taken it for granted that I was going to follow my mother's bent. When I had turned four, my father said that they could no longer afford a nurse for me. My mother asked if she might keep the nurse for a year longer, supposing that she earned the nurse's twelve months' wage by writing a book, and my father agreed. I can remember vividly the excitement of seeing the proofs of *Tales from Scottish History* arrive. The fee was £20, and that was a nurse's wage for a year in England in 1893-94. When the year was up and the money was spent, the nurse went and my mother took over the job of putting me to bed. She kept me happy and good at bedtime by telling me the history of England, in installments, from the beginning to 1895.

Certainly it was my mother who inspired me to become an historian, but I have followed her bent in this rather general sense only. My mother, I think, loved the concrete facts of history for their own sake. I love them, too, of course. If one did not love them, one could never become an historian. Facts are an historian's stock in trade, and he has to acquire them in quantities that would be repellent if the facts did not fascinate him. I love the facts of history, but not for their own sake. I love them as clues to something beyond them—as clues to the nature and meaning of the mysterious universe in which every human being awakes to consciousness. We wish to understand the universe and our place in it. We know that our understanding of it will never be more than a glimmer, but this does not discourage us from seeking as much light as we can win.

Curiosity may be focused on anything in the universe; but the spiritual reality behind the phenomena is, I believe, the ultimate objective of all curiosity; and it is in virtue of this that curiosity has something divine in it. Thanks to my mother's bent, my approach to this ultimate objective happens to be through the study of human affairs. Physics, botany, geology, or any other study that one can think of, offer an alternative road toward the same human goal. However, in the Jewish-Christian-Muslim Weltanschauung, history is set in a framework of theology. This traditional Western vista of history has been rejected by many Western historians—and by their non-Western disciples—during the last two centuries and a half. Yet I believe that every student of human affairs does have a theology, whether he acknowledges this or not; and I believe that he is most at the mercy of his theology when he is most successful in keeping it repressed below the threshold of his consciousness.

OF course I can only speak for myself. I am sure that the reason why the study of human affairs has the hold on me that it has is because it is the window on the universe that is open for me. A geologist or a botanist, traveling through a landscape that has not been the scene of any important events in human history, will see in it the hand of God, as vividly as I see this at, say, Bodh Gaya or Jerusalem. But, since my own approach to the presence behind the phenomena happens to lie in the field of human affairs, unhumanized non-human

Reflections at Eighty

*"Homo sum, humanum nihil a me alieum puto."**

ON OLD AGE: Every stage of life has its own ordeals and its own rewards. My reward for having reached my present age is that this has given me time to carry out more than the whole of my original agenda; and an historian's work is of the kind in which time is a necessary condition. The ordeal of which I am most conscious at this stage is that of having to draw in my horns. To do this is an admission that one is not superhuman.

ON MORTALITY: To be mortal is not by any means wholly disadvantageous. When I catch myself resenting not being immortal, I pull myself up short by asking whether I should really like the prospect of having to make out an annual income-tax return for an infinite number of years ahead.

ON THE JET AGE: Today Man finds himself genuinely in danger of being destroyed by a Frankenstein's monster which is the work of his own hands. He has now inflicted on himself magnitudes, quantities, and speeds which may be more than a match for the human nature which, so far, Man has not been able to modify to offset his revolutionary modification of Nature's non-human sector.

ON THE INTELLECT: Genius can be spiritual, artistic, or intellectual. It is the intellectual geniuses, working in cooperation with their far more numerous averagely intelligent contemporaries, who have made mankind's material fortune. Intelligence is mankind's only true capital.

ON THE VALUE OF A CLASSICAL EDUCATION: It has given me a mental standing-ground outside the time and place into which I happen to have been born; and this has saved me from overestimating the importance of the modern Western civilization.

ON TECHNOLOGY: Man has now decisively overcome Nature by his technology, but the victor has been technology, not Man himself. Man has merely exchanged one master for another, and his new master is more overbearing than his former. . . . Nature used to chastise Man with whips, Man's own technology is now chastising Man with scorpions.

ON RELIGION: I have come to believe that religion itself . . . is an intrinsic faculty of human nature. I believe that being human involves having religion, and that human beings who declare that they have no religion are deceiving themselves through failing to search their own hearts.

ON LOVE: Love gives life a purpose and meaning and value that cannot be found, in human life at any rate, so long as this is lived for its own sake. The absolute value of love makes life worth while, and so makes Man's strange and difficult situation acceptable. Love cannot save life from death; but it can fulfill life's purpose.

*"I am a human being, so there is nothing human that I do not feel to be my concern." (Terence)

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nature does not speak to me movingly. I am moved by Mount Cynthus more than by Mount Everest, and by the Jordan more than by the Amazon.

Why work, and why at history? Because, for me, this is the pursuit that leads, however haltingly, toward the *Visio Beatifica.*

How do I work? Between the ages of ten and twenty-two, I was preparing, most of the time, for sitting for successive examinations. Such preparations are educative in some ways. They make one responsible for putting oneself to work. Though an able and sympathetic master can help one greatly to learn how to do that, he cannot do it for one; and no one in the world except oneself can help one when one has taken one's seat in the examination hall with an examination paper before one's eyes and three hours, but not a minute more, allowed to spend on answering the questions.

H. J. Haselfoot, the master at my preparatory school who gave me special coaching, was the best teacher that I have ever had. He taught me how to work, and I have been benefiting by his teaching ever since. Though I recognized, at the time, what an exceptionally good teacher he was, my gratitude to him has continually increased as I have found his advice holds good for tackling one intellectual job after another. Mr. Haselfoot's first and best piece of advice was: "Don't panic because the time given for answering the questions is limited. Don't plunge in without previous thought. The best-spent time out of your three hours will be the time before you put pen to paper, if only you give yourself this time at the beginning to think of your problem as a whole. This is the right method, whether the problem you are faced with is a subject for an essay or a piece of Greek or Latin to be translated into English or, conversely, a piece of English to be put into Greek or Latin prose or verse." Mr. Haselfoot taught me to try always to be articulate; to try always to see the wood, without letting oneself get lost among the trees; to proceed from the known to the unknown; and to take it for granted that a passage of Greek or Latin must make sense, and to recognize that, so long as it did not seem to make sense, one had certainly not yet got on the right track.

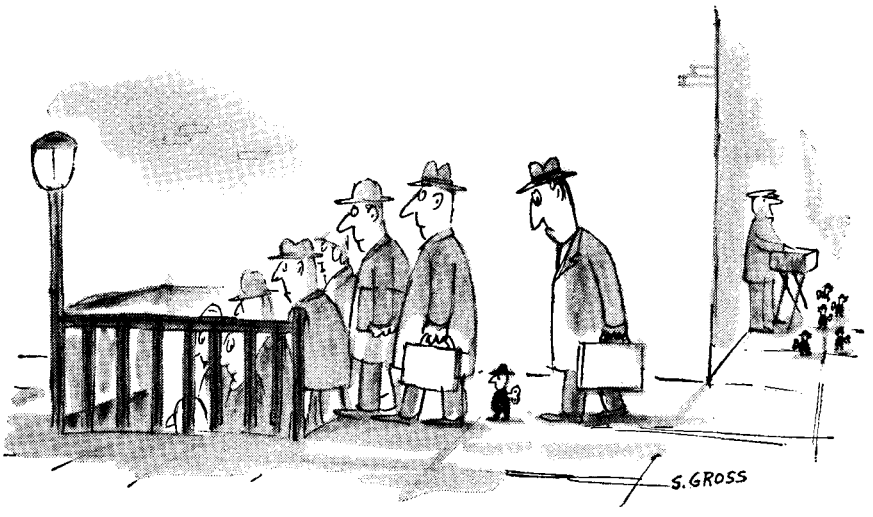
The three-hours' essay is a splendid education for journalism and for the civil service and for the law. If one has learned the art of essay writing at any early age, one will know how to write an article or a minute, or how to digest a brief, against time—and one is always working against time in practical life. Scholars who have not schooled themselves to work against time are putting themselves in danger of remaining unproductive, and they cannot vindicate their unpracticalness by contending that work done against time will be imperfect. It will, of course, be imperfect; all human work is imperfect, because human nature is; and this intrinsic imperfection of human affairs cannot be overcome by procrastination. In work of every kind, including intellectual work, there comes the right moment for taking action. There is no instrument that will tell one when the moment has arrived; one has to sense it by intuition, and the right timing will be different in each case. But to hit upon it is indispensable for success; and to delay too long can be just as fatal as to act precipitately can be. The effect of wrong timing, either way, will be to aggravate the imperfection that is inherent in any human activity.

THUS education through preparing for examinations, and through taking these when the time comes, can have some good effects. It can, however, also have the very bad effect of inducing a habit of passivity in one's attitude toward the acquisition of knowledge. The examination, in which one is going to have to take action eventually, is, for most of the time, apparently far off; and, when it does overtake one, the action is short and sharp. One is engaged in the preparation over far longer stretches of time, and this may therefore have a greater effect on one than the examinations themselves. In preparing for an examination, the prospective examinee does not have the initiative. The examiner has that. He dictates to the examinee, at the last minute, the action that the examinee has to take. During the long drawn-out preparatory period, all that the examinee can do is to accumulate as much knowledge as he can of the whole of the field in which he is going to have to stand fire. The examination system may thus put it into the examinee's head that the ideal objective in intellectual work is to acquire an exhaustive knowledge of a precisely delimited field.

In my own intellectual history, a danger arose from my having acquired the examinee's habit of mind. It was no wonder that I acquired this, considering how great a part successive examinations played in my intellectual life. It is true that I kept myself free from one of the examinee's occupational infirmities. I refused to allow myself to be cooped up within an arbitrarily delimited field of knowledge. Mr. Haselfoot had saved me from that by teaching me, once and for all, to look at a problem as a whole; and, since the problem that I had made mine was human affairs, nothing short of a study of human affairs as a whole would satisfy me. This was good in itself, but it did not combine well with another of the examinee's infirmities—one to which I had succumbed—and this was the bad habit of accumulating knowledge for passing examinations, and not for use.

In expanding the field of my curiosity to embrace all human affairs, I had been doing to myself what the giants in Jötenheim had once done to the god Thor when they had covertly connected up with the sea the drinking horn that they had challenged him to drain. Thor was a mighty drinker, and, in a long draught, he had swallowed one-third of the waters of the sea before he had been forced to confess himself beaten. Even a god could not drain the sea dry; and even a young man of twenty-two, with the whole of his working life still ahead of him, could not have mastered the whole of human affairs, however hard he might work and however long he might keep his wits. Without realizing it, I had pitted myself against infinity; and in a contest between a mortal and infinity the mortal is bound to lose, unless he can extricate himself in good time from this unequally matched duel.

To extricate myself, I developed a way of my own for banning infinity. Instead of going on acquiring knowledge ad infinitum, I started to do something with the knowledge that I already possessed, and this active use of knowledge gave direction, for the future, to my acquisi-



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tion of knowledge. I refused to set limits to my acquisition of knowledge by confining it within an arbitrarily delimited field, but I found a better way of setting bounds to the boundless. I limited infinity by directing my acquisition of knowledge to meet the demands of action. The knowledge was there, at my disposal, stored on the shelves of libraries and in the galleries of museums. I need not, after all, be in such a hurry to master it, for it would not run away. I could and would take as much of it as I wanted, when I wanted it, for use in making something with it. In other words, I would acquire knowledge, henceforward, for use in projects of my own, not for the sake of satisfying an imaginary post-mortem examiner.

After I started to make something out of what I knew, the meaning of the word "work" underwent, for me, a significant change, which was also, I feel sure, a salutary one. Work now came, for me, to mean writing or making preparations to write. It no longer meant reading. Since 1911 I have allocated no working time for reading, and, in particular, I have reserved exclusively for writing the hours between breakfast and lunch—the time of day at which my mind is the most active. I have left my reading to take care of itself, and this policy has justified itself, to my mind, by its results. I have read what I have needed to read for use in my writing, though I have written far more than I had dreamed of writing at the start, and though I have interpreted my needs broadly. (I have always succeeded in reading a good deal more than has been strictly necessary for my successive practical purposes.)

This change in the purpose of my reading led me to make a corresponding change in my way of taking notes. I had begun by making notes on the margins of my Greek and Latin texts, and this scholiast's way of note-taking had been the most convenient so long as the interpretation and understanding of texts had been, for me, an end in itself. Now, however, I had learned to use texts as materials for making something of my own, and for this new purpose I needed to have my notes in some handier and more accessible repository. From about 1922 onward, I started to take notes in notebooks on points, in books that I was reading, which seemed likely to come in useful for something that I was going to write. Usefulness for writing had now become my criterion, so I took my notes of this new kind, not only on Greek or Latin texts, but on modern books as well. By 1968, I had more than thirty of these notebooks, full to the brim. They have long since become my most relevant immediate source of the information that I need for writing. From a note of a passage in some book that I have read, I can always refer back to the original.

"Keep dancing; spring's coming."

IN giving priority to writing, I have renounced any considerable further acquisition of knowledge in the field of languages. But there is another field of knowledge—the first-hand knowledge of countrysides—in which I have always been eagerly adding to my stock whenever I have had the opportunity. Till after my retirement, I was starved of travel, to some extent, by lack of time and funds. But since 1911 I have always traveled as often and as long and as far as I have been able. This is the one activity to which I have given precedence over my otherwise paramount activity of writing. Whenever I have had a chance of intellectually profitable travel, my writing has had to wait. As I see it, travel ought to come before everything else for a student of human affairs. Human beings and human societies cannot be understood apart from their environment, and their geographical environment cannot be apprehended at second hand. One may pore for years over descriptions and photographs and maps of a country without getting a true notion of its character; and, then, one glimpse of the landscape with one's own eyes will give the essential information which the secondary sources had failed to convey.

I would like to offer five pieces of advice to intellectual workers who agree with me that the right and healthy purpose of acquiring knowledge is to make out of it some work of one's own. First, there is Mr. Haselfoot's golden counsel: "Don't plunge in precipitately; think before you act; give yourself time to see your subject or your problem as a whole." I found that this counsel stood me in good stead when I was starting out on each of the two largest enterprises on which I have embarked so far, the Chatham House "Survey of International Affairs" and "A Study of History."

In the "Survey" (which I had the happiness of writing, from first to last, in partnership with my wife) our task was to carry on the story of international affairs from the points at which the Chatham House *History of the Peace Conference* (of 1919) had broken off. The field of the "Survey" was to be the whole world, and I was unwilling to farm out to specialists the surveying of the affairs of some allegedly "outlandish" regions. To take the whole world for one's province was an exciting task, but it was also a big one and a formidable one. Where to begin? I began by writing a small volume, *The World after the Peace Conference*, in which I tried to

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give a cross-section picture of the state of the world in or about the year 1920. This gave me a base line for starting a narrative that my wife and I eventually carried down to the year 1946.

In approaching "A Study of History," I began by making a false start. In the summer of 1920, when the idea of the book was already simmering in my mind, I tried to write it in the form of a commentary on the second chorus in Sophocles' *Antigone*. This Greek poem does convey, superbly, the strangeness, the grandeur, and the pathos of human life; but my medieval-minded approach to my subject by reference to a Greek masterpiece was too indirect to be practicable, as I soon discovered. Sophocles could not find my way into my subject for me. I had to find it for myself, and I did not find it till a year later, when I was on the train—somewhere in Western Bulgaria—en route from Istanbul to London after having been observing the Greco-Turkish War in Anatolia as The Manchester *Guardian*'s special correspondent. I then found myself jotting down, on half a sheet of notepaper, a dozen headings which turned out to be the subjects of the principal divisions of my future book.

THIS time, I did not rush into action. My first considerable stretches of free time, after that, were the long summer vacations of 1927 and 1928, and I spent these, not on trying to start writing the first part of the book, but on expanding each of my headings into sets of detailed notes. I did not begin writing till the summer of 1930; and meanwhile, in 1929, I had taken the longest journey that I had made yet. I had traveled to China and Japan, going out overland to the head of the Persian Gulf and thence by sea, and coming back overland via the Trans-Siberian Railway. It was after this that I found myself ready to start writing the book.

My second piece of advice is: "Act promptly as soon as you feel that your mind is ripe for taking action. To wait too long may be even more untoward in its effects than to plunge in too precipitately."

When my wife and I were starting to write the "Survey," we were working under the direction of an older and more experienced scholar, Sir James Headlam-Morley, the historical adviser to the Foreign Office, who was also chairman of the Publications Committee of the Royal Institute of International Affairs. When, some time after our starting date, I produced my little volume on *The World after the Peace Conference*, Headlam-Morley became worried. "This piece that you have produced is all very well," he said; "but your real job is to write a narrative, recording what happened next. I recognize that

"Tell me. Deep down in your heart do you really think I'm right?"

the job is a vast one. What you need to do now is to make a start with some piece of it. When once you have done that, you will find that the rest will come. In starting, you will be feeling your way; for a survey of current history is a new genre of history writing. My advice is that, for your first piece, you should choose some topic that is not very large and also not very important. Probably you will not be satisfied with your first draft, and will find that you want to work over it again. Never mind; the point of getting down now to the writing of this first piece is that it will help you to get the whole thing moving." Headlam-Morley suggested that I should begin by writing the history of the postwar dispute between the Netherlands and Belgium over the navigation of the Scheldt. I followed his suggestion, and it all turned out as he had said that it would.

MY third piece of advice is one that is good, I believe, not only for writers of historical works, but for writers in every field. "Write regularly, day in and day out, at whatever times of day you find that you write best. Don't wait till you feel that you are in the mood." Write, whether you are feeling inclined to write or not. What you write when you are feeling out of sorts will not be so good, of course, as what you write when you are in your best form. You will be dissatisfied with your first draft, as I was dissatisfied with my first draft on the dispute over the navigation of the Scheldt. However, you can revise your first draft, and, though, even after that, this piece will not be so good as a piece that you wrote originally with zest, it will nevertheless probably pass muster, and meanwhile you will have made progress with the carrying out of your project. If you were to wait till you had achieved perfection, you would be waiting for the rest of your working life; for nothing made by human hands or minds is perfect.

My fourth piece of advice is: "Don't waste odd pieces of time." Don't say to yourself: "There, I have finished that piece of work, and it is really not worth beginning this next piece till tomorrow morning or till after the weekend. So for the rest of today or for the rest of this week I might as well let myself relax and take things easy." The truth is that you might not as well do that; for the right moment for starting on your next job is not tomorrow or next week; it is *instanter*, or, in the American idiom, "right now." (It is significant that "right now" is an Americanism; for Americans are pre-eminently men of action.)

My fifth piece of advice is: "Always look ahead. Look far ahead, as a racing motorist looks, through his telescopic sight, at the horizon which he will have reached before he knows it."

SINCE before the outbreak of the First World War, I have had an agenda stretching ahead of me through an incalculable number of future years. In the autumn of 1965, for instance, I published a book called *Hannibal's Legacy* whose germ was a course of lectures that I had given at Oxford for the School of Literae Humaniores in the academic year 1913-14. While I was writing my

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"Safeguard": A Question of Priorities

The following guest editorial is by Hubert H. Humphrey, former Vice President of the United States and titular leader of the Democratic party.

President Nixon's decision to proceed with limited deployment of an anti-ballistic missile system is cause for sadness and concern rather than for sharp criticism: sadness that we sacrificed a rare opportunity for a bold U.S. initiative to slow down the spiraling arms race, and concern over our apparent inability to run the same risks in the cause of peace that we are willing to assume in preparing for war.

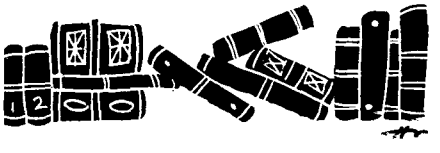
At a time when the Vietnam fighting is intensifying, when the Paris negotiations appear to be stalled, and when tensions are rising in the Middle East, the world is waiting for some courageous act by a major power to demonstrate that a more stable and peaceful world is still within our grasp.

In my view, an explicit decision by the United States to suspend deployment of an ABM system at this time would have dramatized boldly our desire to negotiate an end to the strategic weapons race—*now*. To those who say this decision would involve military risks by failing to protect our intercontinental ballistic missile sites, I say the military risks in this instance are small and certainly smaller than the extremely grave risks we incur by permitting the strategic arms race to proceed unimpeded.

Two questions cut to the heart of the matter: Does a limited deployment of the "Safeguard" (ex-Sentinel) ABM system, as proposed by President Nixon, contribute to the military security of the United States? Is this decision a positive contribution in developing a more rational strategic arms policy for the United States and a more sensible ordering of our national priorities?

In answering these two questions, it is essential to understand that our survival in the nuclear age depends upon our ability to deter attack, that is, to prevent a nuclear war from ever beginning. By following this strategy of mutual deterrence, or, more precisely, of "mutual assured destruction," we have acquired the strategic forces to destroy any nation that would unleash a nuclear holocaust on us—just as we understand the fatal consequences to the United States if we should ever launch a nuclear first strike against the Soviet Union. It is in the context of this strategy of mutual assured destruction that the President's decision to proceed with limited deployment of the Safeguard ABM system must be evaluated.

To be specific: Has the recent growth of Russian strategic offensive weapons imperiled the United States' retaliatory (second-strike) forces to the degree where the Soviet Union might be tempted to initiate a nuclear attack? Do the intelligence projections of possible Russian offensive capabilities for the mid-1970s require us to deploy this new generation of weapons today in order to maintain an effective retaliatory capability during the coming decade? Can we afford not to enter into serious efforts to reverse the arms race first? *These are the crucial questions.*



As I said during the Presidential campaign, the United States possesses at the present time, and for the indefinite future, enough nuclear destructive power underground and in submarines at sea to obliterate any aggressor nation or nations. We are the most powerful country on earth. Our nuclear strategic second-strike force consists of 1,054 Minutemen and Titan ICBMs, 656 sea-launched ballistic missiles on Polaris submarines, and 646 intercontinental nuclear bombers. In presenting the Defense Department's budget for fiscal year 1969, Secretary McNamara estimated that as of October 1968 the U.S. could deliver approximately 4,200 nuclear warheads compared to the Soviet's delivery capacity of 1,200.

The margin of security in preserving the credibility of our second-strike forces is considerable: Secretary McNamara estimated that 400 one-megaton warheads would kill about 74,000,000 Russians, and would destroy about 76 per cent of Soviet industry. With about 4,200 warheads ready to go, it is inconceivable that any Soviet or Chinese leader could doubt for a moment our capacity to deliver a crushing retaliatory blow.

The question is whether this margin of superiority will be eroded by ongoing Soviet strategic programs. Until the Nixon Administration switched its primary rationale for deploying the ABM, most analysts and policymakers were claiming that this was not the case. Secretary Clifford denied this Soviet capability as recently as January of this year. In his March 20 testimony, Secretary Laird raised the specter of the Soviet's being able to counteract our Polaris capability and deliver an effective first strike. One can't help but be struck by the coincidence of this being said, for the first time, at the very moment the Administration was being driven to find a new argument for ABM deployment.

If there is anything to this view, the President should lay it before the country with all the detail and gravity that a change of this magnitude commands. But if the view is not solidly grounded in new facts and estimates, raising this specter is the height of irresponsibility—a de-stabilizing factor of the first magnitude and, quite possibly, the political trigger for a new round in the arms race which might well dwarf any possible effect of ABM deployment.

Even if one bought the argument that our ICBMs were critically threatened by

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improved Soviet offensive weapons, there remains the nagging question of Safeguard's reliability. Since it can never be tested as a total system, and given the significant body of scientific opinion which doubts the system's reliability, is it unreasonable to wonder whether this is the best way to protect our second-strike forces? We might—for less money, in less time, and with greater reliability—choose instead to disperse and harden existing ICBMs, or place greater reliance on our Polaris strength.

Since a time might come when our national security would require some form of ABM defense—if, for example, arms control talks with the Soviets floundered and the strategic weapons race spiraled to new heights—I have supported our continuing with research and development of ABM technology. The issue before us now is deployment, not development.

To sum up: Given the actual requirements of the strategy of assured destruction and the condition of second-strike forces, not to mention the questionable reliability of the Safeguard system, I do not see how the President's decision to proceed with limited ABM deployment contributed to the security of this country in any measurable degree. To the contrary, I believe it involves certain costs which the United States can ill afford to bear at this time. There are the obvious monetary costs—a minimum of $6 to $7 billion—which inevitably limit the amount of federal funds available for urgent domestic needs. We simply cannot afford any longer to ignore the crises in our cities and rural areas whose solutions inevitably will require substantial federal help. But there are less obvious costs, as well. For example, the cost of losing this chance to inject a note of rationality in the strategic arms race, and the cost of sacrificing a highly favorable moment to engage the Congress and the American people in the difficult and controversial business of achieving a more sensible ordering of our national priorities.

The ABM issue is now before Congress, and a protracted and stormy debate seems assured. Regardless of the outcome of this debate, we must now focus on the *urgency*—and that word is not chosen lightly—of decelerating the strategic nuclear arms race through arms control negotiations before the U.S. and the U.S.S.R. climb to the next plateau of offensive and defensive strategic weaponry.

It has been suggested that these bilateral talks should be linked to more general settlements of outstanding political problems. I cannot agree with this position. The urgency of our present situation—that of preventing the next round in the nuclear arms race before it is irreversibly launched—cannot await the solution of political disputes that have been many years in the making and that will take many years, if not generations, to solve. Nor are these broader agreements necessary for success in talks to limit the arms race. We negotiated the limited test-ban treaty in the aftermath of the Cuban missile crisis and developed the nonproliferation treaty during the Vietnam conflict when our relations with the Soviet Union and other Communist states were severely strained.

Many persons, including myself, have argued that any substantial deployment of an ABM system would upset the present balance of strategic forces between the U.S. and the U.S.S.R., thereby imperiling the arms control talks and triggering another round in the strategic arms race. But given the limited nature of the Nixon Administration's proposed deployment and its relocation from population centers to ICBM sites, it seems likely, although by no means certain, that the strategic balance has not been altered significantly—at least for the immediate future. Initial Soviet reaction to the President's decision would tend to support this assessment.

In the longer run, of course, the clear transformation of the system's initial anti-Chinese posture to one of defending our missile sites against both the Soviets and Chinese could complicate our relations with the U.S.S.R. This would depend on various factors, such as the rate, location, and quality of our future ABM deployment, as well as the results of bilateral arms control talks.

The urgency for arms control talks arises from the impending advances in offensive strategic weapons that threaten the strategic balance far more directly than a limited deployment of the Safeguard system, especially if the ABMs are kept away from population centers. Here the depth of President Nixon's recent commitment to the concept of U.S. "sufficiency" in strategic weapons, as opposed to his more bellicose campaign posture of U.S. "superiority" over the Soviet Union, will be put directly to the test.

The principal threat to the strategic arms balance and the notion of "sufficiency" is the development of MIRV (multiple independently targetable reentry vehicles)—a system which equips each ICBM with a number of separate warheads aimed at different targets. The deployment of MIRV-equipped Minuteman III missiles and Poseidon missiles on our Polaris submarines would multiply many times the number of deliverable warheads this country could unleash against the Soviet Union.

If, as President Nixon suggests, the Soviets understand the defensive characteristics of a limited Safeguard deployment around ICBM sites, they will be equally quick to get the message of MIRV—a manifold increase in our strategic offensive capacity. The Soviets can be expected to respond to such a dramatic expansion of U.S. nuclear forces with an equally concerted effort of their own—and the balance of terror will have been cranked up another notch.

There is a final and compelling reason for beginning arms control negotiations as quickly as possible. A freeze, and perhaps a subsequent reduction, of strategic offensive and defensive weapons is essential if the United States is to have the money that is so desperately needed on the domestic scene.

Unless we are successful now in slowing down the nuclear arms buildup, it can be predicted with certainty that our military planners will win approval of a number of long-delayed weapons programs costing, in the end, many hundreds of billions of dollars. The deployment of Safeguard and MIRV are only the most visible products of a development pipeline which contains, among other items, such exotic and expensive weapons systems as the Short Range Attack Missiles (SRAM), the Subsonic Cruise Armed Decoy (SCAD), the Manned Orbiting Laboratory (MOL), and a new manned strategic bomber.

I believe that the clear and present danger to the internal security of the United States—arising from the urban crisis, rural poverty, education deprivation, hunger, unemployment—make these projected levels of military spending totally unacceptable. It is time we got our priorities straightened around.

But the process of shifting significant sums of federal money from works of war to works of peace will not be easy. Every positive advance in nuclear arms control has been opposed by powerful members of Congress, the military and defense establishment, and certain segments of the defense industry. Any meaningful agreements reached with the Soviets concerning the freezing or reduction of our strategic weapons almost certainly will be attacked by these forces.

In my view, the battle over national priorities could have been productively joined around the issue of ABM deployment. A presidential decision in favor of postponement, coupled with an announcement of this country's desire to proceed with bilateral arms control talks, would have been upheld in the Congress and supported enthusiastically by a large majority of the American people. But of greater importance than this: the United States would have made a truly historic contribution toward controlling the nuclear arms race, as well as a bold beginning in the difficult task of setting the right priorities in our national life.

—Hubert H. Humphrey.

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Letters to the Editor

Nixon and the Arms Race

I HAVE READ Senator Jacob Javits's article, "Can President Nixon Stop the Arms Race?" [*SR*, March 1], and I commend him for speaking out clearly on one of the really critical problems of our time.

I, too, was heartened by President Nixon's statement that "sufficiency is a better term than either superiority or parity," when we speak of military power. For if we insist on negotiating only from a position of actual and announced (as opposed to potential) superiority, we are telling the Soviet Union that they must come to any bargaining table in an inferior position—and this they will find intolerable.

I believe the Soviets understand fully our capacity to produce and our ability to meet the technological problems inherent in developing a sophisticated ABM system. We must also be aware of their capacity to develop the further offensive capacity necessary to flood any anti-missile system.

The result would be no change in the balance of power but an increased expenditure of monies we desperately need to direct into channels that would truly increase the basic economic strength and social health of our country.

DANIEL K. INOUYE,
United States Senator
from Hawaii,
Washington, D.C.

I FULLY SHARE Senator Javits's sense of the urgency with which this problem must be confronted. To this end, I have just joined with Congressman Brad Morse and Senators George McGovern and Mark Hatfield in introducing a bill designed to stimulate planning for the economic consequences of a Vietnamese settlement. It is our hope that, by focusing attention now on the alternatives which will be available to us in the wake of a settlement, we may be able to seize this rare opportunity to reverse the trend toward ever-growing national security expenditures and shift the emphasis toward programs for human betterment.

JONATHAN B. BINGHAM,
U.S. Representative,
Twenty-Third District,
New York

Feuding with Phys Ed

I REGRET that *SR* saw fit to publish John Ciardi's column "Confessions and Vengeances" [MANNER OF SPEAKING, March 8]. Health and physical education is one of the largest areas in education. It is generally agreed that physical educators are no less sincere or less skilled than educators in other fields.

The average student is required to have experiences in many disciplines. Some find literature or poetry or languages not to their liking. They are, nevertheless, expected to endure the presentations in the hope that, perhaps, they will grow into a greater understanding of the area. A feud with physical education, carried on through two generations because of the experiences of one, is hardly worthwhile.

Why should a whole profession be condemned for the misfortunes of one person—especially in the moment of great emphasis on physical fitness? Mr. Ciardi did inestimable damage to decent people who are trying for all they are worth to do something for kids and who could use some cooperation from parents.

One cannot help but wonder if Ciardi's statement that "Every child should be taught a healthy disrespect for authority" isn't the very parental attitude and philosophy that has helped to foster and nurture the unrest and violence which is sweeping the campuses of colleges and universities in America today.

RICHARD F. HAYDEN,
Fall River, Mass.

Aid for Biafran Children

AFTER READING N.C.'s editorial "ABC" [*SR*, Feb. 1] concerning the aid program for Biafran children, I have decided the *least* I could do would be to send you the present amount in my savings account. This totals $2,064.78—perhaps even the 78 cents will be useful in some way. This money has been sitting and doing nothing of any worth. By the time I am twenty-one years old, I will have too much for my own good anyway. I am near sixteen years of age now.

I believe that unless the U.S. Government stops fighting senseless wars and stops trying to get away from "earthly problems" by racing to the moon, there is nothing one person can do to help. Man has got to stop politicking some day and see that his surroundings are in desperate shape. . . . All I want you to understand is that this is not generosity; it is frustration at not being able to help the man next door. I hope this donation will help a Biafran child from the misery of those who either can or will not care.

HARRIET VALK,
Wilmington, Del.

I WAS VERY PLEASED to read about ABC. As a former Peace Corps volunteer in Western Nigeria, the Biafran tragedy is quite real to me. I feel sure that the ABC project will be successful.

I will continue to write to my Congressmen and the State Department with the hope that our Government will soon issue an expression of sympathy for Biafra. A statement of this kind could expedite peace talks. I have been a reader of your magazine for many years and I am proud to be a part of such a worthwhile project.

MARYANN TOUB,
Omaha, Neb.

WE HAVE READ with horror the reports coming out of Biafra and have shared with people all over the world that gnawing feeling of helplessness. We are, therefore, grateful to you for enabling us to become involved even in such a small way, to aid the sick and starving children.

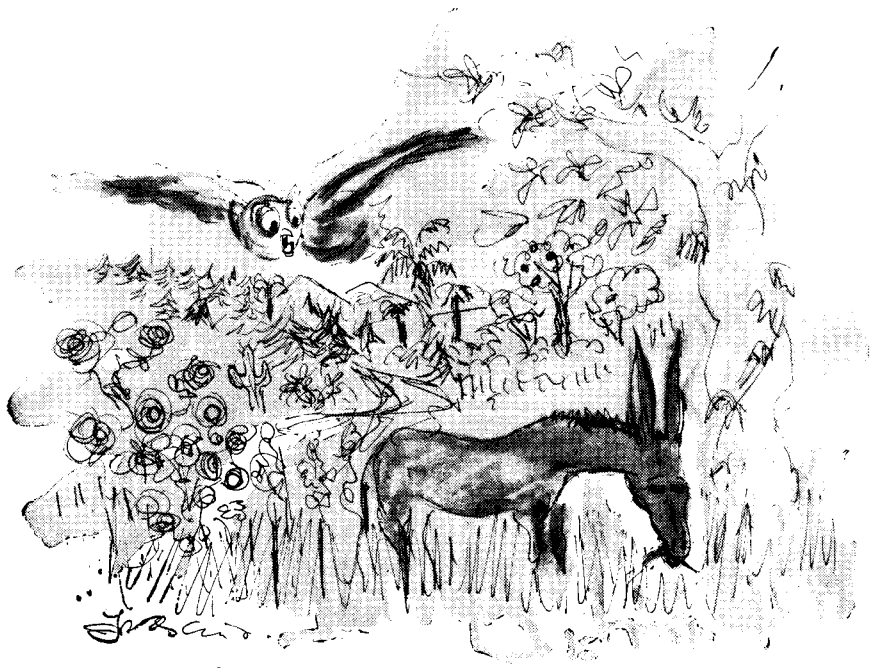
Our thanks to the editors of *SR* who have again demonstrated their willingness to respond, not merely with words, but with action when human suffering is the issue. We owe a deep debt to those who are rendering service directly to the Biafran people, for by acting with such a profound sense of human oneness, they are speaking for the conscience of us all.

MR. AND MRS. ADOLPH J. BERGER,
North Miami Beach, Fla.

HERE is a small check for ABC. It represents a relatively large contribution, though, by my seven-year-old daughter, Frances.

When I read your editorial I thought of Franny's unhappiness over the Biafran children and told her that some very reliable people were getting together to help and

(*Continued on page* 62)



"Come on, they're handing out brains."

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ROGER D. MASTERS

What in Marx Speaks to Today's Young Iconoclasts?

The ultimate appeal is not in the *Communist Manifesto* but its author's call to action against the alienation in an industrialized society.

WHETHER in Paris or Prague, whether in the S.D.S on an American campus or among the F.L.N. in the Mekong Delta, the ideas of Karl Marx continue to inspire those who seek radical changes in the established order. Why should this be so? The reasons for Marx's persisting influence are not, after all, self-evident.

Capitalist development has not led, "with iron necessity," to the inevitable revolution that Marx apparently foresaw in Western Europe; ironically, revolutionary movements have been most successful in backward peasant societies rather than advanced industrial ones. Compared with Tocqueville, whose famous prediction of a confrontation between Russia and the United States has been so dramatically fulfilled, Marx seems to have been a rather poor prophet. Or, as Shlomo Avineri puts it in his brilliant study, *The Social and Political Thought of Karl Marx* (Cambridge, 258 pp., $8.50), "the more concrete predictions Marx attempted . . . grew out of his ordinary socio-political intuition, which did not prove to be much superior to that of his contemporaries."

Nor can the lasting fascination with Marx's principles be entirely explained by the rise of communist governments in Russia, Eastern Europe, China, and Cuba. On the contrary, today's radicals are primarily interested in Marx's analysis of alienation, which has been used to attack communist as well as capitalist régimes on the grounds that both produce "one-dimensional man" (to use Herbert Marcuse's phrase).

If S.D.S. leaders praise Cuba or Maoist China, it is not so much for their communism as for their proclaimed hostility to a bureaucratized industrialization that leaves the individual alienated in the midst of material wealth. Far from being part of a world-wide communist conspiracy, the Marxian concept of alienation has been used within Eastern Europe to oppose the orthodox party line.

Back in 1923 it was a Hungarian communist—George Lukács—who first insisted on the importance of this concept in Marx's theory; then, as more recently, the party leadership attacked a defensible interpretation of Marx as politically subversive. Hence Czech demands for liberalization are more than an imitation of Western liberal democracy, for they can be defended in terms of the writings of Karl Marx.

This pervasive influence of Marx's concept of alienation justifies careful restudy of his writings. Avineri's *The Social and Political Thought of Karl Marx* is therefore particularly welcome. It is a difficult work, presupposing philosophical acquaintance with Hegel. But the book is also one of the most comprehensive and coherent restatements of Marx's theoretical position ever written, and it will doubtless greatly influence future studies of Marxian political thought.

Avineri explicitly confronts the difficulties posed by the discovery of Marx's early writings (notably the *Economic and Philosophic Manuscripts of 1844*), which were largely unpublished until half a century

ROGER D. MASTERS is associate professor of government at Dartmouth College.

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after his death. In these works, unknown to Lenin and the Russian revolutionaries of 1917, Marx developed his most extensive critique of human alienation in capitalist, industrialized society.

The problem raised by the *1844 Manuscripts* and other early writings is rather simple. Before they were published, Marx's analysis of the inevitable overthrow of capitalism – commonly described as historical or dialectical materialism—was considered the essence of his theory; for readers of the *Communist Manifesto* and *Das Kapital*, Marx's main point was that the proletariat would necessarily revolt against its oppressors and create a classless communist society in which the State would "wither away." The resulting theory has frequently been viewed as an extreme form of economic determinism, justifying revolutionary violence and sharply at odds with Western humanitarian values.

To many, Marx's early writings seemed to contradict this conventional description of Marxism; the *1844 Manuscripts* deny that communism is "itself the goal of human development" and define that aim as "the emancipation and rehabilitation of man." How could Marx have been a simple materialist if he flatly asserted that his method should be called "consistent naturalism or humanism" and claimed that it "is distinguished from both idealism and materialism, and at the same time constitutes their unifying truth"?

For those who abhorred Stalinist Russia, here were Marxian texts that could be used to attack the brutalities committed by so-called Marxist-Leninists. It became fashionable to argue that Lenin's revolutionary zeal reflected the principles of the mature Marx, whereas a young Marx – the author of the *1844 Manuscripts*—had been a humanist rebelling against alienation.

Avineri's wide-ranging study questions this attempt to divide Marx's thought into an early, humanist phase and a later, more determinist one. Citing familiar texts, hitherto largely ignored writings, and correspondence, Avineri, who is senior lecturer on political theory at Hebrew University in Jerusalem, gives considerable evidence that Marx's theoretical approach was essentially unchanged throughout his career, and that it can best be understood as a "transformation" of Hegelian philosophy.

Rather than distinguish between the young Marx and the old, Avineri asserts that the appropriate distinction should be between Marx's subtler, more philosophic thought and the rather mechanistic determinism of Engels. Leninism and the conventional interpretation of dialectical materialism could then be traced to Engels's vulgarization of Marx rather than to Marx's own intention.

It will be said that Marx and Engels essentially shared the same position, that Avineri's attempt to reconcile Marx's mature writings with his youthful critique of Hegel forces the meaning of the texts, and that this approach understates Marx's devotion to violent revolution and a "dictatorship of the proletariat." Doubtless the specialists will continue to debate these issues. But for the general reader the principal point lies elsewhere.

By focusing on the Hegelian roots of Marx's concept of alienation, Avineri makes it easier to understand today's radicals. For Marx, as for more recent critics, modern economic life transforms human beings into objects of an impersonal system in which freedom and self-fulfillment are impossible. Although a proletarian revolution seems highly unlikely in affluent industrial societies, transformation of the intrinsic worth of all things into monetary value is more than ever vulnerable to Marx's criticism.

It is precisely on this point that radical students, often coming from middle-class families and wondering why they are at college, sense the fundamental truth of Marx's theory as expressed in the *1844 Manuscripts*: "If I have a *vocation* for study but no money for it, then I have *no* vocation, i.e., no *effective*, genuine vocation. Conversely, if I really have *no* vocation for study, but have money and the urge for it, then I have an *effective* vocation. . . . In this respect, therefore, money is the general inversion of *individualities*, turning them into their opposites."

It takes but little reflection to see that this aspect of Marxian analysis is as true today as it was 125 years ago. When speculators in Zurich can create a crisis in the value of the dollar or the franc—without reference to the actual day-to-day activities of American or French citizens – surely the human creation known as money has come to control human beings themselves. When economists define a developed society in terms of Gross National Product, measured in dollars, rather than by the quality of individual and social life, can it not be said that we make a fetish of money and commodities?

Still, were it merely an accurate criticism of modern society, Marx's thought would hardly have its widespread appeal; Rousseau, not to mention Shakespeare, also warned against replacing human qualities and virtues by the artificial standard of money. The ultimate appeal of Marx is his call to activism, on the grounds that only through practice can a theory demonstrate its objective truth: "Man," he wrote in *Theses on Feuerbach*, "must prove the truth, i.e. the reality and power . . . of his thinking in practice. . . . The philosophers have only *interpreted* the world differently, the point is, to *change* it."

Here above all is what the radicals of today seek. Not merely a critique, but a call to action. However, activism for its own sake can be self-defeating, as Marx emphasized in his studies of the French revolutions of 1848 and 1870; only when the time was ripe, so he argued, would the contradictions of the capitalist system be transcended by the creation of a truly humanized society.

Marx himself was somewhat cautious in politics, but the fusion of theory and practice that he desired might merely lead to foredoomed confrontations with the established order, which do little more than express subjective frustrations. This outcome seems particularly likely in modern industrial societies, where students and intellectuals could be said to have replaced the proletariat of the 1840s as "a class *in* civil society" but not "a class *of* civil society."

Just as supposedly proletarian revolutions have only succeeded with the support of a pre-industrial peasantry (notably in Russia, China, and Cuba), the intellectuals and students can only trigger widespread discontent in alliance with other disaffected classes (workers in France, black activists in the United States). But insofar as the vast majority

"I'll tell you what we were put here on earth for. We were put here to enjoy ourselves, and it's wet blankets like you who make it tough for the rest of us."

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in an industrial society usually supports the status quo, viewing radical change as a threat to acquired affluence, direct political action intended to overcome alienation may be self-defeating.

The lesson for contemporary radicals is not that they are condemned in advance because of the vagueness of their goals. Rather, it is the disproportion between the intellectual's vision and the recalcitrance of actual human societies. As Avineri aptly puts it, Marx turned "the possibility of human redemption into an historical phenomenon about to be realized here and now." And, at least to date, this attempt to realize the Hegelian synthesis has proved impossible.

That the intellectual sees contradictions in the existing order of things need not prove that these contradictions can be overcome by what Marx called "revolutionary practice." On the contrary, the radical critic may inevitably exaggerate the potential for fundamental change whenever he transforms his analysis of society, however correct, into a program for action.

This danger is, oddly enough, especially obvious where it might least be expected in Marx's writings. Unknown to many, Marx was a London correspondent for the *New York Daily Tribune* during the 1850s and early 1860s. His remarkable dispatches on developments in India, China, and other colonial areas have been collected in one volume by Avineri, under the title *Karl Marx on Colonialism and Modernization* (Doubleday, 448 pp., $6.95).

This excellent collection has many merits, not the least of which is that it vividly reconstructs for us the mid-nineteenth century. Moreover, it shows the tremendous range of Marx's knowledge of economics, politics, and history; whereas his more famous writings emphasize England, France, and Germany, here he analyzes the consequences of the expansion of European control over backward societies.

Marx saw clearly how guerrilla warfare—or, as he put it, "a national war"—could be a less-developed society's response to attack by an industrialized power. He also understood the immense difficulties of economic development in countries like India and China, and the extent to which the injustice and brutality of colonialism might be a necessary precondition for progress. Finally, surprising as this may seem, Marx was aware that the revolution might break out first in a backward society undergoing modernization, rather than in a highly developed European one.

Nevertheless, despite these insightful analyses, which stand up rather well, Marx clearly seems to have exaggerated the speed and extent of revolutionary change. Commenting in the *New York Tribune*, June 14, 1853, on how British

(*Continued on page* 56)

Book Forum

Letters from Readers

Facts About Cleaver

WE WERE VERY PLEASED to read Emile Capouya's review of Eldridge Cleaver's collected writings [*SR*, Mar. 1]. Upon reading your March 22 issue, however, we were impressed by the total ignorance of many regarding the facts of Mr. Cleaver's case.

On April 6, 1968, Cleaver was one of a number of Panthers arrested following an encounter with members of the Oakland police department in which Cleaver was wounded and seventeen-year-old Bobby Hutton was killed. Cleaver, on parole after having served nine years of a fourteen-year sentence, had his parole summarily revoked by the California Adult Authority (a body of political appointees wielding absolute power over the fate of parolees of the state's prisons) without benefit of a hearing.

Cleaver was returned to prison until June 1968, when Judge Raymond Sherwin of the Solano (Calif.) Superior Court ordered that his parole be reinstated, having found that, "The peril to his parole status stemmed from no failure of personal rehabilitation, but from his undue eloquence in pursuing political goals . . . Cancellation was the product of a type of pressure unbecoming, to say the least, to law enforcement paraphernalia of this state."

The Alameda County Court had set Cleaver's bail on the charges stemming from the April incident at the outrageous sum of $50,000. Having been restored to parole status, his release was secured by supplying a bondsman's fee of $5,000 cash and the signing of a surety bond by six people. We signed that bond because we believed then that Cleaver was a political prisoner, as we believe now that he is a political fugitive.

Cleaver was willing to stand trial for the alleged shoot-out, for he was certain, as we were, that his innocence would be demonstrated at the trial. However, the Reagan administration was determined to get Cleaver back inside prison walls. It succeeded in getting a reversal of Judge Sherwin's order by the State Court of Appeals requiring Cleaver's return to prison on November 27, 1968, a date roughly one month in advance of the completion of his period of parole and also of the date when his trial was to be scheduled.

An appeal for a hearing before the U.S. Supreme Court was denied by Justice Thurgood Marshall, and Cleaver, bereft of his constitutional rights to due process and fully convinced that if he returned to prison he faced the gravest risk of being killed there because of his politics, chose to become a political exile.

MARY JANE AGUILAR,
GODFREY CAMBRIDGE,
KATHLEEN CLEAVER,
PAUL JACOBS,
EDWARD KEATING,
PHILIP SHAPIRO,
San Francisco, Calif.

Lava Flow of Filth

GRANVILLE HICKS, in *SR* March 15, says critics and reviewers exercise life-and-death power over the fate of first novels. Since critics are so omnipotent, it seems a pity that not one of them will stand up against this lava flow of literary filth that is overwhelming us.

R. J. FLINN,
Parkersburg, W. Va.

Piqued

ANY BOOK CAN BE PULLED APART and made to look silly by a rapid-fire listing of unrelated items extracted from it. Reviewer Joel Lieber must have been terribly piqued by *something* to have reacted in such a manner to the very exciting (and obviously undocumentary conjectural) novel *If Israel Lost the War* [*SR*, Mar. 15].

BERNARD D. STEINBERG,
Philadelphia, Pa.

Odious

MY ROOMMATE'S FIANCEE gave him a subscription to your magazine some months ago and we have been smothered in disgust ever since. Your magazine really eats it.

Typical, of course, of your attitude was Haskel Frankel's article on Ed Sanders's Peace Eye Bookstore [*SR*, Mar. 8]. Your bemused misunderstanding (or, better stated, your friendly olympian, mildly postured inability to comprehend) of what is to be found in said store is something which is adequately reflective of the anachronistic air (bad air!) permeating your covers.

WILLIAM B. WEINSTEIN,
Buffalo, N.Y.

Preferred Query

I AM A BARBERSHOP READER of the *Saturday Review*, and last week my barber had an especially difficult time keeping my head still when I saw Drew Middleton's review of Maxime Rodinson's *Israel and the Arabs* [*SR*, Feb. 1]. The condescension of your title, "Do the Arabs Have a Case?," was more than enough to make my scalp quiver.

My barber, together with millions of others, would have much preferred the query, "Do the Zionists Have a Case?"

BASHEER K. NIJIM,
Cedar Falls, Iowa.

Memoirs of Philippe, Vol. I

YOU LISTED in *SR* March 15 our recently published book, *The Memoirs of Philippe de Commynes*, edited by Samuel Kinser, as Volume II. This book is Volume I, Books 1-5.

ROBERT W. JENSEN,
University of South Carolina Press,
Columbia, S.C.

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Literary Horizons

Granville Hicks

In the concluding chapter of *Novelists' America* (Syracuse University Press, $6.95) Nelson Manfred Blake proposes a hypothetical question in order to define the problem to which the book is addressed: "Suppose that in some freak disaster of the future, all conventional historical records were destroyed and only novels and short stories survived. How much would it be possible to learn about American history of the early twentieth century from fiction alone—from the writings, let us say, of Sinclair Lewis, F. Scott Fitzgerald, William Faulkner, Thomas Wolfe, John Steinbeck, John Dos Passos, James T. Farrell, and Richard Wright?"

The eight novelists named are the eight whose work Blake examines, and we may legitimately ask why these and not others? Why not Dreiser, for instance, whose novels rely heavily on documentary material such as historians often use? Why not J. P. Marquand, who explored the class structure in Greater Boston with a precision sociologists have praised? Why not John O'Hara, a remarkably dependable student of middle-class manners? Why not Hemingway, who, though he seldom wrote about America, wrote brilliantly about Americans, and who in particular delineated the effect that World War I had on the young Americans who took part in it? What about Willa Cather, Robert Penn Warren, James Gould Cozzens, and many others? Obviously, Blake had to draw the line somewhere unless he was going to compile an encyclopedia, but we have to note that he made use of only a small part of the available material.

Another important question must be raised. In a passionately enthusiastic appraisal of Cozzens's *By Love Possessed* John Fischer, then editor of *Harper's* magazine, said something to the effect that future readers could get a better idea of life in the United States in the first half of the twentieth century from Cozzens's novels than from any other source. The truth is, however, that Cozzens's range is narrower than that of most other novelists. That his characters, usually professional people in small towns or small cities in the East, represent a tiny part of the country's population is not to be held against him; but what a strange impression a reader of the future would get if nothing were available to him but Cozzens's novels!

Blake, as he carefully makes clear, does not believe that the literary value of a novel is determined by its usefulness to historians, present or future, and he repeatedly says that he is not speaking as a critic. On what basis, then, did he select the writers he studies? In the first place, I suspect, he went to the critics to find out what novelists they admired. It is possible that, for a historian doing basic research, subliterary novels might be more informative than good ones; but Blake was wise in concentrating on work that had a chance of lasting long enough so that future historians would be able to read it. In the second place, he concentrated on novelists who had written more or less realistically about contemporary life. Thornton Wilder's work, for instance, wouldn't have been much to his purpose, and Nathanael West's could have had only marginal usefulness. In the third place, he wanted to cover as much historical ground as possible, and therefore chose authors whose subjects did not overlap.

We must also observe that Blake does not discuss the work of any of these novelists in its entirety. In writing about Sinclair Lewis, he treats him as primarily a reporter on small-town ways and secondarily a critic of American life. Therefore he emphasizes *Main Street,* talks more briefly about *Babbitt, Arrowsmith,* and *Elmer Gantry,* and says nothing about the later work. He is concerned with Fitzgerald as a writer about the rich and Farrell as a writer about the Chicago poor. He discusses only a small part of the work of Faulkner and Steinbeck. He concentrates on Richard Wright's *Native Son,* to the exclusion of almost everything else but *Black Boy.* The most extraordinary simplification is in the chapter on Dos Passos: Blake devotes four-fifths of it to three characters,

the three who at one time or another are members of the Communist Party—Ben Compton and Mary French in *USA,* and Glenn Spotswood in *Adventures of a Young Man.* It seems to me that, of the eight novelists examined, Dos Passos is the one whose work as a whole would be a challenge to a historian, but Blake is interested in him only as a portrayer of radicalism, since in that role he fits Blake's scheme.

In part because of the limitations he has imposed upon himself, Blake has little to say about any of these writers that is not perfectly commonplace to every student of literature. How valuable his comments might be to historians I cannot say, but I suppose that, in these days of American Studies in the universities, few of the books mentioned are unfamiliar to specialists in American history. Those who have not read the novels, or would like to refresh their memories, will find Blake's summaries readable and reliable.

In concluding his introduction Blake writes: "What follows is not history, but material for history. This is how sensitive and articulate observers described those aspects of American life which they knew best. In the testimony of the novelists there is much exaggeration and bias. But a consideration of each author's background will suggest the corrections that need to be made for his special angle of vision. Flawed though the mirror may be, the novels provide a vivid reflection of a significant age of social change."

The approach is naïve. The first mistake is in going to novels for facts; the second is in assuming that a brief biography, such as Blake gives at the beginning of each chapter, will enable a historian to make proper allowance for distortions. Blake's hypothetical question about what a future historian might learn if he had only novels to rely on may be a useful device, but it does get us off on the wrong foot. In reality, as of course Blake says, historians have vast repositories of facts to use. What a novel may do for a historian is to give him a kind of insight that facts in themselves will never provide.

During the two hundred years or so of its existence the novel has been expected to entertain and to edify. At first it was supposed to inculcate sound moral principles. Later the emphasis was on manners rather than morals, but this too could be instructive, since people do in part base their behavior on what they believe to be the behavior of others. (In this sense Updike's *Couples* and Roth's *Portnoy's Complaint* may be regarded as edifying.) Blake suggests yet another kind of edification—value to historians. What his book chiefly demonstrates is that this is not a fruitful way of regarding the novel.

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European Literary Scene

Robert J. Clements

An exciting discovery in France concerns Nostradamus, the Renaissance astrologer whose oracular *Centuries* has influenced rulers down to Adolf Hitler. Born in the Provençal town of St. Rémy in 1503, Nostradamus became one of the world's greatest delvers into the occult, and was adviser to both Queen Catherine de Médicis and her son Charles IX. Although he was familiar with ancient sciences, including the cabala, Nostradamus curiously omitted reference to the *Hieroglyphics* of the fifth-century Greco-Egyptian natural scientist Horapollon, a work that was extremely popular in his day and abundantly available in various translations. Now M. Pierre Rollet, a publisher from Aix, has discovered in the recesses of the Bibliothèque Nationale a manuscript that would have had to be invented if it did not exist: Nostradamus's *Interpretations* of the aforementioned *Hieroglyphics*. The discoverer describes it as "a treatise of sympathetic and symbolic magic, establishing the occult connections existing between certain objects and their real meanings." Rollet has already issued the book at Rue Marius-Reinaud, Aix-en-Provence.

The newest volume of Tchou's expensively produced "Livre d' Identité" collection, devoted to Paul Eluard, has just arrived. The "photograph album" contains over 600 documents concerning Eluard's life and poetic career. It is profusely illustrated with letters, invitations, autograph poems, posters, and of course photographs: of the poet with Picasso, Dalí, Neruda, Aragon, Pierre Emmanuel, and a host of others. Whether or not one picture is worth a thousand words, one puts down this 250-page book with a feeling of knowing the late Eluard (d. 1952) more intimately than was ever possible before. The de Gaulle government, which fined Tchou 20,000 francs in 1963 for publishing elegant erotica, ought to restore the money to reimburse the considerable costs of printing the forthcoming "identity" books on Balzac and Cocteau.

Hemingway's eternal quest brought him back again and again to Spain, the country he "loved best after his own." He acknowledged a Spaniard—Pío Baroja—as the writer who influenced him most. He tried hard to unravel the mystery of Spain; my old friend Arturo Barea questioned his success: "Not sharing the beliefs, the life, and the sufferings of the Spaniards, he could only shape them in his imagination after the image of the Spain he knew . . . I think he had once taken Spain, the Spain of the *toreros*, the *señoritas*, Gypsies, tarts, tipsters, and so on, rather as one takes drugs." In view of such reservations it is welcome to find a contrary opinion from an established Spanish novelist and fellow-disciple of Baroja, José Luis Castillo-Puche. Long a close friend of Hemingway, Castillo-Puche gives us an extremely important and sympathetic biography, *Hemingway entre la vida y la muerte* (Hemingway Between Life and Death), issued by Destino of Barcelona. The informative volume, admittedly "intuitive and passionately subjective," is a significant record of Hemingway as Spain will remember him.

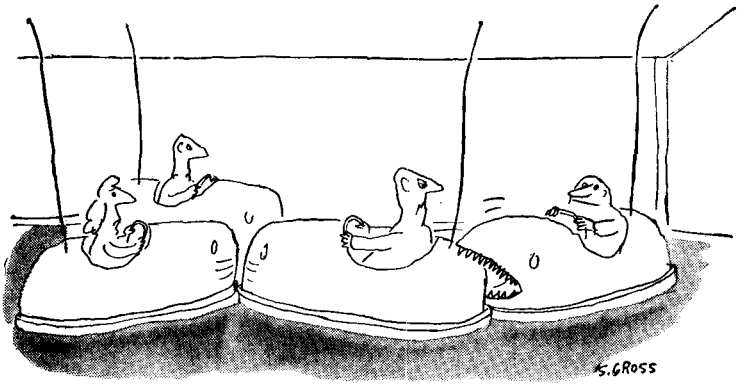
The rise of a vein of youthful satire in German literature is perhaps an even healthier sign for politics than for letters. Such current works as Reinhard Lettau's *Feinde* (Enemies) from Carl Hauser Verlag and Hans Erich Nossack's *Der Fall d'Arthez* (The d'Arthez Case) from Suhrkamp, with their ridicule of authoritarian attitudes, testify to the vigor of a reformed mentality as well as to that of the literary genre itself. We are now reminded of the venerability of satire in Germany by an anthology just arrived from Kiepenheuer & Witsch entitled *Hieb und Stich* (Slice and Thrust). Starting with the epigrams of Friedrich von Logau in the 1600s ("Lutherans, Papists, Calvinists—to come to terms all three/Have made a try, so doubt remains where Christendom may be."), the selections move through the centuries to Heinrich Böll's attack on those in post-war Germany who wish to return to the old ways, as epitomized by the traditional Christmas customs (*"Nicht nur zur Weinachtszeit"*). The arrival of Hitler made such satirists as Kurt Tucholsky and the Austrian Karl Kraus too angry to handle their rapiers deftly. This is hardly surprising when we remember that Hitler had Tucholsky's books burned and that Kraus foresaw the *Anschluss* of his homeland with the German Reich.

The old question of the political passivity and pessimism of Anton Chekhov continues to occupy the Russian critics. Latest effort in a campaign dating from the 1930s to make Chekhov bristle with didacticism and social significance is Kornei Chukovsky's revised *Chekhov* (Khudozhestvennaya). In this redefinition of what Mayakovsky called the quarrel over the "two Chekhovs," we are offered the portrait of a writer "profoundly optimistic and partial." It is another skirmish in the greater war against the idea of art for art's sake. There has been a trend in the 1960s among younger writers to imitate Chekhov's non-didactic stories, and the intensified campaign is no doubt intended to reorient these younger revisionists of fiction.

The film version of Vassilis Vassilikos's *Z* (*SR*, Nov. 16, 1968), featuring Irene Papas and Yves Montand, is a smash in Paris. The dictators of Greece will not be happy, nor will they likely forgive Miss Papas for her share in it. It will be a long time before she can return to her native village of Chiliomodion, where her father's grave is. The actress, singer, and poet depicts the place in the following nostalgic lines, whose appearance here marks the first publication in English of any of her poetry:

Washing, washing
the sorrows away,
bent women at the fountain.
Blossoming almond-trees
opal, white brides.
Snakelike the path to
the old monastery.
Wild fig trees making love
to raspberry bushes
cover the small river of
fears . . . Oh, childhood!
Scented the breeze
Flower petals flying make

(*Continued on page* 36)



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jealous the butterflies.
Candlelight.
Ghosts walking by night
in the cemetery with the
black cypresses . . .
O Chiliomodion, my grave-town.

Verses 12-14 make a seventeen-syllable haiku, perhaps unconsciously, although this is a form of which Miss Papas is admittedly fond. Her poetry, as is clear, evokes the imagism and sensitivity of Cavafy and Seferis.

One day when James Joyce was teaching English at the Berlitz School in Trieste he received a flattering letter from Ezra Pound, asking for permission to use his poem "I hear an army charging upon the land." Pound wrote at the suggestion of Yeats. A pleased Joyce offered the permission requested, and before long sent Pound the first part of his *Portrait of the Artist*. A long correspondence ensued. Although most of Joyce's letters disappeared, sixty-two of those from Pound, with some of his essays on Joyce, form the nucleus of *Pound/Joyce*, edited by Forrest Read (Faber and Faber). From these lively letters we learn that Pound recognized early the genius of Joyce ("the best prose writer of my generation in English") and helped to launch his career. Unlike Eliot, Joyce disregarded and even resented Pound's continual advice and criticism ("which I dodged as tactfully as I could"). The friendship eventually cooled, but never entirely dissolved.

FRASER YOUNG
LITERARY CRYPT No. 1339

A cryptogram is writing in cipher. Every letter is part of a code that remains constant throughout the puzzle. Answer No. 1339 will be found in the next issue.

KRP DFKP YD GQMQTQHFKQYB

QN TQWP BPPOTPVYUW. IYL

GFB KFWP QK LX FBO VYUUI

FEYLK QK FK YOO ZYZPBKN.

–DUFBW NLTTQMFB

Answer to Literary Crypt No. 1338

Old men delight in giving good advice as a consolation for the fact that they can no longer set bad examples.
—La Rochefoucauld.

One Thing and Another

John K. Hutchens

It was 1924, and he was a brisk thirty-one-year-old, ten years out of Harvard, who had just made his reputation overnight with a book his elders in the critical lodge deemed impertinent, even outrageous. From where they sat they were understandably perturbed. The book was *The 7 Lively Arts*, and precisely who did he think he was, this young Gilbert Seldes, sounding off with judgments like "Al Jolson is more interesting to the intelligent mind than John Barrymore and Fanny Brice than Ethel" and "the daily comic strip of George Herriman *(Krazy Kat)* is easily the most satisfactory work of art produced in America today"?

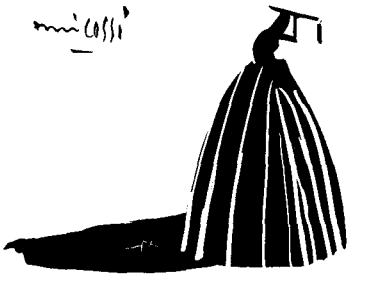
Young Mr. Seldes knew perfectly well who he was and what he was up to. He had recently finished three years as the brilliant managing editor and drama critic of *The Dial*, quite likely the finest American literary magazine of its time. As for his purpose, it was clear, at least to him. He was telling those other critics that they lagged deplorably behind the general public in their appreciation of such forms of popular art as vaudeville, movies, jazz, comic strips, newspaper columns like Don Marquis's "Sun Dial," and the satirical prose of Finley Peter Dunne ("Mr. Dooley") and Ring Lardner.

Now Mr. Seldes is a seventy-six-year-old who, though convalescing from a two-year illness that might have sent many of his contemporaries into retirement, is as alert as ever. The ideas hum, the humor crackles. If, for reasons of health, he doesn't get around as much as he used to—so that he is not familiar at firsthand with the latest in films and theater—he maintains an old journalist's disciplined working habits. The only person known to have written for *The Dial* AND *The Saturday Evening Post*, Bernarr MacFadden's *Graphic* and William Randolph Hearst's New York *Journal*, with equal verve and integrity, isn't apt to throw in the towel without a fight.

Over in a corner of his East Fifty-seventh Street apartment the other day when a vistor called on him there were typescript pages totaling 200,000 words of what Mr. Seldes called "a memoir of ideas and movements" he has encountered over the years—all kinds of people, expatriates, radicals, ultra-conservatives, and movements ranging from the philosophical anarchism in which he was raised by his immigrant father to the not especially partisan realism at which he ultimately arrived. Will it be, he was asked, a quite personal book? Yes and no, he said. At first he thought of "absenting" himself from his chronicle, but that didn't seem exactly fair to readers in the future who would have a right to know what kind of person he was. So there will be "sections," beginning with one about three non-American expatriates he came to know in the old Left Bank days—Picasso, Stravinsky, and Joyce—and connecting "intersections" in which he appears more specifically.

Inevitably it will have a good deal to say about the arts, and about their integration with science. Concerning the latter Mr. Seldes was, by his own admission, something of an ignoramus until he was well along in his career, having learned nothing whatever about it in college, as he once told J. Robert Oppenheimer. Mr. Oppenheimer reassured him: "Everything you would have learned in your time about physics you would have had to unlearn in mine." Perhaps Mr. Seldes's major interest now as a writer is American history, with special emphasis on what seems to him one of its utterly unique aspects. "From Colonial days until the 1930s," he said, "the people who came here went through something that made them different from what they had been before. They passed barriers, real and imaginary. Nothing quite like it had ever happened."

He entered upon this field in 1928 with the well-received *The Stammering Century* (1928, reissued thirty-seven years later), a brisk account of American evangelicalism and its eccentricities. Even if he had been so inclined, Mr. Seldes was not then in a position to indulge himself in books like that. In 1929, to the considerable astonishment of both the intellectual and Broadway communities, the former drama critic of *The Dial* became the drama critic of the raffish New York *Graphic*. He recalls with amusement the posters on the *Graphic* delivery trucks proclaiming his advent



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on that paper: "From *The Dial* to *The Graphic* in One Flying Leap!!"

"But I fear," he said, not sounding too distressed about it in retrospect, "that nobody read me there, except other newspapermen and Broadway producers looking for a line to quote in ads. So it's not to my credit that I didn't change my style. That style, on *The Dial*, was not 'literary.' On *The Graphic* it wasn't 'journalistic.'"

He stayed with *The Graphic* for two years. Then William Randolph Hearst, plotting the demise of that tabloid rival to his own morning *Mirror*, lured Mr. Seldes away from it to write a five-a-week column for the New York *Journal*. There he had a good time discussing almost anything that interested him, until Hearst merged his *Journal* with his New York *American* and cut expenses by dropping columnists, whereupon the undismayed Mr. Seldes became program director for CBS-TV.

Very interesting, those eight years at CBS, ending in 1945. What he learned there, observing and working as he did from the inside, was apparent when he came to write *The Great Audience* (1950), *Writing for Television* (1952), and *The Public Arts* (1956). The first of that trio, reporting on the movies, radio and television, seemed to indicate that he no longer believed that in the long run the public's taste was correct.

"It was a gloomy book," says Mr. Seldes now. With *The Public Arts* he recovered his faith in the ultimate validity of the average viewer's and listener's judgment. To be sure, he sees the listener and viewer as too often betrayed, not merely by commerce but by a lack of creativity.

He believes that, of all things, the best of the old-time, across-the-board daytime serials—*Against the Storm*, say—were as close to creativity as radio drama ever got. In television he sees nothing at all that has been genuinely creative, as distinguished from the successfully adaptive, such as the excellent TV version of *Death of a Salesman*.

"Well, let's have one reservation on that," he amended. "The Rowan and Martin Laugh-In. Absolutely superb."

But neither of the two media strikes him as original in the sense that the movies have been, going way back to the Keystone comics of Mack Sennett, who had no earlier or more fervent admirer than Mr. Seldes. He stands on that long-ago judgment of them, and of Chaplin as the greatest of all film artists.

"What the movies did," he went on, "was to get away promptly from the stage, whereas radio and television were the victims of machinery, of the pace of invention. The investment in them was enormous. So were the profits. They both suffered accordingly."

All in all, Mr. Seldes enjoyed himself

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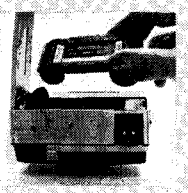

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at CBS, which sent him abroad on a handsome expense account to learn what he could from the British Broadcasting Corporation. Returning, he wrote scripts, assigned others, and, by nature a talkative man, appeared on sundry programs as a master of ceremonies. "It lasted until the end of World War II, and it was a pleasure. Then someone decided that I was of no further use, and I was fired."

He recalled this with every appearance of good cheer—as well he might, because one so versatile could hardly lack for something to do. It has been true throughout his career. There were a monthly column for *Esquire* and a radio and TV column for *Saturday Review* for a decade. There were a couple of mystery novels under the pseudonym "Foster Johns." There was one serious novel, *The Wings of the Eagle*. And there was a play, *Lysistrata*, which found him, as adapter, sharing billing with Aristophanes—no mean credit on a marquee.

Looking back to 1930 and the hilarious scandal that production incited, he smiled a smile of gratitude. "It opened in the hot summer in a non-air-conditioned theater. It didn't start out very well. Then—and this was the first time I ever turned up on page one of *The Times*—an eminent New York clergyman denounced it as 'a sink of pagan iniquity.' The weekly box-office gross went immediately from $18,000 to $25,000. We ran for eight months. What luck!"

But now it was time to ask how, assuming a comparison to be possible, the popular arts stand today in Mr. Seldes's opinion as against the time when he first wrote so memorably of them. He answered somewhat obliquely. The popular arts, he said, have become the mass-media arts, which—save for the contributions of certain exceptional artists—makes for "mass-produced mediocrity." Still, true to his old credo regarding the public taste, he hasn't surrendered hope, and it is of no small satisfaction to him that his early vision was recognized many years later when the University of Pennsylvania invited him to become its director of communications in a graduate school. While he admires the forensic skill of his friend Marshall McLuhan in predicting the eventual triumph of electronic techniques over the written word, he remains unconvinced. "God knows, he may be right," said Mr. Seldes, "but he doesn't give, for me, the right reasons."

He himself has always been one for the right reasons, whether he was explaining in 1924 why Picasso was even then the greatest living artist, or why the meeting of Mutt and Jeff, Bud Fisher's cartoon characters, was "a sacred moment in our cultural development." Among the lively arts none has been livelier than the sharp, perceptive one he has practiced this near half-century.

A Man of Many Moods

Three Faces of Love, *by Emile Zola, translated from the French by Roland Gant (Vanguard. 151 pp. $4.95), presents for the first time in English a trio of short stories that give glimpses of the direction the French writer might have taken had he not achieved fame with his longer works. The well-known novelist Angus Wilson is the author of a biography of Emile Zola.*

By ANGUS WILSON

EMILE ZOLA WAS A GREAT ARTIST but an under-educated man, and therefore often a dogmatic and wrong-headed theorist. *The Experimental Novel*, the propagandist pamphlet by which he sought to justify his approach to writing, to claim a meaningful relationship between his novels and contemporary biology, must surely be one of the least satisfactory pieces of literary polemics. It not only fails to convince in itself, but it gives a misleading and narrow idea of the wonderful richness, variety, and scope of Zola's own work. Among "serious" readers it has done him much harm ever since, though the general reader, caring nothing for theory and all for content, has never failed to find reward among the twenty volumes of the Rougon-Macquart chronicle.

The three stories collected here are pleasing, successful pieces of work; but they are particularly to be welcomed because they show Zola in moods so different each from the other, and all so different from the conventional idea of him as the salacious but earnest father of the muckrakers, that they will go far toward erasing the false, largely self-imposed image his name usually evokes. Two of the stories, indeed, reflect aspects of his writing that are little discussed, though they are found in some of his best novels. The third, "Winkles for Monsieur Chabre," has a light and easy humor, untouched, as Zola's humor usually is, by his black lyricism. It is, so far as I know, unique in his extensive work.

The stories, as Mr. Roland Gant tells us in his preface, were written for the Russian magazine *Vestnik Evropy* between 1874 and 1876. Zola was well into his great chronicle by this time (the first volume was published before the Franco-Prussian War), but, though he had enjoyed some critical acclaim, he had few readers. The pieces he wrote for the Russian magazine brought him money as well as reputation abroad. They were also a testimony (very important to him at this time, I think) to the esteem of the great novelists of his era, for he was introduced to *Vestnik Evropy* by Turgenev, whom he knew through the Goncourts and the *maître* Flaubert. After 1877, when *L'Assommoir* appeared, and still more after 1880, when *Nana* was published, Zola rocketed into best-selling fame (or rather notoriety) in which all such considerations were unimportant to him. The stories Mr. Gant has translated so excellently give us glimpses of potential Zolas which the successful Zola could afford to discard.

THE first story, "For One Night of Love," with its murderous, cold, and erotic aristocratic heroine, shows the considerable influence of Stendhal, which Zola tended to play down. Mademoiselle de Marsanne is Mademoiselle de Môle in little, though the duped, simple clerk Julien is no Julien Sorel. It is in some ways a romantic version of the more realistic bourgeois novel of Zola's youth, *Thérèse Raquin*, but it has a cynical ending that goes against all the careful manipulations of Nemesis with which Zola usually visits the wicked. It shows how well he could play among flowers of evil if he wished—an amusing paradox in view of his later detestation of the young *fin-de-siècle* esthetes when he felt their rivalry pressing upon him in his years of success.

Moral judgment is even more suspended in "Winkles for Monsieur Chabre." Bourgeois adultery was later a favorite theme of Zola's—notably in the brilliant horror comedy *Pot-Bouille*—but always as a fable of the hypocrisy of the bourgeois young girls' romantic Catholic upbringing. In this little story, however, the cuckold is a ludicrous idiot and the wife's affair with a young charmer on a

—Bettmann Archive.

Emile Zola—his moral judgment is suspended.

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seaside holiday is regarded with amused sympathy.

The last story, "Round Trip," short but perfect, simply recounts the escape of an over-parented young married couple from a sightseeing honeymoon to a brief country idyll. Again, the subject was not new to Zola. In *La Faute de l'abbé Mouret* the young priest makes a similar escape into a ruined Provençal estate with a daughter of nature, but wicked religion and a distorting sense of sin, in the shape of an ascetic friar, arrive like the serpent to destroy their Eden. "Round Trip" contains no preaching and no moral.

I do not suggest that, if Zola had preserved this freedom from moral judgment, he would have been a better novelist. Far from it; his puritanism and his fierceness (disguised, of course, as a Naturalistic freedom from judgment) give his great chronicle its special fury and pathos. But there is no doubt these qualities would have been out of place in a short story. These three delightful explorations into the nature of sexual love show, I think, that Zola could have been a master of this form of fiction, too.

Connoisseur of Chaos

Gertrude, *by Hermann Hesse, translated from the German by Hilda Rosner (Farrar, Straus & Giroux. 237 pp. $4.95), concerns a crippled composer whose disability prevents him from achieving happiness while it aids his creativity. Edward M. Potoker is professor of English and comparative literature at the City University of New York.*

By EDWARD M. POTOKER

WHAT ACCOUNTS for the Hermann Hesse vogue that attracts the "young" and startles scholars?

Like Rilke and Mann, Hesse was a disciple of Nietzsche, but one who passionately felt that Christ and Nietzsche were complementary rather than mutually exclusive. In his view both were supreme examples of the individual search for personal values. Maintaining moral positions, they are natural allies in this search, despite the frictions brought about by the fanatics who institutionalized them. And, at a time when moral positions seem out of the question, questing Hesse can be powerfully attractive. Stressing independence, tolerance, and self-reliance—integrity, in short—he is naturally at home in the land of Emerson and Thoreau. A champion of humanism, internationalism, and pacifism (Hesse left Germany rather than burn the equivalent of his draft card), he would deplore racism, Vietnam, and El Fatah, would affirm the United Nations, and would likely become lyrical about the Peace Corps.

—*Bettmann Archives.*

Hermann Hesse—champion of humanism and pacifism.

Having experienced family difficulties and a series of nervous breakdowns, Hesse was, like Nietzsche, a connoisseur of disintegration. This troubled German from Swabia, immersed in destructive elements and knowing enough about the abyss, has something to say to what we call "disadvantaged" persons. He was also a mechanic, an ironworker, which may put off some pure esthetes, such as they are. Last but not least, Hesse, along with André Gide and Thomas Mann, was a school dropout. He found the schoolmasters insensitive, ignorant, and tyrannical. In his final great work, *Das Glasperlenspiel*, Hesse affectionately wrote about teaching in the context of social service. His point seems to be that teachers must serve students first—not the state, not the corporations, not bibliolatry, which are gross forms of self-service. Professors too can learn from Hesse, if they choose.

THE preceding remarks are biographical in nature rather than textual. But Hermann Hesse was a personal writer—too personal, some critics feel, too romantic, too narrowly obsessed with his own personality.

Gertrude, originally printed in 1910, was Hesse's third novel. This first American publication is adequately translated by Hilda Rosner, whose British usage, however, may occasionally irritate some American readers. The story has three major characters: Herr Kuhn, Herr Muoth, and Fräulein Gertrude Imthor, later Frau Muoth. Narrated as a memoir by the aging Kuhn, the novel recounts his travails as a youth, his success as a composer, his frustrated love for Gertrude Imthor, and his strange friendship with Heinrich Muoth, who derives from Byron possibly by way of Goethe, evincing as he does the peculiarities of Werther and Manfred. As a young man Kuhn had his leg crippled in an accident. The physical disability, which prevents him from achieving happiness in life, especially with women, measurably accounts as well for his creativity.

The central theme of *Gertrude*—art as related to illness—and particularly Hesse's treatment of it are close to the Thomas Mann of *Tristan*, *Buddenbrooks*, and *The Blood of the Walsungs*. But Hesse's portrait of the artist, which conveys the peripheral theme of art versus life, more closely resembles the sympathetic one in Mann's *Tonio Kröger*, for Kuhn, like Tonio, is a bourgeois *manqué*. Proud of his origins, Kuhn is fond of his father, a businessman, and understands that a composer's life is hardly more strenuous than and sometimes even similar to the commercial life his father leads. Kuhn's visits to Schwabing, the Latin Quarter of Munich, and his excursions to the shores of the North Sea are additional elements that link *Gertrude* to *Tonio Kröger*.

But *Gertrude* also contains informative passages about musicianship, Karma, dogs, theosophy, botany, money, alcoholism, divorce, family responsibility, and social service. And there are symbols for those who wish to hunt for them, and a good deal of self-irony, too. Like most of what he wrote, this novel is Hesse for Everyman.

Maimed Life-Style

Black Jacob, *by William Mahoney (Macmillan. 247 pp. $5.95), concerns the developing self-awareness of a Southern Negro candidate for Congress confronted with corruption and the sores of prejudice. Frank Cunningham, a free-lance critic, is an assistant professor of English at Franklin and Marshall College*

By FRANK CUNNINGHAM

THE BLACK MAN'S DESPAIR at his inability to exorcise his internal devils and those that possess his Movement is the central theme of William Mahoney's searing but uneven first novel, *Black Jacob*. Mahoney's protagonist, Jacob Blue, is a Mississippi physician locked in a close political campaign to become his state's first black congressman. As election day in Matchez draws near, Mahoney's all too omniscient narrator spreads before us a depressingly familiar panorama of violence and deceit that shatters Jacob's quest. It matters not whether the scene is the town councils in Matchez or the stinking cesspool that is Tent City—one after another of Jacob's supporters is swept under by threats, deals, cajolery, and even well-intentioned ignorance. "Any Negro who isn't paranoiac," says

(*Continued on page* 61)

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Floating Guesthouse

***Away From It All,** by Sloan Wilson (Putnam. 333 pp. $6.95), reveals what happens when a Manhattanite sheds his gray flannel suit, buys Guy Lombardo's yacht, and leaves smog more or less permanently behind. James Kelly himself abandoned Madison Avenue for Mexican mañanas in Ajijic.*

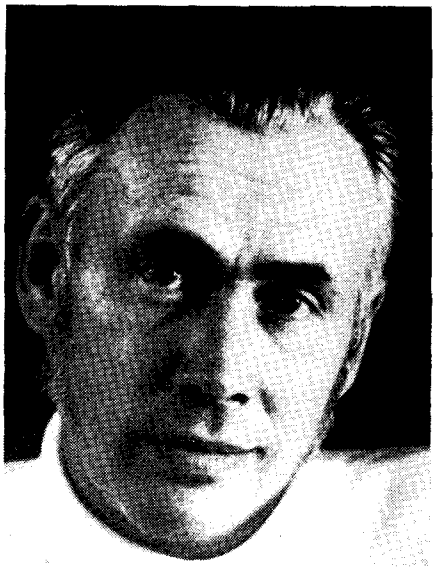
By JAMES KELLY

WHAT HAPPENS when a disgruntled, middle-aged family man turns his back on urban existence, puts on a pair of sneakers, buys a boat, and heads for the horizon? Sloan Wilson tells what in *Away From It All*, his first nonfiction book.

A solvent but tax-tangled forty-six-year-old novelist, Mr. Wilson, after taking personal inventory, concluded that he had become an unjolly fat man with a drinking problem, that his friends were "faded, frenetic, semi-alcoholic, gossipy . . . at best worthy of compassion, at worst deserving contempt." He was surfeited to the eyes by city life and martini lunches at the Harvard Club, and the rigmarole of inhabiting an apartment overlooking Central Park for which the lease was running out. On the brighter side, he was happily married to a beautiful young wife who urged him to follow his inclinations, on good terms with his two-year-old daughter and three college-age progeny by a previous marriage, and still young and free enough to activate his lifelong dream of running away to sea. Experienced in small craft as a boy, in command of Coast Guard vessels during World War II, he suddenly knew that it was now or never on the boat idea—and what happened afterward provides for the book at hand.

The first step was to shuck the trappings of materialism: clothes, furniture, accumulated possessions—with friends and the Salvation Army the richer for it. The next step was to find a boat costing less than $25,000 to serve as home and transportation for Skipper Sloan, Mate Betty, and young Jessie. After abortive encounters with several eager dealers, a smart broker led them to Maryland's Eastern Shore, where they bought for $18,000 a venerable fifty-four-foot motor yacht formely owned by Guy Lombardo. After spending another $12,000 or so to put her into shape, the Wilsons conned triumphantly across the Chesapeake and headed south via the Inland Waterway.

From this point on, the *Pretty Betty* log mostly chronicles misadventures. The twin diesels operate suspensefully or not at all; young Jessie falls into cooking fat; the cat goes over the side; Mate Betty, not a seagoing lady by experience or preference, finds quarters rather cramped; Skipper Sloan, plagued by a mysterious fungus infection where he sits, is pleased with his awakened skills as a boat handler spends morose hours at the helm thinking long, long New York-type thoughts. Most soul-disturbing of all are the visitors who come aboard for extended stays: Mate Betty's elbow-bending, colleen-chasing father from Ireland, who proudly lives up to advance billing as "a Brendan Behan who doesn't write"; Skipper Sloan's lovable but talkative mother; his seventeen-year-old son, who elects to return to the States-side company of his young lady and take his chances on Vietnam; daughters, business associates, random hitchhikers—at one time a passenger list of thirteen people booked aboard the floating guesthouse.



—Peter Strick.

Sloan Wilson — "long New York-type thoughts."

The *Pretty Betty* did make a nervous crossing of the Gulf Stream to rendezvous with shrimp fishermen of the Grand Bahama, after island stops along the meandering course. But there was an almost audible sigh of relief from the ship's company when bow-lines went out at the Coconut Grove marina near Miami. Skipper Sloan, feeling purged and happy, faced a few writing assignments including this book. Mate Betty, considerably more amphibious than at the beginning, looked forward to land-based social activities and enrolling an older Jessie in a nursery school. *Away From It All* ends with a cliff-hanging avowal that the Wilsons will soon purchase a boat large enough to sail the Atlantic and visit Jessie's roistering ancestor on his home grounds.

And here we take our leave, anticipating in due time the next installment of this candid, amusing hegira.

Age of the Ego

***Princes of the Renaissance,** by Orville Prescott (Random House. 397 pp. $8.95), is, in its author's words, "a popular narrative about the lives, personalities, and politics of extraordinary people." Walter Guzzardi, Jr., a former resident of Rome, is a longtime student of Italian history.*

By WALTER GUZZARDI

ORVILLE PRESCOTT, for twenty-five years the leading book reviewer of *The New York Times*, is, quite obviously, a widely-read man. Although he has written an autobiography, edited anthologies, and published collections of his criticism, *Princes of the Renaissance* is, as far as I know, his initial venture into historical writing.

It is harder to imagine a richer subject for a first effort, or one more difficult to manage. Prescott has chosen twenty of the major figures who participated in and helped to create one of the most passionate and explosive eras in all history. These are the princes—figuratively, to be sure, since some were dukes, some duchesses, some popes, and some poets—whose brilliance, cruelty, selfishness, largess, and bursting energies made the Italian Renaissance. Under their patronage Leonardo flourished; under their strong hands the state became a work of art. It was, in short, a marvelous age and, almost since it ended, men—from Symonds and Burckhardt to, most recently, Harris Harbison of Princeton—have been studying it and writing about it with a perception almost as marvelous. Harbison began teaching his course on the Renaissance and the Reformation at just about the time Orville Prescott started reviewing for the *Times*. Harbison's lectures were a work of art, too, and it seems a shame that Prescott could not have been there to listen.

To this splendid literary outpouring Prescott has now added his contribution. It is not, I am sorry to say, a very significant one. First, he underestimates his readers. "This book," he remarks in his introduction, "is a popular narrative about the lives, personalities and politics of extraordinary people. Most of them are unknown except to students of the Renaissance." Charles VIII of France, the Sforzas, Pope Julius II, Baldassare Castiglione—these are not people known only to scholars. Second, he underestimates his subject. He does not suggest the complexity of either the period or the people about whom he writes. Again in his preface Prescott makes the flat statement that he is "ignoring the currently fashionable question of just when was the Renaissance," although it is a ques-

(*Continued on page 56*)

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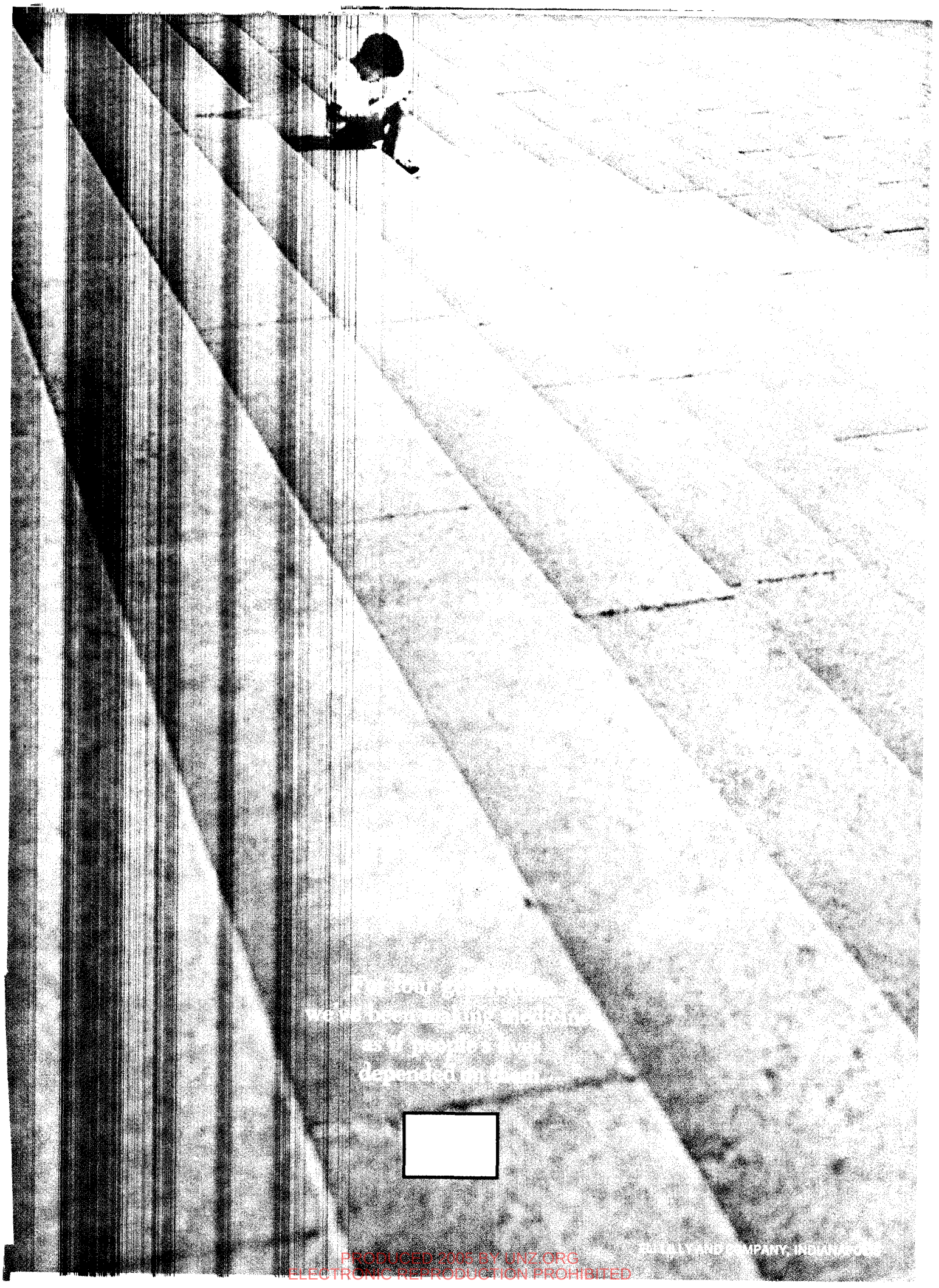

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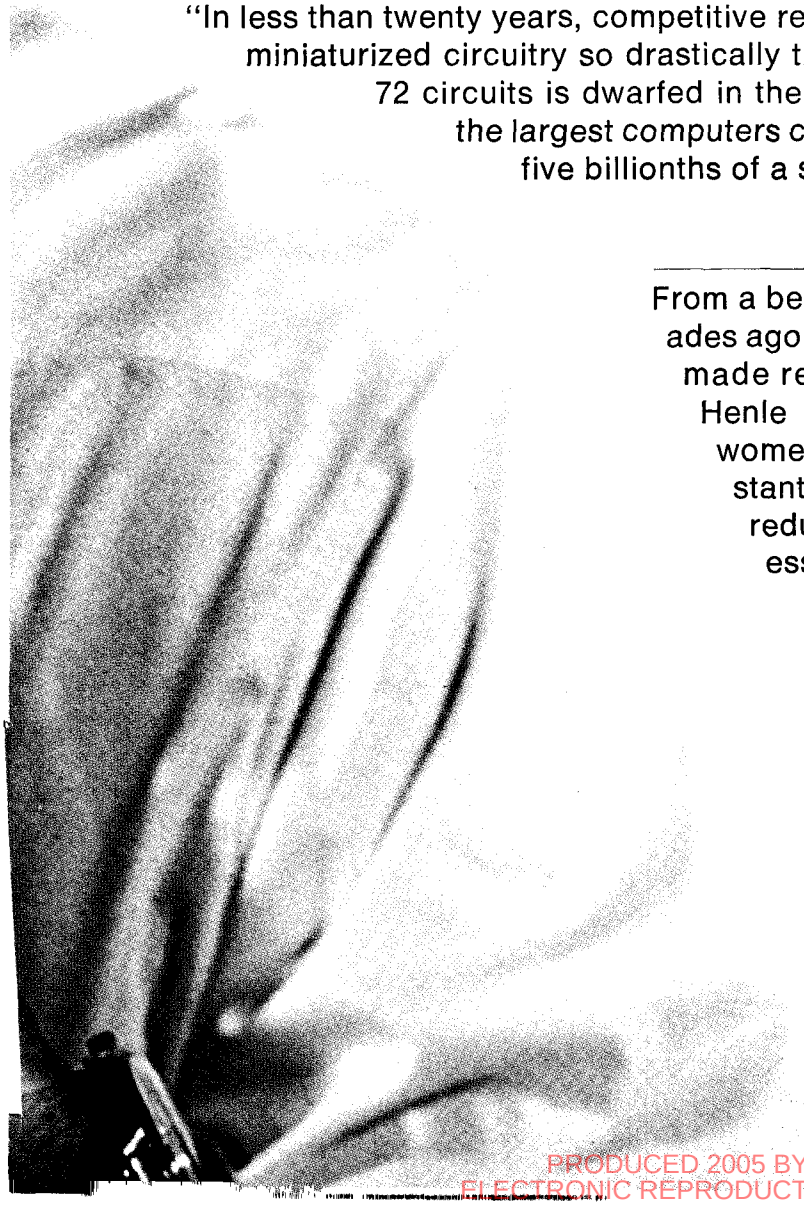

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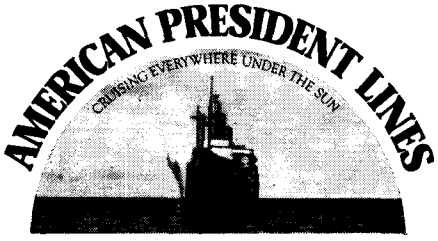

Booked for Travel

Edited by David Butwin

Young and in Amsterdam

ONE OF THE quickest ways to get in Dutch with a Dutchman is to mention those two intrepid folk heroes, Hans Brinker and the boy who saved Holland from watery ruin by poking his finger in the dike. I tried it on a Dutch steward a few weeks ago just to break the ennui of a seven-hour flight to Amsterdam. For a moment, I think, he considered pulling the exit hatch beside us and either coaxing me into a free fall or making like a Flying Dutchman himself.

Rapidly I confessed that on two earlier visits to Holland I was left with the impression that Hans Brinker and the dike-stopper have cut larger figures in American folkways than in Dutch. That seemed to win his confidence. "I tell you," he said, "I grew up in Amsterdam and I didn't hear those stories until I started meeting Americans. I have told my children the same stories, so they will know what to expect." He recalled experiencing some anxious moments one Sunday afternoon when, on a country outing with his family, he came upon a statue of the dike-plugger. He explained it away, he told me, as the work of an American sculptor.

I am not convinced that the two tales are entirely the products of American educational propaganda. On my next visit to Holland, I intend to commandeer a set of Dutch primers, for I have a suspicion that both lads occupy more than a footnote to national lore. If they do, however, I can see why the Dutch deny it. Doubtless they have grown weary of disclaiming the widely circulated fiction that their lives are devoted to such puerile acts as clomping around in wooden shoes, watering tulip beds, and spinning windmills. I cannot help but regard The Netherlands as something of a storybook land, and I can think of no other country in the world, including Heidi's Switzerland, where children enjoy greater favor. This the Dutch might admit privately, for while they shrink from promoting Holland to outsiders as a merry-go-round for children, they continue the tradition of celebrating, quietly and domestically, the glories of youth.

One encounters this tradition the moment one boards a KLM plane, which could if necessary be converted into a flying nursery school. The steward showed me several drawers in the galley crammed with playthings to occupy young travelers—puzzles, coloring books, Dutch flags to fly on their bicycles back home—and as I fell into some remarkably well-preserved patterns of juvenility, he held off a coquettish Egyptian tot who seemed intent on securing, as a souvenir of her travels, a Dutchman's nose.

Amsterdam abounds with monuments to youth. In the Spui Square stands a statue of Het Amsterdamse Lieverdje, or the Amsterdam Lovable, a young boy in knee pants smiling in the slightly daft manner of Alfred E. Neuman, *Mad* Magazine's what-me-worry kid. The Dutch know the Lieverdje as a peculiar homebred style of pre-teen-ager, who delights in pulling such harmless, though maddening, pranks as letting the air out of Amsterdamers' bicycle tires.

Every so often a holiday from school is declared so that children can prance around the Stock Exchange and drum up as much racket as they can create, all in honor of a seventeenth-century Amsterdam orphan. In 1622, so the story goes, a Spanish general undertook a plot to burn Amsterdam to the ground. One day the orphan and his friends were playing about the Exchange, which was built out over the water, when their ball skipped into the canal and disappeared beneath the building. The boy plunged in after the ball, and although history

—Fritz Henle (Monkmeyer).

Anne Frank House (center) —no greater monument to the aspirations of youth.

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fails to record whether he found it, he did discover a barge loaded with gunpowder planted by the Spanish. The plot was foiled, and afterward, the boy, who seems to have combined the best qualities of dike-plugger and tire-deflater, won for his friends the right to dress up as little soldiers once a year and march through the Exchange raising a din with drum and trumpet. Several times the holiday has been suspended for want of participation, most recently in 1968. In fact, it never has been officially declared a holiday, but chances are that the city government, knowing the pull children exert in Holland, won't allow it to vanish.

An Amsterdam cab driver informed me, while threading his way through a downtown passageway made narrower by streams of bicycles pouring along either side, that Dutch schools occasionally suspend classes during the winter so the children can take advantage of the ideal skating conditions, which don't occur as often as *Hans Brinker* leads one to believe. The cabby was curious about the heavy snowfall that had paralyzed New York earlier this winter. Silently applying body English to the skittering ride, I managed to tick off a list of the businesses and institutions that were closed down by the snow. "*Ja*, and it must have been good for the children," he said.

Adult and child should find Amsterdam a delightful escape from the hurly-burly of most cosmopolitan cities. I don't mean to imply that it lacks any of the dash or flavor of a full-blown metropolis, only that life and the city seem scaled-down, more tangible. Many of the streets meandering through the center of Amsterdam are too narrow to allow auto traffic, and some shops are so tiny one has to duck as though entering a doll house. There is something quaint (and not a little tenuous) about mounting the nearly vertical stairways that lead to the attics of the steeply pitched seventeenth- and eighteenth-century houses lining the streets and canals. It all brings out the hide-and-seek child in an adult. I am startled, no matter how I prepare myself, by the sensation of stepping through the front doorway of an old brick house and beholding the stairway not two strides ahead of me, shafting straight up into the darkness.

Nor does the fantasy end when I enter Amsterdam's great art palaces, the Rijksmuseum bulging with Vermeer, Hals, and Rembrandt; the Stedelijk Museum treasuring 200 Van Goghs. I was strolling through the Rijksmuseum like a kid turned loose in a carnival, when I looked up to see Rembrandt's *Night Watch* occupying a vast wall. Absolutely alone in this throne room, I heard myself say, "It's mine."

Amsterdam favors not only children but also young people in their teens and twenties, who don't seem to suffer the scorn of the Establishment no matter how they dress or wear their hair. They are known collectively as students, in Holland and across Europe, whether they are enrolled in school or not. It's as honorable as being called a lawyer or a doctor. In Amsterdam, they gather mostly in the Leidseplein, which I consider the most vibrant square in the city, although many visitors prefer the bump-and-grind frenzy of the Rembrandtsplein. Three years ago this summer when I'd last seen Amsterdam, the Leidseplein was the key staging ground for the Provos, Holland's rather militant version of the hippie. Now they are gone, or at least the term is gone. I was told that many of them have dropped back in, one as a member of the city council, another as a film star. But their spirit lives on in the many teeming student bars and dance dens around the Leidseplein.

One evening I was standing in one of the more popular bars, Reynders, when the bartender began addressing me and an English friend in Dutch, apparently asking us to make room for a clutch of people who had squeezed in beside us. We obliged, and as I spoke to the bartender in English, he broke into a grin. "Oh, I thought you men were Dutch," he said. I relate this episode merely to underscore an impression I have formed on recent trips abroad, that Americans don't show their colors as vividly as they once did. In the same bar three years ago I think Americans would have been distinguished by their button-down collars, penny loafers, wrap-around madras skirts, and so on, but today a Yank who has absorbed the hirsute and sartorial trends of the late 1960s blends rather well into the universal pattern. I wonder, too, if Americans abroad are wearing humbler (and therefore less recognizably American) expressions in the wake of Vietnam, the assassinations, and the urban crises.

When I heard my English companion, a proud Cambridge man, thank the bartender for confusing his nationality, I remembered that times have changed in the British Empire too. Of course, I am willing to agree that the bartender, and others who took me for Dutch, would be less apt to sense an American's presence during the low season.

What I like about the Leidseplein is that in most places you can nurse a drink (one of the stiffest is Dutch *genever*, a challenge to any American Lushwell), or you can sip coffee and read a newspaper without feeling pressed to order more. Perhaps the most urbane and relaxed scene is the lounge of the American Hotel, where artists and writers catch up on back newspapers hanging from racks.

The most bizarre spot I found on the Leidseplein was a hideout called the Paradiso, which looks as though it existed as a church in a previous life. My English friend and I were spirited along on the advice of a Sardinian airline official who claimed his pilots had come away telling tales of unorthodox dance-floor behavior. We walked in the front door through blinking red lights, ascended a psychedelically painted stairway, and entered "the chapel." There were young people slouching on benches on either side of the room, most of them silent and unmoving as though engaged in some kind of communion. Some were dragging on pipes and cigarettes in an unmistakably devout manner. Only one couple was up and dancing, in a rather orthodox style, I thought.

Our masks of anonymity were being torn away by the curious gazes. We may not have looked particularly American, English, or Sardinian, but we were three men in suits and topcoats. We were followed into the bar, some ten minutes later, by a half-dozen Dutch coeds, who were cut from even straighter stuff. Only once was the holy inertia disturbed, when a young man leaped up from a bench, approached one of the coeds, and force-fed her a bit of a sandwich he was eating. He sat down with a joyous yelp. We left the chapel after two drinks, convinced that the mystical gap is much wider than the geographical gap.

I can think of no greater monument to youth and hope than the house on the Prinsengracht Canal from which a young girl, her family, and dear friends were dragged by the Gestapo on August 4, 1944. Anne Frank perished at Bergen-Belsen in March, 1945, three months before she was to be sixteen. The diary she left behind, and the house where she lived like a condemned prisoner—now a museum and a memorial—speak poignantly of man's courage and resilience.

I set out in the drizzle one afternoon knowing it was too late to find the museum open. From the Dam, Amsterdam's main square, you cross three canals, steering your course by the high-steepled Westerkerk, several doors from the Anne Frank House. It was nearly 6 o'clock by the church tower's clock when I reached the Prinsengracht; then the bells sounded, heavy and somber in the rain. I stood for a while in front of the house watching the rain come down harder on the murky brown canal and a bunch of gulls quarreling on the water over a piece of prey, and I couldn't help but think how happy she would have been to be outdoors on such a day. —D. B.

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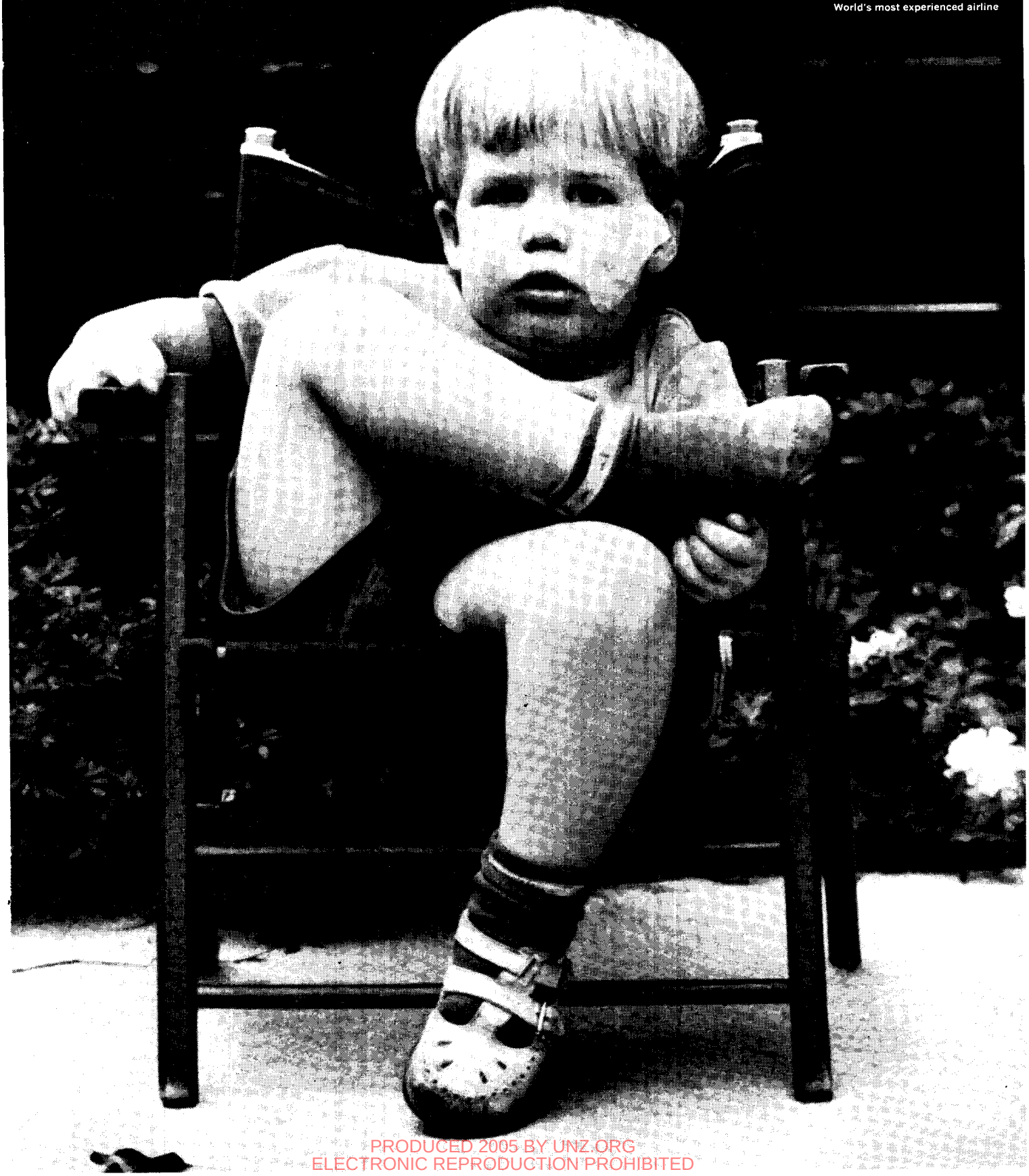

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TV-Radio

Robert Lewis Shayon

Smothering the Brothers

FANS OF THE Smothers Brothers who classify themselves as political liberals need to display some quick progressive zip in communications, or their favorite comedy hour on television (CBS, Sunday nights) may be lost to them. They ought to be writing to the network, and to their representatives in Congress expressing their approbation of the genial, unconventional humor of the brothers and of their crew-cut but anti-Establishment political-satire probes. Instead, the liberals—who think that Tom and Dick are "groovy"—are sitting on their penhands and exhibiting the conservative style, a method described by Edmund Burke, the classic conservative, as one "in which time is among the assistants . . . its operation is slow, and in some cases almost imperceptible."

Some conservative viewers, on the other hand, are quick on the typewriter draw: they let CBS know fast, fast—instant protest—that they object strongly to the comedy hour's jokes about sex and politics. Tom Smothers said that when the show presented Pete Seeger singing "Big Muddy," seventy-five adverse letters came to CBS; thirty-five were from suburban Chicago, where a small group had organized a post-card campaign. The cards, which carried almost identical messages, were enough to frighten the network into withdrawing the song (it was permitted later). *The Smothers Brothers Comedy Hour*, now in its third season on television, has drawn oversensitive scrutiny from CBS ever since it refused to stay "in the same bag" of innocuous, middle-class, American TV variety entertainment, which is characterized as "chewing gum of the mind" by Brother Tom.

Rowan and Martin's *Laugh-In* (NBC), which followed the Smothers Brothers, is this season's biggest success. The difference in the style of the two shows is "verrry interesting." The NBC pair get away with some blue jokes and tart sallies at important figures in the Government, and even in the religious establishment. But their tempo is swift, their jokes short; almost before you catch a meaning, the message has gone. It is quite possible that viewers don't bedevil Rowan and Martin as much as they do the Smothers Brothers because half the time the NBC audience doesn't know what has just gone by. The brothers on CBS deal less in "naughty jokes" than in "ideas"; the point lies there a longer time. Recently on the NBC show, the lecherous old man in the long, black coat who annoys the maiden lady on the park bench suggested to her that they "spin the bottle," "play post office," and finally, "let's play doctor." He suffered his customary blows over the head, but the scene wasn't cut by the NBC censor.

Shortly before that episode, the CBS censor had deleted a quip on the Smothers Brothers show in which Jackie Mason, the comic, had remarked that children "play doctor," but no one ever heard of them "playing accountant." The entire show was canceled and rescheduled in a censorship brouhaha that also involved the appearance of Joan Baez. Miss Baez had introduced a song with the comment that she was dedicating it to her husband "who is going to prison in June for three years." She further explained that his crime was resistance to the draft and militarism in general. "Anybody who lays it in front like that," said the singer, "generally gets busted, especially if you organize, which he did." The show, when rescheduled, kept the fact that Miss Baez's husband was going to jail, but left out the reason.

Tom Smothers said that "seventeen of the twenty shows that we have done this season have been edited, in two or three spots. They were not bad-taste edits. All were well within the limits of what other network variety shows say and do." Indeed, Joan Baez has appeared on other shows in which she has freely expressed her views about the draft and the Vietnam war. CBS officials maintained that her remarks on the Smothers Brothers show were "editorial," and not suitable for entertainment programs.

One is tempted to ask how "non-editorial" are some of the sadistic scenes witnessed recently on *Name of the Game* (NBC) and *High Chapparal* (NBC), two so-called entertainment shows. The irony of network censorship is its irrational arbitrary character. It tends to respond ad hoc to transient pressures; it presumes to protect us by withholding reality.

Tom Smothers would prefer to deal with one "sophisticated censor" at the network, and then let each affiliate station, which has its pulse on its own constituency, censor the comedy hour as the station wishes. Now the program contends with three censor points: one in Hollywood, one in New York, and one at each affiliate.

The censoring of comedians, of course, is an old network story. The atmosphere is filled with fear these days; Congressional committees are once again at the traditional ritual of periodic outcry over "filth and violence on television." The Senators resonate and the tremors are passed down in memos from network presidents to subordinates. Hence the "harassment" of the Smothers Brothers who first broke out of the bag of variety mediocrity. They have "artistic control" of their shows in their contract, but that is meaningless. The networks, which hold no licenses, do the censoring for the affiliates which are the legally responsible franchise holders. Artists, not the networks, generally lose the struggle in such confrontations.

The special agony of the Smothers Brothers is their dilemma: they are progressive in content but their style is leisurely conservative. They cannot change their style or their content and still remain the Smothers Brothers. There will be no Smothers Brothers if they capitulate—or quit, as they threaten to do. The only solution is for their liberal fans to rescue them. But to accomplish this, the liberal fans must triumph over their own conservatism in communications—and write fast, fast—to provide instant support of the heroes Tom and Dick.

"Hardly anyone tangos these days."

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Though a lot of April's happenings are unpredictable, here are some programs of special interest you can count on.

First Tuesday. Reports on New York policeman on his beat; rock 'n' roll; reducing farm. Tuesday, April 1 (9-11 pm).

Arsenic and Old Lace. New adaptation of the fey comedy classic starring Helen Hayes, Robert Crane, Lillian Gish, Fred Gwynne and Sue Lyon. Wednesday, April 2 (9-11 pm).

Discovery. The Declaration of Independence; The Constitution; Spanish California; San Francisco. Sundays, April 6, 13, 20, 27 (11:30-12 Noon).

Hand in Hand. Children's Film Festival—The friendship between a Jewish girl and a Catholic boy. Sunday, April 6 (1-2:30 pm).

NBC Experiment in Television. Pinter People; Bye, Bye Butterfly; Big Sur. Sundays, April 6, 13, 20 (4:30-5:30 pm).
Fellini: A Director's Notebook. Friday, April 11 (10-11 pm).

The 21st Century. Circle of Love; Eye in the Sky; Aviation; Surface Transportation. Sundays, April 6, 13, 20, 27 (6-6:30 pm).

The Secret of Michelangelo: Every Man's Dream. Michelangelo's frescoes in the Vatican's Sistine Chapel. Sunday, April 6 (7-8 pm).

The Ship That Wouldn't Die. NBC Special Projects—World War II story of heroism at sea. Sunday, April 6 (10-11 pm).

Cosmopolis: Big City 2000 A.D. The work and thinking of architects and urban planners. Friday, April 11 (10-11 pm).

Charlie Brown's All-Stars. The "Peanuts" gang's 999th straight loss. Sunday, April 13 (7:30-8 pm).

Academy Awards. The 41st annual motion picture Oscars. Monday, April 14 (10-conclusion).

Polynesian Adventure. National Geographic Society Special—A New Jersey family lives for a year in Polynesia. Tuesday, April 15 (7:30-8:30 pm).

Broadway '69—The Tony Awards. Saluting achievements in the New York theatre's 1968-69 season. Sunday, April 20 (10-11:30 pm).

Babar the Elephant. Peter Ustinov narrates animated musical based on the famous children's books. Monday, April 21 (7:30-8 pm).

Spoon River. The Edgar Lee Masters classic starring Jason Robards, Charles Aidman, Joyce Van Patten, Jennifer West. Monday, April 21 (10-11 pm).

White Paper. The Ordeal of the American City—Part III. Tuesday, April 22 (7:30-9 pm).

The Japanese. CBS News Special—Honorable Edwin Reischauer, former U.S. Ambassador to Japan, takes viewers on tour of Nippon. Wednesday, April 23 (10-11 pm).

Meet George Washington. Project 20—Documentary revealing the real man behind the schoolbook myths. Thursday, April 24 (7:30-8:30 pm).

Regularly Scheduled Programs

Monday through Friday: The Today Show/Captain Kangaroo/Sunrise Semester

Tuesday: First Tuesday/CBS News Hour

Saturdays: The Banana Splits Adventure Hour/Storybook Squares/Untamed World/ABC's Wide World of Sports

Sundays: Lamp Unto My Feet/Look Up And Live/Bullwinkle/Camera Three/Discovery/Directions/Face the Nation/Meet the Press/Issues and Answers/Frontiers of Faith/The Killy Style/Frank McGee Sunday Report/G-E College Bowl/The 21st Century/Wild Kingdom/Walt Disney's Wonderful World of Color.

Note: This is, necessarily, a partial listing. Time (NYT), titles and casts of these national programs are subject to change. Please consult your station listings: check also for noteworthy local programs.

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SR Goes to the Movies

Hollis Alpert

Leaden Men

To believe in the surreal, one must believe it is real. I admit to having coined this bit of homely wisdom after viewing *The Illustrated Man*, a film by director Jack Smight from a story by Ray Bradbury. Back in 1933, we are informed, a youthful itinerant meets a weathered carnival hand (Rod Steiger) whose entire body, from neck to toes, has been covered with remarkably psychedelic tattoos. One area on his back, however, has been left bare, and woe to him who stares too long at that empty patch of skin, for he will see dreadful visions. Our young man does see those nightmare visions, all illustrated at great length, but which prove to be of only desultory interest.

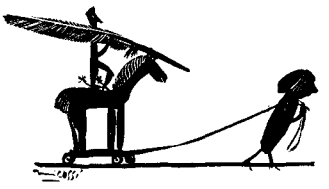
To relieve the tedium, I found myself recalling a film of many years ago, *Dead of Night*, one which still seems to me the best of those that have attempted to explore the occult, the weird, and the unexplainable. It told four stories (in the British released version) of singular and chilling charm, made all the more effective by their preposterous believability. That is to say, the viewer was lured into accepting the premises. Hitchcock, at his best, sometimes works this way, too. But not Mr. Smight, who has a way of simply dumping us into some remote set of circumstances and assuming we're automatically concerned about what happens then. We're not, for we have no involvement with the people. We haven't been lured.

It isn't enough for Mr. Steiger to huff, puff, and acquaint us once more with his impressive set of mannerisms. Claire Bloom, as the mysterious skin illustrator, has her moments, but we don't see her enough to comprehend her fatal charm. As the young visionary, Robert Drivas is, to put it bluntly, overemotional. For the most part, the art director's efforts are wasted in trying to create a plasticized home of the future, a planet where heavy rain falls incessantly, and a filmy tent home on a depopulated earth of the future. This kind of thing requires finesse and not, necessarily, fashionably abrupt cutting.

As for Anthony Newley, that man of supposedly protean talent, he hasn't bothered to touch *any* of the bases that might have provided an audience with a feeling of reality. And, since he is the producer, director, co-writer, and principal actor of *Can Heironymus Merkin Ever Forget Mercy Humppe and Find True Happiness?* we can assume that his vision has been transferred to the screen intact. All he asks of us is that we devote ourselves religiously to untangling and interpreting his bewildering mélange of erotic fantasies. The level on which this intricate, *Candy*-like cinematic vaudeville has been pitched can be judged by the names attached to the characters: Polyester Poontang (Joan Collins), Good Time Eddie Filth (Milton Berle), Mercy Humppe, Filigree Fondle, Miss Maidenhead Fern, Automation Bunny, and Trampolena Whambang. Any and all leering associations are laughingly intended.

It seems there is this puppet, Heironymus Merkin, who might just as aptly have been named Codpiece, who grows into excessive manhood and ravishes every female in sight, his victims being inveterately willing. Mingling 8½-type autobiography with vaudeville and burlesque routines, Newley seems bent on acquainting us fully with his ego and his id, a kind of fictional self-revelation that is as embarrassing as it sounds. From it we get as aridly raunchy a view of humans in heat as anyone has had the nerve to present in aboveground cinema.

In spite of the fairly constant scatology and the grating puns, there are occasional gleams of light that emerge from the prevailing murkiness. These come principally from Milton Berle as a scampish Mephistopheles, always egging Merkin on to further daring dirtiness, and from George Jessel, billed simply as The Presence. Mr. Jessel, clothed in white, pops up at odd moments to launch into a joke, the pointlessness of which is emphasized by an equally pointless moral. Since it's plainly nonsense, it can be accepted as such. But Mr. Newley has a *message*; he wants to riffle through the ages of man encountering woman. I'm still not sure what that message is, but I know it made me yawn. There are several songs, by the way, with the general theme of "all the world's a stage," and some pretty photography. But, if the world—and the stage—are anything like what's shown here, I want to get off.



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Music to My Ears

Irving Kolodin

Boulez in Haydn and Bartok; Eschenbach and Ashkenazy

UNLIKE most conductors of comparable quality who have come and gone in the last three or four decades, Pierre Boulez's first live appearances as guest director of the New York Philharmonic have added little to the knowledge of his abilities derived from recordings. That may be, in part, because it is his conducting style to have no conducting style—not even a baton to embellish the simple rigor of time-beating by the right hand, accent and nuancing by the left. It may also be, in other part, because his performances are so thoroughly graphed (as distinguished from those whose performances are choreographed) that little is altered by the presence or absence of an audience.

Much about why he does so well in the repertory for which he is familiar was suggested, in the second program of his guest sequence, by an example from the repertory for which he is not familiar. This was the Haydn Symphony No. 89 in F, a work so seldom played that its rarity of occurrence may only be challenged by No. 91 in E flat, which Boulez will conduct in a later program. Everything about the physical form in which the work was projected was clean and clear, not to say cool and competent. A not particularly good example of Haydn's symphonic skills (it is adapted from a concerto for lira written for King Ferdinand IV of Naples), it requires, to fulfill its implications, an addition to the specifics of the printed page from the conductor's store of Haydn knowledge. That is to say, a personal participation above and beyond the clean, clear, cool, etc. For my taste in Haydn, Boulez's shaping of the sound from the fashionably smallish ensemble (four double basses) was bland and understated, except in the Finale, where the several sections of the rondo were set off by ritards almost mathematically meted out.

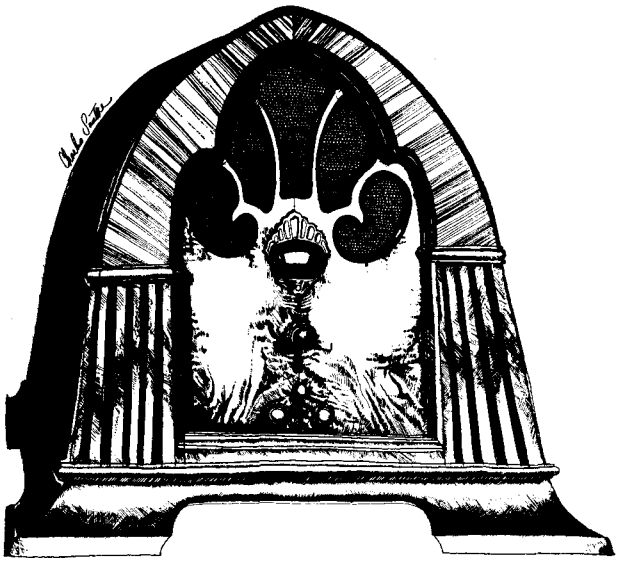
From the repertory of which Boulez is an established master, this week's program provided two works of Bartók —the Music for Strings, Percussion and Celesta of which he has an almost unique command, and the First Piano Concerto, with Malcolm Frager. Here doing exactly what the composer prescribed to be done was, for a musician of Boulez's insights and comprehension, quite enough. This was especially to the advantage of the First Bartók Concerto, a work less favored these days than its two successors, but one which relates intimately to the work he was doing in the mid-Twenties. Frager's keenly rhythmic, dryly focused sound gave the piano just the part it merited in the ensemble.

Young Christoph Eschenbach's first New York recital in the Hunter College Assembly Hall provided convincing evidence of the qualifications that have, in other contexts (an appearance as soloist with the Cleveland Orchestra under George Szell's direction as well as a series of notable recordings) already carried him several strides beyond other pianists of his background. His choice of such works as the C-minor Partita of Bach, the Mozart Variations on "Ah, vous dirai-je Maman," and the A-flat (Op. 110) Sonata of Beethoven testified that Eschenbach bore true faith and allegiance to the highest principles of pianism. The steadily mounting pattern of identity with their requirements confirmed that there was, in him, not only a disposition but a predisposition to such music.

Not that it was all pluses, no minuses. The sum of Eschenbach's effort was, as it must inevitably be with a performer yet to celebrate his thirtieth birthday, a tabulation of advantage and disadvantage. In the Bach, for example, the attack was decidedly frontal and a little strenuous, meaning that there was an overage of energy vis-à-vis the requirements of the music. And the Mozart, for all its facility, was a little lacking in charm.

However, like the qualified competitor Eschenbach has proven himself to

be, he settled in to do his best with the most demanding challenge. His version of the A-flat Sonata began with a songful statement of the opening phrase (without which no version of this work can succeed) and followed through with an evenhanded, openhearted conveyance of Beethoven's conception that absorbed the attention throughout. The complications of the fugue can be met,



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on one level, by any accomplished technician. But Eschenbach showed his ability to deal with it on several levels by shifting from the intellectual to the emotional (with the reappearance of the main strain of the Adagio) and back again without losing either momentum or a sense of structure. The sizable audience found what it heard (the program also included the A-major Sonata of Schubert) to its taste.

Vladimir Ashkenazy posed himself a more than commonly arduous obstacle course for his only recital this season in Carnegie Hall—two sonatas of Beethoven, succeeded by the Barcarolle of Chopin and his B-minor Sonata. There is no reason to believe that Ashkenazy has any lack of address vis-à-vis the early (Op. 10, No. 3) D-major or the F-minor (Op. 57) *Appassionata,* but the combination of them resulted in some curiously non-Ashkenazy manifestations.

Perhaps it was an evening in which, for those occult reasons which sometimes afflict the interpreter, he would have played everything faster (when it was not just fast) than he would have on another occasion. But in aiming for the furious finish to the *Appassionata* at intermission time (more *allegro* than it was *ma non troppo*), the impression emerged that the D-major was being accelerated more than a little more than was its due; and that having worked himself to the pitch that he had, it was difficult for Ashkenazy to let down to the dreamily introspective level of the Barcarolle after the intermission. Not, indeed, till he was well into a large-scaled but lyric performance of the B-minor Sonata did it sound as though we were in full command both of his famously resonant tone (for all that the piano had gone slightly out of tune) and the musical texture to which it was being applied.

As well as tending to faster tempi, more abrupt dynamics contrasts, and overaccentuated accents than are his norm, Ashkenazy's Beethoven tended to statements at phrase-length rather than in the musical equivalent of sentences and paragraphs. This had the inevitable consequence of posing an inordinate number of small climaxes rather than building steadily to the final, inevitable one. The mode of procedure did not affect the ultimate audience response, for Ashkenazy always had a sufficient reserve of power to give the last climax a suitable excitement; but it did tend to sectionalize structure. However, the evidence was that most of his listeners (the hall was nearly full) were more involved with the performer than what he performed. It was, in large part, of an age and temperament to equate it with Ashkenazy's preference for a dark suit and four-in-hand rather than the conventional working clothes of the performer—tails or black tie.

World of Dance

Walter Terry

—*Photo: Herbert Migdoll.*

Dermot Burke, Trinette Singleton in the psychedelic ballet, *Astarte.* Burke, new to this role, "gives the action a special urgency."

Joffrey Enterprises

THE CITY CENTER Joffrey Ballet, which recently ended a five-week stand at the New York City Center, included among its novelties two of a handful of the oldest ballet scenes still extant, both by Denmark's August Bournonville. The first of these new productions of great masterworks of the past was *Konservatoriet* [*SR,* March 22], the second was *William Tell Variations,* a *pas de six* from the third act of Rossini's opera of 1829, *William Tell.* The legendary Marie Taglioni danced at the Paris premiere; Bournonville, an occasional partner of the great ballerina, presented his choreographic version at the Royal Theater, Copenhagen, in 1842; Hans Brenaa, a contemporary specialist in Bournonville, has staged the Joffrey production.

The Joffrey dancers perform this Tyrolean excursion—and it is a glorious bit of Bournonville dance scenery—quite prettily. They do not, however, capture that elusive Bournonville style that the Danes, naturally, do to perfection. It is an open, sunny, and lightly humorous style, characterized not by period artificialities but by artifice—and there is quite a difference.

In this new, agreeable staging of the *William Tell* ballet excerpt, Luis Fuente had the leading male role. Technically, he was good, for he had virtuosity, elevation, the ability to turn right or left, neat leg-beats, bounce, expansiveness, but he got nowhere near Bournonville in terms of style. Trinette Singleton was closer, but only James de Bolt caught the real Danish style. You may well ask, "Isn't ballet always ballet?" Put the same test to opera. Both Rossini's *The Barber of Seville* and Wagner's *Das Rheingold* are operas, but the differences are noticeable. Similar differences exist within the realm of dance. I guess the idiomatic difference would lie in whether one described a piece of furniture as a *chaise longue* or a "chase lounge."

The only new "new" ballet of the engagement was *Animus,* by Gerald Arpino, the troupe's principal choreographer. Its musical springboard is Jacob Druckman's *Animus I* for Trombone and Tape, and I guess you would say that it fell within the catch-all phrase, avant-garde. The movement is a mixture of ballet and modern dance; that is, you will see crouchings, stampings, torso contractions, and torso twists intermingling with familiar balleticisms. It works well enough phrase by phrase, but it never achieves a totality, never really presents a point of view—a direction—and takes the audience along with it.

It is not that the title in itself is mis-

—*Photos: Fred Fehl.*

Nancy Robinson, Dermot Burke, and Christian Holder in *Animus,* by Gerald Arpino—"a mixture of ballet and modern dance."

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leading. I had been told that it simply represented the masculine ending for *anima,* and thus had to do with spirit, perhaps even soul. What came across, however, was energy, and this found fleeting form in spiritedness and, oddly enough, animosities. So I am not certain what it was all about, for although it wasn't secretive, its intent was never clear. The enjoyable elements consisted of this energy—this thrust—of which I speak; superb performing, especially by Dermot Burke and Christian Holder;

—*Fred Fehl.*

Trinette Singleton and Louis Fuente dance in *William Tell Variations* — "a glorious bit of Bournonville dance scenery."

and a marvelous setting by Ming Cho Lee which resembled a silvery reflector, or a pane of bluish ice, in which was mirrored the actions of the dancers.

Mr. Burke, of course, has been moving steadily upward in the Joffrey company. Not only is he personable and forceful in the new Arpino piece, he is also immensely dynamic (although he can be bland in some roles) as the successor to the late Maximiliano Zomosa in Joffrey's own psychedelic ballet *Astarte*. He is not for an instant imitative, for he has found his own way in this work—which isn't a very good ballet but, rather, a dazzling production. Burke gives the action a special urgency.

Although Burke, both handsome and versatile, was a key figure throughout the repertory season, many other dancers contributed bright and memorable performances in a variety of assignments. Fuente may always be Fuente, mugging Hispanically, but he is an electrifying performer; Scott Barnard, in both *Olympics* and *Fanfarita,* makes his own virtuoso mark in parts created by others; Holder, of course, plus Gary Chryst, Henry Berg, Frank Bays, and—that superb *danseur*—Paul Sutherland are among the gentlemen who gave handsomely of their talents.

The ladies scored in all areas—classical, modern, humorous, and dramatic—and among those who gave performances to treasure were Trinette Singleton, who can do anything from harsh psychedelic exposures to the most tender romance; the soaring, pert Susan Magno; Barbara Remington, with the sardonic glance and elegant stride; Pamela Johnson, who caught the magic of Bournonville in *Konservatoriet;* and still others in this lovely and lively assembly of young dancers.

The company will be back in residence in the fall, this time for six weeks, and again in the spring of 1970, also for six weeks.

This summer, the City Center Joffrey Ballet will return to its summer headquarters in the Pacific Northwest, where it works somewhat along the lines of the old-time circuit principle—serving dance to citizens in Seattle, Tacoma, Portland (new on the route this year), and cities in Idaho, all of them sponsoring agencies. Performances, workshops, and classes of all sorts are part of the schedule. In addition, the Joffrey troupe will participate in a festival at Stanford University and journey to Los Angeles for appearances under the auspices of the Los Angeles Civic Light Opera.

(A musical side light to the recent season came when ASCAP—American Society Composers, Authors, Publishers—gave an award to the Crome Syrcus, the way-out musical group that provided the score for the psychedelic *Astarte* on commission from Joffrey.)

The tragedy which struck not only the Joffrey company but also the world of dance itself was the death, by his own hand, of Maximiliano Zomosa. The Chilean dancer had been a medical student, but when he saw Kurt Jooss's ballet, *The Green Table,* he was haunted by the role of Death and became determined to give up science for dance. He did, and after study in his native land and, later, with Joffrey, he danced Death in the Joffrey production of the great anti-war classic. He was triumphant in the role, perhaps even surpassing Jooss himself as the ballet's key figure. He was excellent in other doom-tinged parts, but he was also a comedian. The dance world will miss him.

change

By Don Willcox

there is an
argument outside my window

a ferryboat is
contradicting a lighthouse

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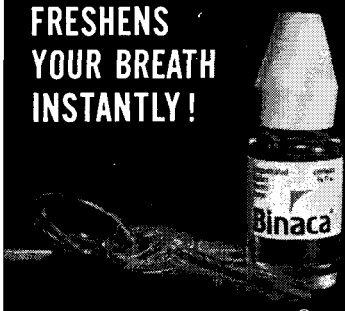

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TORONTO:

Defense of Canada

SUPPOSE FOR a moment we accept the assertion by Messrs. Trudeau and Eayrs that the United States must defend us even though we scrap our own forces and put the savings to use in other projects such as foreign aid.

Would we not thereby surrender what little sovereignty and independence we have thus far preserved?

If we refuse to contribute forces to the defense of this continent, which is as much a part of the NATO area as Greece, Turkey, or Italy, then the President of the United States would be fully justified in ordering his warships into our territorial waters, his warplanes onto our airfields, and his troops onto Canadian territory whenever and wherever he considered this action necessary. There would be no need to consult a Canadian government which had forsaken its responsibilities and which, in any event, without surveillance forces, would probably be unaware of any territorial infringement.

—Toronto Daily Star.

LONDON:

Decision on ABM

PRESIDENT NIXON'S announcement that the United States will go ahead with a modified anti-ballistic missile defense system is the main item of foreign news. Whatever American feelings are now, public opinion will not long be content with anything less than Russia has got. No President could long resist the full deployment of the Sentinel system, or its later versions. It is therefore all the more important that a Russian-American consultation should take place. The way is open for a frank examination by the two superpowers of the extent to which China's nuclear development does force them—if at all—into this new arms race. Further, even if they feel they must develop ABM systems, they can at least agree on a minimum deployment.

—The Times.

PEKING:

"A Monstrous Crime"

WHILE GREAT sections of the American working people have to scratch out a living in increasingly difficult circumstances, the new U.S. imperialist boss Richard Nixon had his pay raised by 100 per cent. This went into effect when he took office. Increments were also subsequently arranged all along the line for the smaller fry among the reactionary U.S. ruling circles.

One of the "reasons" offered by Nixon and his kind for their "pay raises" is that the cost of living in the United States has gone up 14.2 per cent between 1964 and 1968. True, prices have soared and the cost of living has risen to an alarming degree in that country. But these are the dire consequences of aggression and expansion carried out abroad by the reactionary U.S. ruling clique. Rises in prices and cost of living are also used by U.S. ruling circles to rob the people at home. Victims are the broad masses of the working people. It is a monstrous crime committed by the reactionary ruling circles against the American people. Extremely absurd is that Nixon and Company should put this forward as a "reason" for enriching themselves at the expense of the workers. *—Peking Review.*

WARSAW:

Sentinel—Good Business

THE IMPLEMENTATION of the Sentinel project would amount to the inauguration of a new and extremely costly phase in the arms race. The race would become costly not only in the financial sense, but also in the political sense. It is a question of several dozen, if not a hundred, billion dollars.

In spite of all the objections, the Pentagon insists on implementing the project. The reason is that the armaments industry will be presented with an inexhaustible source of revenue if the project is put into effect. . . . Should the war in Vietnam come to an end, the military industry would be faced with the unpleasant prospect of switching over to civilian production. Instead, the captains of the military industry would like to see more orders for aircraft and missiles, which require plenty of electronic equipment, the essence of their business. *—Trybuna Ludu.*

MOSCOW:

Freedom—Yes; Aggression—No

IT IS GENERALLY known that representatives of the United States and the Saigon administration at the four-sided talks of Vietnam in Paris are in every way dragging out the talks, are stubbornly clinging to the continuation of an aggressive and neo-colonialist policy in Vietnam.

It is precisely due to this that an international campaign these days in support of Vietnam acquires special importance. The peoples of the world must resolutely declare their solidarity with Vietnam and demand that the United States renounce acts violating the security and sovereignty of the DRV, the ending of the aggression and the withdrawal of troops from South Vietnam, respect for the right of the Vietnamese people to freedom and independence.

—Mikhail Ilyinsky, Izvestia.

PRAGUE:

"Sympathetic Impressison"

AFTER A LONG period of temporizing, when all of Johnson's efforts were paralyzed in Southeast Asia, Nixon's headlong jump into the international waters may perhaps seem too dramatic. However, this is merely an external impression, most of the things which he is doing or preparing at present have been enforced by the circumstances. One hardly can expect a world power to continue to mark time in the periphery of international events. Nixon's initial activity on the uncertain ground of international relations certainly makes a sympathetic impression. *—Rudé Právo.*

PARIS:

Tribute to Nixon

TRIBUTE MUST BE paid to President Nixon for the eagerness with which he has undertaken action which was aimed as much at liquidating a long history of distrust as at opening better prospects for the future. . . .

What counts above all, in effect, is that even though the differences that now exist bear on important questions, they can henceforth be discussed in a new climate as they are and not as one would like to see them.

In this regard, the Paris phase of [President Nixon's] trip has certainly been the most useful, be it only in that the road here was the longest and the most arduous. *—Le Figaro.*

BARCELONA:

Some Cowboy

LYNDON B. JOHNSON was the first President to come from the South in the last 100 years. But it was not the unusual circumstances of his election that kept the U.S.—the country that was able to overcome religious prejudice to elect JFK—from accepting Johnson, the man from the South.

The fact of the matter is that the most powerful man in the world during the last five years was a country bumpkin. Johnson has a cowboy accent right out of a Western, he over-gesticulates,

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and has the unhappy penchant for telling Texas stories that he finds irresistably funny and that generally bore whomever he's speaking with. —*El Mundo.*

MILAN:

"Betting on NATO"

THE UNITED STATES intends to inaugurate broad negotiations with the Soviet Union and it will consult its allies about them. . . . NATO members must now choose between the United States—which offers them equal rights, promises to take no step without previous consultation—and General de Gaulle, who has always treated them arrogantly. It is important that by their acceptance of President Nixon's program, Europeans demonstrate their profound distrust of the General's maneuvers.

—*Il Corriere della Sera.*

BRUSSELS:

Good Listener

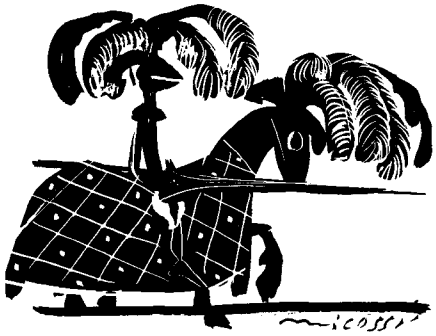
THIS SMALL COUNTRY, which has so little to say in the concert of nations, even in the family council of the Six, can see it as a consolation that as authoritative a personality as Nixon showed his preparedness to listen to the lesser powers, too. —*Het Laatste Nieuws.*

BERLIN:

Admirer of Metternich and Bismarck

NIXON IS ALL the more ready to subscribe to the de Gaulle Monroe Doctrine in that his main concern is no longer Europe but Latin America. . . . At the last moment, the gods seem to have sent de Gaulle a new gift in the person of the successful American lawyer, Nixon. . . . The French discovered that Nixon's political adviser is an admirer of Metternich and Bismarck. It seems dubious to many that Bismarck has found late apostles in the persons of a French statesman and the son of a German emigrant. But the remarkable renaissance or restoration of Metternich and Bismarck is heaven for Gaullist France.

—*Der Tagesspiegel.*



Letters to the World's Editors

The Voice of the People in the Foreign Press

Saber-Rattling

IN THE PRESENT anarchical state of international relations your leading article on fleets in the Mediterranean probably makes sense to those who still believe in war as an instrument of national policy. But it is depressing to find that, in a world in which man's intelligence is capable of conquering space, and in a so highly intelligent and forward looking newspaper as the *Guardian*, you did not turn the attention of your readers to the necessity of breaking the vicious circle of the arms race.

Saber-rattling . . . can only result in the development of ever more deadly and ever more futile weapons.

—*Phoebe E. Cusden,*
Manchester Guardian Weekly.

Old-World Gallantry

THE OTHER DAY I was sitting in the No. 6 streetcar, when an old man boarded it at the Barros Street corner. There was no empty seat, and a young man immediately offered his seat to the old gentleman, but he did not accept it. When at the next station another passenger got off the car, the old man took his seat, which was next to mine. When I asked him why he had refused to take the seat when the young man offered it, his answer was, "Because he was sitting with a young lady and they were deep in conversation." "And how old are you?" I asked the white-haired and white-mustached cavalier who was leaning on his cane. "Eighty-one" was his answer.

—*Béla Magas*
Magyar Nemzet, Budapest.

Love the Sinner

MAY I be permitted to present fairly the Christian attitude to the hippies. It is the old injunction to hate the sin (even as we do our own) but love the sinner. While we cannot see the hippie vices attributed to the early church, we know that it is the hippies, "like sheep gone astray," that Christ's compassion came especially to find.

They are among "the awful set He goes about with." To them He offers their greatest need, a sense of purpose.

—*Fraser Bruce,*
The Vancouver Sun.

The Pope and Procreation

MR. CHARLES DAVIS will not mind a few comments on his article last week from an ex-pupil whom he helped to rear in confident orthodoxy ten years ago.

I am not sure into which of his classifications I fit. Respect for the successor of St. Peter and an acceptance of his authority make me listen conscientiously to Pope Paul.

But in this very personal field, perhaps hard cases do help to make good laws. I do not see how I can unhesitatingly recommend permanent abstinence for the rest of their married lives, instead of the pill, to a young couple who on medical advice can take no risk, from rhythm or mechanical devices, of a further pregnancy. We must ask married people whether such abstinence for such a period can really be compatible with conjugal love.

—*Monsignor Brucekent,*
The Observer, London.

Abortion and Murder

"HAPPY MOTHER"—describing the benefits of abortion—and Mrs. J. Hlavac in describing abortion as murder, summarize the most important arguments for and against abortion.

I would like to comment on the "murder" argument. Our horror of taking human life stems from the all too common atrocity of maliciously or callously taking a life in full bloom, a life with a past and a future, and a conscious desire for its own continuance. Strangely enough, we condone even this in case of war or capital punishment, while we quibble over taking a life which is not yet human, not yet conscious, and not yet loved.

The extension of our horror of murder to a rigid attitude to taking human life in any circumstances, no matter what the cost in unhappiness to individuals who are very much alive and all too conscious, in contrast to the embryonic state, seems to many of us unreasonable.

—*J. Woolnough,*
The Sydney Morning Herald.

Inhospitable

AT SEWRI, there is a chain of hospitals collectively known as the "Group of Hospitals for Tuberculosis," which is considered to be the best of its kind in Bombay. The road running parallel to these hospitals, however, is one vast, open-air lavatory for the hutment dwellers around. Early morning passers-by close their eyes and nose to avoid the shameful sight and smell. The atmosphere is hardly congenial for a cure.

—*S. K. Nair,*
Blitz, Bombay.

Peace Demonstrators

So, *The Globe and Mail* considers that anti-war demonstrators should thank the United States Government for halting the bombing of North Vietnam. Who is supposed to be doing whom a favor? If thanks are to be bestowed, they should rather be given by the United States Government to the anti-war demonstrators for having opened its eyes to the folly of its ways.

—*T. R. Wooldridge,*
The Globe and Mail, Toronto.

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Age of the Ego

Continued from page 40

tion of utmost importance, and that not because of fashion.

Influenced by these misjudgments Mr. Prescott writes with a simplicity of thought and sentence structure that is about as ill-suited to the period as any he might have devised. It was an age of elaborate adornment in every facet of life, and it deserves adornment in its treatment. Where is the richness of the Renaissance? Where the psychological insights, the answer to the fascinating question "What manner of people were these?" All are absent, driven off by such observations as "And yet, Bona loved the man! The capacity of women to love scoundrels is one of the abiding marvels of the world" and "Francesco Sforza was always liked and admired by many people. But he had few close friends."

Occasionally the treatment accorded famous men is almost vapid.

Burckhardt tells us in *The Renaissance in Italy:*

> Lodovico Sforza is the most perfect type of the despot of that age, and . . . almost disarms our moral judgment. Notwithstanding the profound immorality of the means he employed, he used them with perfect ingenuousness; no one would probably have been more astonished than himself to learn that for the choice of means as well as of ends a human being is morally responsible; he would rather have reckoned it as a singular virtue that, so far as possible, he had abstained from too free a use of the punishment of death. In 1496 he boasted that the Pope Alexander was his chaplain, the Emperor Maximilian his *condottiere*, Venice his chamberlain, and the King of France his courier. . . . In former years he had overstrained the resources of his state, and at Cremona had ordered, out of pure expediency, a respectable citizen who had spoken against the new taxes to be quietly strangled.

Against the man thus portrayed set the lifeless and bloodless Lodovico of Orville Prescott, and you are hard put to recognize him at all. Prescott compares him to Macbeth—the Macbeth that never lived and was not to be created for another century. Lodovico is called "rich, but extravagant," which he would never have understood; he seems to have been little more than Leonardo's employer ("Leonardo got the job").

This is not to say that there is nothing of merit in *Princes of the Renaissance*. Prescott has worked hard at the book, and filled it with facts, which help. It is also well illustrated with a simple but useful map and photographs of the great portraits of these great people.

Your Literary I. Q.

Conducted by David M. Glixon

4 FOR 10

Sometimes a poet needs ten words for a line of iambic pentameter, as in our third example. But a small number of sonneteers have been able to compose a line of just *four* words. Here are ten examples, mostly with a bit of context, and Andrew J. Brooke of Chicago invites you to match each with its bard. Answers on page 62.

1. There once we lay as blobs of jellyfish — W. H. Auden ( )
   At evolution's opposite extreme.
2. From the confessionals I hear arise — Lord Byron ( )
   Rehearsals of forgotten tragedies.
3. Only at unconjectured intervals — John Donne ( )
   By will of him on whom no man may gaze.
4. Perpetual emptiness! unceasing change! — William Drummond ( )
5. Screaming processionals of infinite — Robert Frost ( )
   Logic are grinding down receding cold!
6. . . . shall be as any leaf . . .—this wonder fled, — H. W. Longfellow ( )
   Altered, estranged, disintegrated, lost.
7. Out of it steps the future of the poor, — Edna Millay ( )
   Enigmas, executioners and rules.
8. Thou art the same which still thou wast before, — E. A. Robinson ( )
   Delicious, wanton, amiable, fair.
9. *This* is to be a monarch and repress — Yvor Winters ( )
   Envy into unutterable praise.
10. Inconstancy unnaturally hath begot — William Wordsworth ( )
    A constant habit.

Marx

Continued from page 33

policies in China would inevitably destroy the traditional social structure and pave the way for an overthrow of the Chinese empire, Marx stated, "It may safely be augured that the Chinese revolution will throw the spark into the overloaded mine of the present industrial system and cause the explosion of the long-prepared general crisis, which, spreading abroad, will be closely followed by political revolutions on the Continent."

Twenty-five years later Marx was predicting in a letter to Sorge (September 27, 1877) that a Russian revolution was imminent—and that it would be the trigger for the revolution in Europe. Forty years after this the revolution did break out in a backward, if modernizing society, but not in industrialized Western Europe.

Could it be that the very acuteness of Marx's analysis led him to underestimate the resilience of the capitalist system? Did his philosophic belief in transcending alienation through historical change lead him to exaggerate the possibility of revolution, if only because denial of this possibility would mean that alienation is inevitable in industrial society?

The dilemma of the activist intellectual or student is nowhere posed more clearly than in Marx's own case. He desperately wanted the revolution to occur, lest man lose forever the chance to control his own fate. But he could neither accurately predict when this revolution would take place, nor assure that it would have the desired effects.

The danger of Marx's thought lay in the ease with which it could be vulgarized into a Leninist system. Whereas Marx himself resisted attempts to set up a rigidly centralized communist party as the vanguard of the proletariat, and feared, as he observed in *Theses on Feuerbach*, any doctrine that would "divide society into two parts, one of which is superior to society," Lenin and Stalin could subvert Marx's subtle dialectics into a mechanistic materialism and a "crude communism" whose insufficiencies Marx foresaw in 1844.

Avineri's analysis is particularly useful, for he shows not only the difference between Marxism and Marxism-Leninism, but also why the former was so effectively converted to the latter. It could well be, as Avineri concludes, that attempts to realize Marx's insights in practice necessarily destroy Marxism itself, so that "Marx's theory may thus be denied by the very historical processes he foresaw." If so, the "Cunning of Reason," which Hegel saw as the ultimate meaning of history, may indeed have taken revenge on Marx.

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Contribution to "Das Kapital"

The Origins of Socialism, *by George Lichtheim (Praeger. 302 pp. $6.95. Paperback, $2.95), searches for the roots in Britain, France, and Germany of Marx's philosophy. M. J. Goodbloom, author of "American Security and Freedom," is a student of radical and labor history and has taught workers' education classes.*

By M. J. GOLDBLOOM

WHILE AMBITIOUS ENOUGH in scope, this book is not quite as ambitious as its title. George Lichtheim's study is confined to England, France, and Germany, and essentially to the years 1789-1848. In all three countries he concentrates largely on actual or possible influences on the thought of Karl Marx. This, incidentally, might explain the absence of any reference to such American developments as the independent working-class political parties in New York, Philadelphia, and elsewhere in the 1820s and 1830s. Europeans in the nineteenth century were even less in touch with American movements than most of them are today, and Marx was no exception.

Because the French Revolution of 1789 gave a tremendous stimulus not only to radical theories of all sorts but to attempts to realize them in the course of the next six decades, French radical thinkers and activists are discussed in much greater depth than those of the other two countries, and receive more space than all the other pre-Marxians combined. Nevertheless, the Germans are hardly slighted, although most of those included by Mr. Lichtheim have only a tenuous claim to consideration in terms of his book's title. They are philosophers who, whatever their role in the formation of Marx's thought, had nothing to do with socialism *per se*.

In the case of Britain, however, the situation is somewhat different. Robert Owen is dealt with at some length, as indeed he deserves to be; no other pre-Marxian socialist had such widespread and lasting influence in so many fields. This is true in spite of the fact that he managed to mess up almost everything he touched, except for his original experiment at New Lanark. The "Ricardian socialists"—those who took the doctrines of the great classical economist David Ricardo and drew socialist conclusions from them—are also treated in considerable detail. The reason here is clear; in Mr. Lichtheim's words: "The greatest of the Ricardian socialists was Karl Marx."

On the other hand, the Christian Socialists who had an important influence on British socialism but none on Marx receive little attention. Frederick Denison Maurice is mentioned only in passing; Charles Kingsley, Thomas Hughes, and the Macmillans (founders of a publishing house and a dynasty) are not mentioned at all, although their political activities began before 1848. Another surprising omission is the Reverend J. E. Smith, Owenite editor and one of the leading figures in the Grand National Consolidated Trades Union. Smith was probably the first to propose the revolutionary general strike as a proletarian weapon, and he elaborated a system of parliamentary representation on a vocational rather than territorial basis; both were contributions of major importance to socialist theory.

Some of Mr. Lichtheim's *ex cathedra* assertions are at least a little surprising, and his judgments on the role of particular figures are not always easy to accept. Thus he declares that "the choice of political terminology is never accidental, nor is it without practical significance." This is a touching but quite undeserved tribute to the rationality of political writers.

Lichtheim's claim that "Saint-Simonism has probably done more to shape our world than any other socialist school except the Marxian" rests on including the influence of Saint-Simonians in fields quite remote from socialism, e.g., the building of the Suez Canal and the establishment of the typical Continental pattern of finance capitalism, with their direct and indirect political influence. On the other hand, he makes the penetrating observation, in connection with the various business activities and contradictory doctrines of Saint-Simon's disciples, that "it was industrialism, not liberalism or socialism, that mattered to them."

IT is worth noting that a similar doubling in brass has frequently occurred elsewhere in the early stages of industrial development. Thus a key role in the building of the Union Pacific Railroad and the organization of the American Credit Mobilier was played by George Francis Train, who also got himself imprisoned in France as a supporter of the Commune. And Shapurji Saklatvala was simultaneously the only Communist member of the British Parliament and the London representative of the Tata steel trust of India, headed by his uncle. Indeed, Andrew Carnegie's family background was Owenite and Chartist—which does not mean that the U.S. Steel Corporation can be considered an embodiment of Owen's principles!

Mr. Lichtheim gives undue weight to the utopian communism of Etienne Cabet. Certainly it is not true that Cabet "introduced communism to America"; Marx's colleague and opponent in the Communist League, Wilhelm Weitling, was addressing worker's meetings and organizing groups in this country two years before Cabet came here and founded Icaria, and Weitling's influence was considerably greater. Nor was Flora Tristan "the first socialist to have lived the connection between the emancipation of her sex and the ending of wage slavery"; the Owenite editor and lecturer Frances Wright was several years ahead of her.

On the whole, *The Origins of Socialism* is a useful and often illuminating contribution to the understanding of the background of Marx's thought, and to a lesser extent to the development of the French and British socialist movements. As Mr. Lichtheim himself notes, there are some difficulties in the treatment of France because the Commune of 1871, rather than the Revolution of 1848, forms the natural end of an era in that country. As is perhaps inevitable in a highly compressed work, the book takes a good deal of knowledge for granted, including an ability to translate his quotations from French sources, which are almost always presented in the original language.

WHILE the author's whole frame of reference is Marxist, he by no means accepts Marx's doctrine as revealed truth. Indeed, Mr. Lichtheim emphasizes that two main pillars of Marx's theory—the law of increasing misery and the doctrine of the class struggle—are outdated by history. With the first assertion one may easily agree. Class struggles, however, have an annoying habit of bursting out with renewed force whenever their existence is denied. The forms they take are not always as simple as those Marx postulated; sometimes they seem to take a Platonic rather than a Marxian shape—but they are there.

WIT TWISTER #106

By ARTHUR SWAN

The object of the game is to complete the poem by thinking of one word whose letters, when rearranged, will yield the appropriate word for each series of blanks. Each dash within a blank corresponds to a letter of the word.

Toward God her _ _ _ _ _
_ life must send out,
Like mild _ _ _ _ _ _, a
pious mist.
One hates to _ _ _ _ _ _
her fame with doubt,
But I have heard she _ _ _ _
_ _ at whist!

(*Answer on page* 59)

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A Man-to-Man Man-to-Land Life

The South and the Sectional Conflict, *by David M. Potter (Louisiana State. 321 pp. $7.50), seeks the answer to the Southern riddle in folk culture rather than in institutions or social forces. Emory M. Thomas, assistant professor of history at the University of Georgia, is currently preparing a study of Confederate Richmond.*

By EMORY M. THOMAS

ALTHOUGH HE DENIES IT, David M. Potter is a Southerner. The expatriate Georgian has not lived in the South since 1942, and his best-known scholarly works—*People of Plenty* and *Lincoln and His Party in the Secession Crisis*—deal with non-Southern topics. Potter states in his preface to *The South and the Sectional Conflict* that "hopefully" he has "learned to view [the South] with detachment, though not without fondness." Asserting that "I am not yet completely denatured," he goes on to confess: "I have sometimes tried to explain aspects of the Southern experience to myself by writing about them."

Potter's Southernism is crucial to *The South and the Sectional Conflict*. The book is a collection of eleven essays on a wide range of topics touching the antebellum South and the Civil War. Some of the essays have a narrow focus; others will appeal mainly to the specialist. All but one have been published before, some more than once. Together, they say something important about their subject. When Potter the historian writes about history in general and about historical literature he is perceptive, even brilliant. But, in this reviewer's opinion, when Potter the Southerner interprets the Southern experience he is limited by his own Southernism.

When it comes to defining the essence of the South, Potter knows what it is not. In the opening essay, "The Enigma of the South," and in at least three other pieces, he dismisses the theory that the South is or was characterized by Jeffersonian agrarianism. It would be pleasant to believe that the South was a democratic collection of small farmers clustered around the "Sage of Monticello." Many Southerners and Southern historians have dreamed this dream and insisted that the true South was an agrarian democracy; thus they are able to treat its unpleasant characteristics as deviations from the ideal and somehow irrelevant. Potter notes the persistence of Southern agrarianism even in the contemporary works of C. Vann Woodward, whose *The Strange Career of Jim Crow* (1955), Potter says, can be interpreted as suggesting that caste is really a novelty in the Southland, an aberration in the home of open-handed husbandmen. With copious documentation Potter points out that even in Jefferson's time Southerners were rural capitalists who aspired to oligarchy, rather than self-sufficient yeomen who embraced liberal democracy.

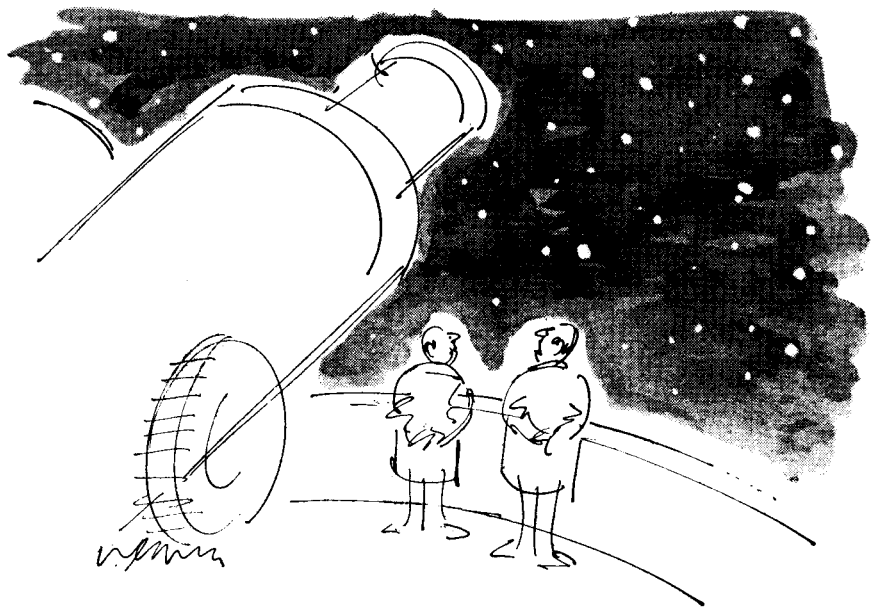
Having dismissed one of the most popular explanations of what Southernism is and means, Potter proposes an alternative. He suggests that the core of Southernism involves the perpetuation of a folk culture. In contrast to the national tendency toward urban industrialism, the South represented and perhaps still represents the dominance of land and people. For both black and white Southerners, Potter submits, the historical South was a series of relationships—man to land, man to man, and man to nature. Within each of these relationships, no matter how degrading or exploitative, he sees the remnants of personalism and fulfillment of personality which mass culture denies. Thus, "it may be that the relation of people to one another imported a distinctive texture as well as a distinctive tempo to their lives." Conceding that Southern folk culture was "full of inequality and wrong," Potter asks whether the Southerners' sectional nostalgia, and presumably his own, exists "because even the inequality and wrong were parts of a life that still had a relatedness and meaning which our more bountiful life in the mass culture seems to lack."

This answer to the riddle of the South occupies little more than one page among 300. Yet throughout the book are echoes of the folk-culture theme and of Potter the Southerner as a product of it. Some of these display Potter at his best, emphasizing the personal factor in history. For example, in "John Brown and the Paradox of Leadership Among American Negroes," the only essay written expressly for this collection, he argues convincingly that Brown failed as a Great White Savior because he had no meaningful relationships with the black people he sought to save.

The idea is tempting, and perhaps Potter has shown other Southern historians the right direction in which to look—toward the relationships among men instead of institutions and forces. Yet, as explained and appropriated by Potter, the folk-culture thesis has serious shortcomings. In fact, it seems to be essentially a refinement of the agrarian theme which Potter so roundly denies. The existence of such a folk culture as Potter describes would appear to presuppose an agrarian environment in which to operate. Too, his insistence that the Southerners related to land and nature, and his contrast of their culture with that of urban industrial society, are logical extensions of agrarianism. Southern folk culture seems to be little more than agrarianism stripped down and reclothed in social science jargon.

The uses of the folk-culture thesis are not unlike those of the agrarian theme; both ideas open the way for Southern apology. Believing that some way, back then, down there, people related meaningfully to one another, Potter is able to soften his approach to Southern racial moves and treat the Confederate South as somehow outside the Southern mainstream.

Potter gives due credit to his graduate school mentor, Ulrich B. Phillips, who in 1934 proposed as "the central theme of Southern history" that the South "shall be and remain a white man's country." Potter applauds the "central theme" approach as a step away from mythology



"I don't know about you, but I'm sick and tired of working nights."

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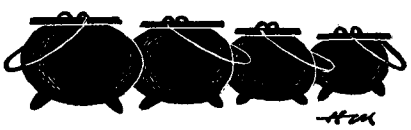
and toward the harsher reality. Ultimately, however, he discards "bi-racialism" as a distinctive Southern trait. With extensive documentation he asserts that racism is and was a national, not a sectional phenomenon. The difference between the South and the rest of the nation on matters of race has been a difference of degree rather than of kind.

In "The Historian's Use of Nationalism and Vice Versa" Potter maintains that the fundamental cause of the Civil War was slavery. But slavery was not the cultural core of Southernism; it was a peculiar "interest" that Southerners felt called upon to defend. Further defining the nature of slavery in "Depletion and Renewal in Southern History," the author construes and seems to embrace an interpretation by Eugene D. Genovese: "The diagnostic feature of life in the Old South, as [Genovese] sees it, is neither agrarianism nor cotton capitalism, but the stark, unqualified direct relationship of mastery and dependence that inhered in the system of slavery." Here then is slavery reduced to a personal situation which Potter elsewhere describes as wrong but somehow meaningful and fulfilling.

In his essay "On Understanding the South" Potter justly condemns the kind of Southern white liberalism that substitutes moral self-flagellation for reason. He calls for understanding, which "can never be attained simply by denouncing Southern society for being what its past has made it, as all societies are."

In his final two essays, "Jefferson Davis and the Political Factors in Confederate Defeat" and "The Civil War in the Modern World: A Comparative View," the author rejects the idea of Southern nationalism and suggests that the Confederacy's only importance was the negative one of allowing liberal nationalism to triumph over it. There is abundant evidence, however, most recently in the published researches of Frank E. Vandiver, that Jefferson Davis so nationalized the Confederate government as to drag Southerners kicking and screaming into the nineteenth century. One may also query how "liberal" was the liberal nationalism whose triumph, Potter holds, was so significant. These may be questions of interpretation. Yet Potter's negative approach to the Southern Confederate experience suggests, as does his treatment of Southern racism, that he is unwilling to include racism and disunion in his never-never land of folk culture.



Answer to Wit Twister, page 57: chaste, sachet, scathe, cheats.

A People Submerged

The American Negro Revolution: From Nonviolence to Black Power, 1963-1967, *by Benjamin Muse (Indiana. 345 pp. $6.95),* ***Black Families in White America,*** *by Andrew Billingsley (Prentice-Hall. 218 pp. $4.95; paperback, $2.45), and* ***Scottsboro: A Tragedy of the American South,*** *by Dan T. Carter (Louisiana State. 431 pp. $10), discuss three manifestations of race relations in the U.S. August Meier is university professor of history and senior research fellow of the Center for Urban Regionalism at Kent State University.*

By AUGUST MEIER

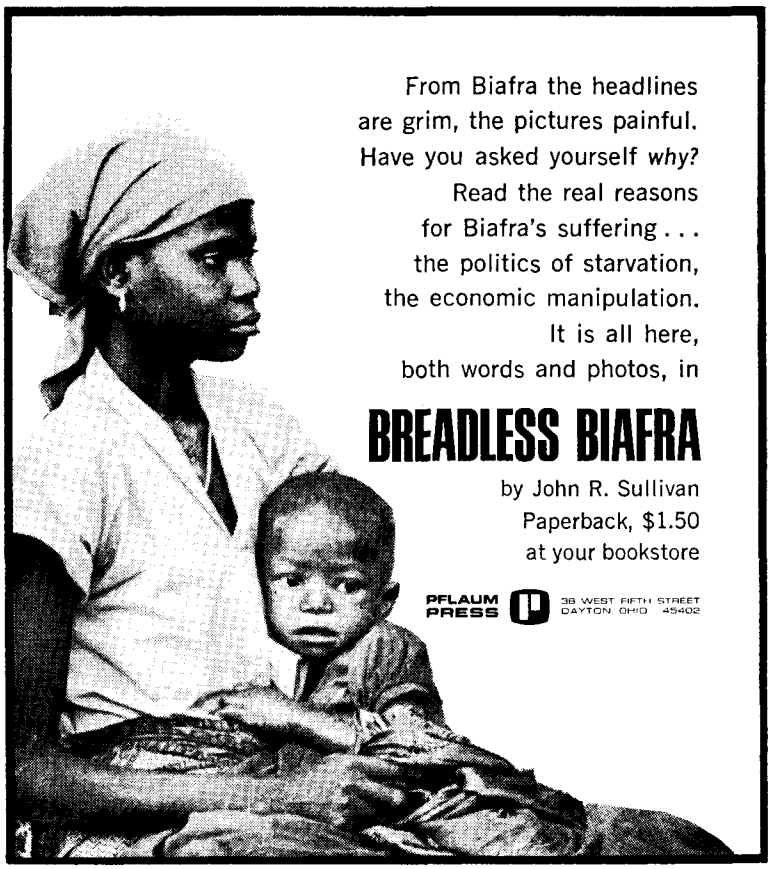
THE FLOOD OF BOOKS on black subjects not only continues unabated, but appears to be multiplying geometrically every month. There seems to be an insatiable demand for volumes on Afro-American life, and publishers, scraping the bottom of the barrel for knowledgeable authors, rush them into print.

Certain problems obtrude. Whereas an abundance of fascinating polemical literature exists, of which Eldridge Cleaver's *Soul on Ice* is perhaps the best example, this sort of writing expresses mainly the views of a militant black nationalist minority, while those of both the conservative wing of Negro thought and of the moderate majority are virtually unrepresented.

In the area of scholarly works the reader finds some sound research, including occasionally a brilliant and original contribution; an outpouring of mediocre and trivial books, and much that is downright incompetent. The volumes under review here are all serious studies, but two of them would probably not have been published if this were not a time of crisis.

Benjamin Muse's *The American Negro Revolution,* a sequel to his *Ten Years of Prelude,* which covered the decade after the 1954 school desegregation decision, is a pedestrian summary of events between the March on Washington and the riots of 1967. It chronicles the dramatic transition from emphasis upon nonviolent action to strident demands for Black Power, from a thrust toward integration to a thrust for separatism. Evidently based exclusively on newspaper accounts, it is a superficial treatment, inaccurate in some particulars, and incomplete in others. For instance, in discussing the tumultuous winter of 1963-1964, Muse fails to give more than passing reference to the dramatic rent strikes and demonstrations against discrimination in the building trades.

The author never probes beneath the



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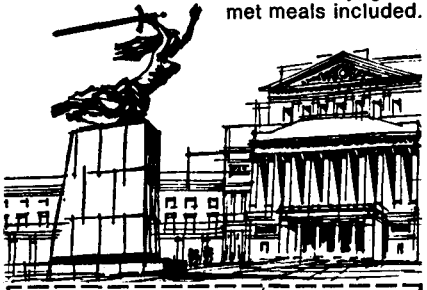

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surface, never provides a view of what was going on behind the headlines in the civil rights movement. His knowledge of the structure of the black protest movement is amazingly inadequate. To cite just one example, Muse describes the coalition of labor, liberal, and religious groups known as the Leadership Conference on Civil Rights, which was the lobbying agency for the Civil Rights Act of 1964, as consisting "above all [of] the various bodies of militant churchmen." Actually, the Leadership Conference, which has existed for more than a decade, has been and remains essentially an arm of the NAACP, which created it. Muse's account thus obscures the critical role the NAACP played in the proceedings.

AGAIN, in his discussion of Black Power, Muse fails to differentiate between the revolutionary black nationalism of SNCC and the Black Panthers, and the reformist meaning given to the Black Power slogan by CORE. Above all, he fails to provide an understanding of the real dynamics of the civil rights movement since 1963. His book will offer no news to those who have closely followed the daily papers. It will be a useful summary for those who have not.

Andrew Billingsley, an associate professor at the University of California in Berkeley and a consultant to the National Urban League, takes us inside the black community and attempts to shed some light on a much debated question—the nature of the Negro family. Essentially, *Black Families in White America* is an attack upon the controversial Moynihan thesis about increasing social disorganization in lower-class Negro families. By implication Billingsley is also attacking the classic work of the brilliant black sociologist E. Franklin Frazier, whose *The Negro Family in the United States* called attention to the prevalence of a matrifocal pattern. Billingsley not only offers an important corrective to the stereo-types arising out of the Moynihan report; he effectively demonstrates that there is a wide range of family patterns among American Negroes, and that only a minority can be classed as matrifocal.

The book's greatest strength lies in its description of upper-class Negro families and its discussion of the factors—stability, occupational advantages, good education—that have made a few hundred of these families the source of an incredibly high proportion of the country's present Negro élite.

Billingsley fails, however, to give depth to his portrayal of lower-class black families. His extensive discussions of African family life and of slavery seem to this writer to lack any functional relationship to his remarks on Negro family life today. Himself an upper-class Negro, Billingsley is passionately concerned about the problems of the black masses; but if this book is any indication he has neither lived among them nor made empirical studies of their life. Ironically, the two best recent studies of lower-class Negroes are by white men who have spent many hours with them: Elliot Liebow, author of *Tally's Corner*, and Lee Rainwater, author of a notable essay which appears in *The Negro American*, edited by Kenneth Clark and Talcott Parsons. And Frazier's *Negro Family in the United States* remains, thirty years after its publication, the best over-all treatment of the subject.

Dan Carter's *Scottsboro* ranks among the finest books of the decade in the field of Negro history. In 1931 nine young Negro hoboes were arrested near Scottsboro, Alabama, and falsely charged with raping two white girls who had been riding in the same freight train with them. Their conviction in the courts was a glaring miscarriage of justice and an egregious example of Southern racism. Carter lucidly retraces the story, from the boys' arrest until the last one was finally pardoned in 1950. Along the way he picks his way through the maze of court trials and legal maneuvers. He reveals the full role of the Communist-front International Labor Defense in the matter, its self-serving methods, and its rivalry with the NAACP for control over the case. The research is impressive; the account is definitive.

Carter brings to vivid life an extraordinary cast of characters: hard-driving, unscrupulous and often stupid Communists; NAACP members, careful and slow; the brilliant lawyer Samuel Leibowitz, who conducted a stunning defense of the Scottsboro boys but met one of the few defeats in his distinguished career; the unexpectedly decent Alabama judge, James Edwin Horton, who conducted a scrupulously fair trial and, for his honesty, was barred from subsequent participation in the case and lost the next election; the Alabama liberals who wanted to help but were frightened by the ILD's Communist connection; pusillanimous Governor Bibb Graves, who reneged on his promise to pardon the boys; the skillful and dogged Allan Knight Chalmers, who led the campaign to secure their release; and, not least, the boys themselves. Most important, Carter places the case in its broader Southern and national context, showing how these nine black hoboes became a symbol of the racist South and a moral issue for the whole world.

The book is subtitled "A Tragedy of the American South." The Scottsboro case was more than a tragedy for the South; it was a tragedy for the nation. Essentially it was the epitome of the larger tragedy of race relations in the United States.

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Maimed Life-Style

Continued from page 39

Jacob, "is like a boxer who doesn't duck punches."

Yet Jacob comes gradually to realize that he, too, is to blame for his failure to lead the people: He has remained so long within the protective systems of the white man that his consciousness has become locked in their concepts like the swirling designs forever trapped within the marbles he played with as a child. During his career of aiding the physically maimed Jacob has unwittingly ignored deeper illnesses of the soul and become that worst kind of Uncle Tom, the gifted professional who realizes too late he has never made a real commitment to the part of his identity that is black.

The difficulty with *Black Jacob* as a novel is that Mahoney, an active SNCC field worker during the past decade, has obviously tasted the same wormwood as his characters. Scant distance separates author and narrator here, resulting in experience that is not always heightened and objectified into art. At several crucial moments in Jacob's developing self-awareness the moral power is dissipated as we hear Mahoney's suffering instead of *feeling* Jacob's anguish. Irony is heavily handled in the scenes where the white Judge Clayton dispenses bourbon justice to poor blacks; and there is no possibility of subtle delineation of a character with a name like John Frailty. Also regrettable are Mahoney's obscure Biblical parallels. That the two women in Jacob's life are named Leah and Rachel adds virtually nothing either to the literal or symbolic values of the novel.

Despite these faults of a first novelist, Mahoney succeeds brilliantly in individual vignettes depicting the harrowing daily occurrences which the Southern black accepts as part of his unique life-style. Jacob's confrontation with the militant Jesse Haines in the Matchez city jail is memorable, as is Haines's ultimate realization "that he was black and small and nobody cared." Above all, the vision in *Black Jacob* is unsparingly honest. Human agony demands such treatment.

Anti-Heel and Non-Heiress: Kingsley Amis's *I Want It Now* (Harcourt, Brace & World, $5.75) is not his funniest novel since *Lucky Jim*, as the jacket copy would have us believe, possibly because Amis tries so hard to make it so. In dealing with the typical young Englishman on the make—the anti-hero who has dominated novels by Keith Waterhouse, John Braine, and others of the "heel" school of British fiction—Amis has ended up with both an anti-heel and an anticlimax. In the past, outwitting their betters, these fellows succeeded through sheer ruthlessness. We wanted them to win, these Peck's bad boys of modern England, because in theory at least we disapproved of the class system and they were attacking it at its most vulnerable point. But Ronnie Appleyard is a loser.

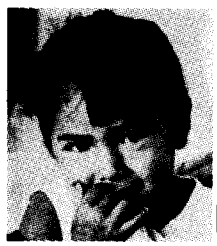
I Want It Now satirizes TV panel discussion programs, great wealth, and—inadvertently—sex. Ronnie Appleyard is the conductor of a TV program and he wants wealth, attainable in his case through sex, though it means sleeping with a girl who is not only physically unattractive but so inhibited that their relationship is never really consummated. Simon Quick—that's her name—simply can't respond. Ronnie, who sets about to make a woman if not a lady out of her, turns into a sex-oriented Henry Higgins with his eye on the main chance.

So far, so good. This is familiar Amis turf, and we are in competent hands. Then, just as Ronnie has grown accustomed to her face, Simon is hauled off to the Greek island of Malakos, a watering place for the rich. Ronnie follows, discovers that there is more to Simon than money, attempts to ingratiate himself with her parents, Lord and Lady Baldock, and contends with a rival suitor named George Parrot.

George is cast off and the troupe moves on to Lady Baldock's estate in the American South, where Simon finds herself betrothed, under parental pressure, to one Student Mansfield. (Student is his name, not his occupation.) Ronnie, who has flown over from London, learns that Simon isn't an heiress after all, and that saving her from Student won't add twopence to his holdings.

Amis is not at home with the super-rich; his American characters are at best (or worst) broadly conceived stereotypes, and the story goes sticky with honorable intentions.

Too bad. An Amis character on the road to Damascus simply doesn't convince. —David Dempsey.



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Letters

Continued from page 30

asked her if she would like to send some of her dollars to feed the children.

"Would I!" she exploded and ran up to her room and brought down all $8. Later, she reasonably decided that she didn't want to be completely broke, so she kept $3.

I believe that many of her classmates and friends share her feelings, and I am wondering how to turn all this helpless sympathy over these horrors to some helpful action. . . .

MARY LOU MICHEL,
Brooklyn, N.Y.

ENCLOSED is a check for the ABC relief fund. It was to be a gift for our daughter's twenty-first birthday, but she wishes a hungry child to eat.

MRS. FRANK W. SMITH,
Huron, S.D.

LIKE THOUSANDS of other mothers of chubby, well fed children, I have wanted to help Biafra's children. Cash gifts sent to our baby, Laura, are being forwarded to ABC from now on. Thank you for the opportunity.

MRS. J. S. SEWARD,
Corte Madera, Calif.

I WISH the enclosed check for the Biafran Children's project were ever so much larger, but it is given with the most wholehearted support for your compassionate interest.

SISTER M. EDITH RIEHLE,
Spokane, Wash.

HERE IS OUR contribution to the Biafra program. It seems insignificant but perhaps if all *SR* subscribers gave a similar amount, enough money would be raised to outfit several mobile units. Thank you for organizing ABC.

DR. ANDREW H. MERRITT,
Churchill Falls, Labrador.

I FEEL PARTICULARLY strongly about the fact that the little I am able to give will go, 100 per cent, to the fantastically deprived Biafrans. Thanks for the opportunity.

MRS. BEVERLY FREDERICK,
McGregor, Tex.

CONGRATULATIONS on your wonderful work to date and thanks for giving your readers a chance to help.

DOROTHY ACKLEY,
Oneida, N.Y.

THE ENCLOSED CHECK is for the ABC project. It is sent by my mother, Mrs. Eva Cash, a Quaker lady, who at the age of ninety-two no longer comprehends. She would share your concern.

WILLIAM T. CASH,
Ventura, Calif.

PLEASE ACCEPT the enclosed check for the Aid to Biafran Children project. I very much admire *SR*'s spirit and spunk. It is like the man who didn't know it couldn't be done and went ahead and did it. Thank you for this opportunity to help.

ALICE TANKARD,
Southfield, Mich.

ENCLOSED is a check for $10 for Biafran aid. Thank you for the splendid editorial.

MRS. RALPH RIGGS,
La Habra, Calif.

MY WIFE and I want to help ABC. Please accept the enclosed check and use it as you think best. Dr. Pope sounds like a very fine young man.

ROBERT L. ADKINS,
Delmar, Del.

WE, the freshman Religion class of Immaculata-La Salle High School, raised the amount of the enclosed check by selling lollipops to the students and by raffling off some stuffed animals on Valentine's Day.

We have had great pleasure and satisfaction in being able to help someone in need. We hope you will accept our small donation.

THE STUDENTS OF THE FOURTH PERIOD RELIGION CLASS,
Miami, Fla.

FOR SOME TIME I have thought of doing something for my college sorority; perhaps to aid ABC in their name would be a good thing all the way around. But I don't quite know how to go about it. To whom do I make out the check?

MISS THEODORE BATHWELL,
Fredonia, N.Y.

EDITOR'S NOTE: *Checks may be made payable to: Aid to Biafran Children, 380 Madison Avenue, 19th Floor, New York, N.Y. 10017. All donations are tax deductible.*

Maggie's Dimwit

REGARDING HIS COLUMN "A Very Prime Miss Brodie" [SR GOES TO THE MOVIES, March 8], please inform Arthur Knight that in the print of *Hot Millions* screened here, Maggie Smith was not Robert Morley's "dim-witted mate." Maggie was married to Peter Ustinov.

JAY SNELLING,
Casino Theater,
Wildwood, N.J.

Toynbee

Continued from page 27

notes for those lectures, I was planning to turn them into a book. Event after event, beginning with the First World War, then intervened between me and this particular objective. But I never lost sight of the subject, which was the effect of the First and Second Romano-Carthaginian Wars on Roman life. I always kept a lookout for relevant books and articles, and made notes on these, in my growing series of notebooks, for use when, some day or other, I should get down, at last, to carrying out this particular project. I did get down to it in the summer of 1957, and, in writing the book, I have used notes that I had taken five, ten, or twenty years before the opportunity came for using them.

My wife says that I have a peculiar faculty—a "sixth sense," she calls it—for scenting, years in advance, what I am going to need for carrying out some project which, on my agenda, is still a long way down the list. She also says that I have a gift for recording, in a brief note, just what I am going to want later on. The use that I have made of my notebooks certainly shows that this has been my way of working; but I am not sure that it indicates any special capacity. Probably any intellectual worker who thought of using this method could use it successfully. No doubt, it requires some ability, but, above all, it requires practice and persistence.

LITERARY I.Q. ANSWERS

Column 2 should read: 7 ("The Door"), 9 (Sonnet to the Prince Regent), 10 ("Oh, to vex me"), 8 ("Sweet Spring"), 1 ("Etherealizing"), 2 ("Divina Commedia III"), 6 ("And you as well must die"), 3 ("Many Are Called"), 5 ("Realization"), 4 ("Great men have been among us").

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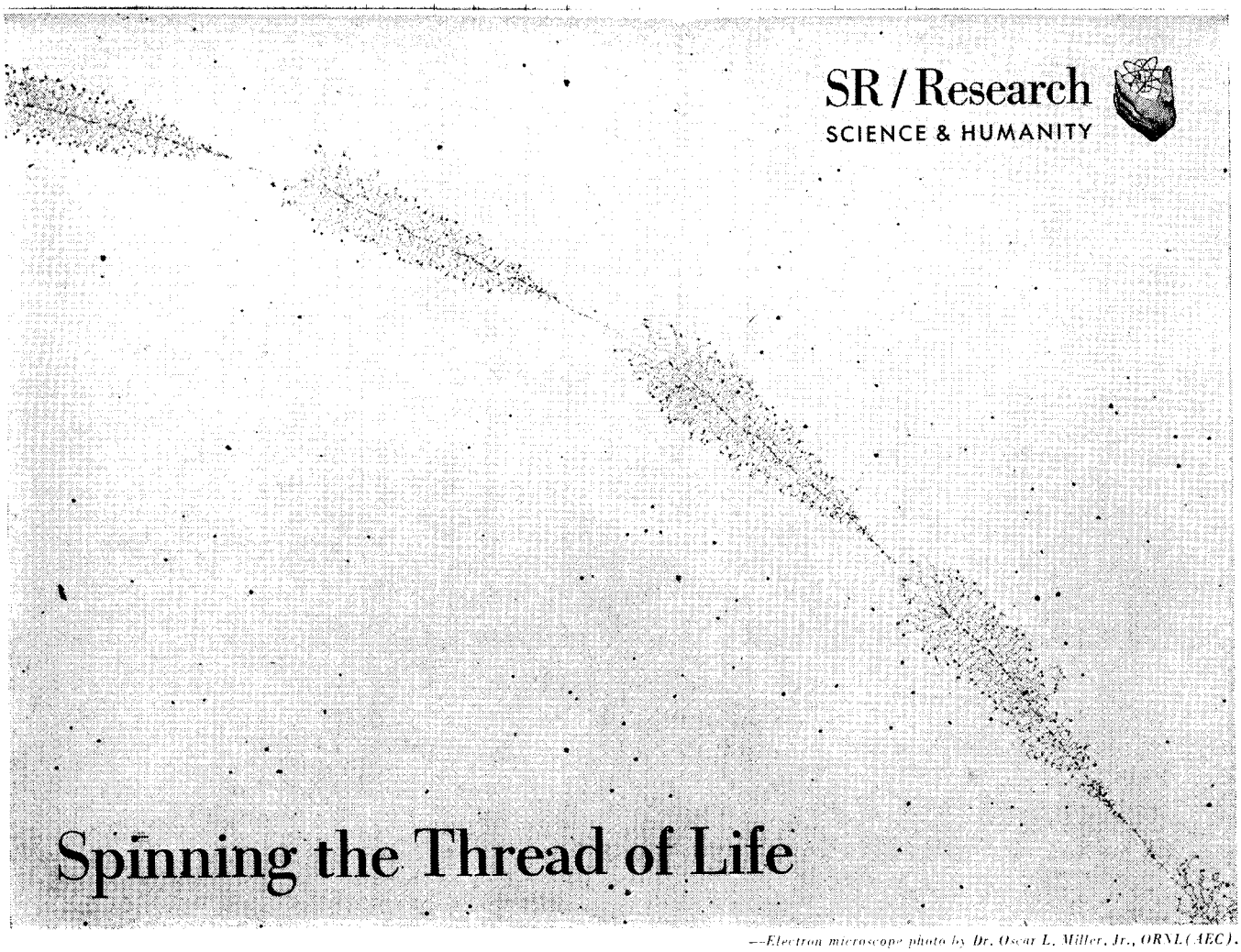

Spinning the Thread of Life

—Electron microscope photo by Dr. Oscar L. Miller, Jr., ORNL (AEC).

Oak Ridge, Tenn.

I NEVER expected to see the thread of life, the mysterious stuff that poets conjured long ago to explain the passage of the heartbeat from generation to generation across the eons.

Yet today the thread lies clearly visible before me, under the lens of an electron microscope, here in the Tennessee hills.

To watch the spinning of the thread is still not possible. But I have seen the spindle on which the spinning is done; and the spindle is a gene.

I have, in fact, seen not just one spindle but long rows of them, strung at intervals as in a factory. Which is as it should be. For the cells where the spinning is accomplished are mixing and sorting places for the raw makings of man and the less dreamy animals.

The photograph at the top of this page is one of the first ever taken of unequivocally identified genes operating as spindles. The images are necessarily two-dimensional. In three-dimensional reality, the spindles are shaped like yarn spools: broad at one end and pointed at the other.

The thread that runs from the base of one spindle to the tip of another is deoxyribonucleic acid (nicknamed DNA), the now familiar carrier of the code of heredity. As the thread passes through the long axis of each spindle, the gene extrudes, at approximate right angles from the thread, about 100 individual fibers arranged in a graduated spiral. These are ribonucleic acid (RNA) fibers intended for construction of sub-factories within the cell: the ribosomes, where the twenty amino acid building blocks of life are strung into different configurations to form the various proteins that make up most of the finished body.

Since the ribosomes are in the cytoplasm surrounding the nucleus of the cell, and since the spinning process I am describing occurs within the cell's nucleus, the RNA ribosomal precursor fibers must somehow be moved off the genetic spindle and out through pore-like holes that pock the membrane enclosing the nucleus.

I could not witness this movement because the life in the thread and the spindles before me had ceased while the cell fragments containing them were being prepared for the microscope. What I have seen is a thin slice of life that had been stopped like a stilled frame in a motion picture. But my host at the Atomic Energy Commission's Oak Ridge National Laboratory, Dr. Oscar L. Miller, Jr., the man who brought the gene into human view for the first time, had checked the fine structure of the cell slice beneath his electron microscope lens against what biochemists, using radioisotope tracers, had determined must be happening in the cell at that same point in time.

According to the biochemical evidence, the opening event in the sequence of the spindle's operation is the extrusion of the RNA fiber from the main thread of DNA. As the extrusion proceeds, the fiber is strung with a protein coat according to coded instructions from the DNA. This process goes on until each fiber reaches a predetermined length (note in the photograph that the maximum length is remarkably uniform), after which that particular RNA fiber separates from the DNA thread like a quill from a porcupine's back. The fibers depart individually after attaining individual maturity. En route they pass under an unidentified biological knife (presumably an enzyme) that chops each fiber into segments. The first segment to be severed is about one-sixth the length of the whole fiber. This segment moves into the cytoplasm very quickly and at once coils into a tiny sphere. The coiling apparently occurs in response to instructions the DNA thread imprinted on the RNA fiber before setting the fiber loose. That part of the fiber that re-

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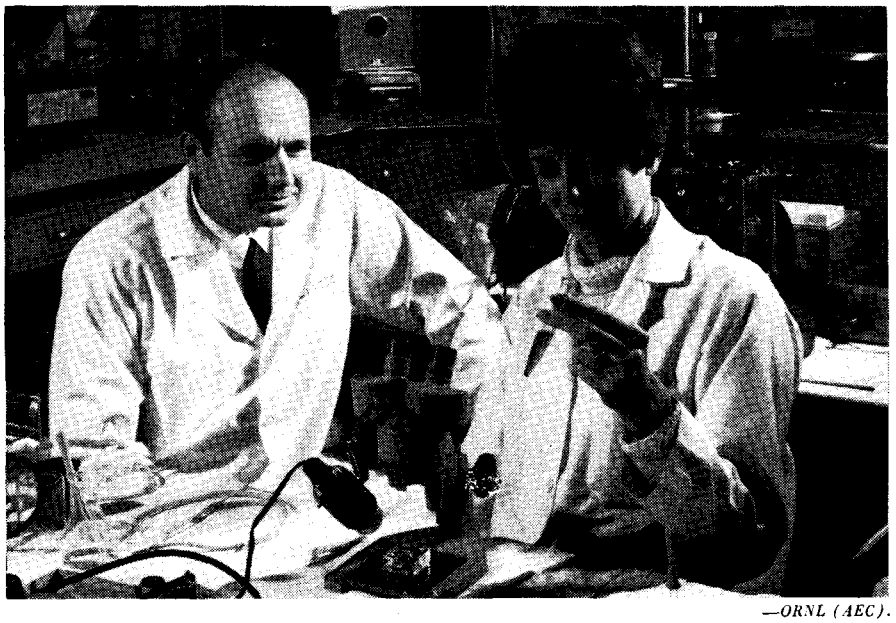
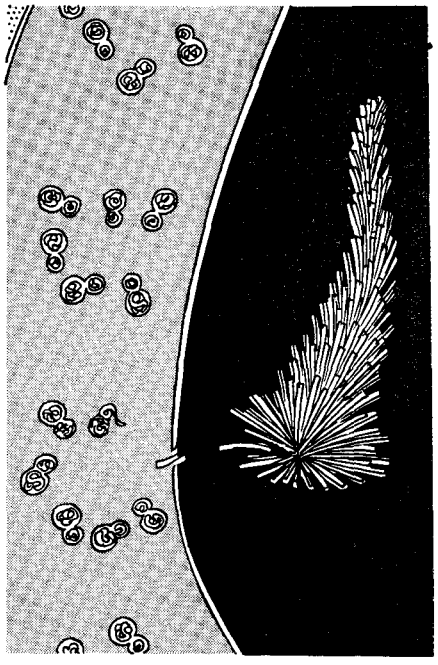


—ORNL (AEC).

The first scientists to learn how to visualize a gene: Dr. Oscar L. Miller, Jr., and Miss Barbara R. Beatty.

mains in the nucleus is subsequently chopped several times, until the surviving segment is about one-third as long as the original fiber had been. The final segment then moves out through the nuclear membrane into the cytoplasm, finds the tiny sphere formed by the first segment of the fiber, and coils into a larger sphere alongside the tiny sphere. The two spheres together make a ribosome.

What is the significance of this stepped manufacturing procedure in the cell? That is the question Dr. Miller and his young assistant, Barbara R. Beatty, are now addressing themselves to. Miss Beatty is a quiet brunette, thoroughly devoted to her job. He is a serious but good-humored man with the quiet confidence that often accompanies the tall and broad shouldered. Not given to unnecessary verbiage, he has cautioned me to point out that although all genes—those of insects, earthworms, fish, birds, and people alike—are assumed to act in identical fashion, the particular samples of the thread of life and the spindles I have seen here came from one of the eggs of a South African clawed toad. The toad's formal family name is *Xenopus laevis*, but the family is best known to biochemists because of the presence in it of "the Oxford mutant."



—Doug Anderson.

Sketch shows genetic spindle sending fibers out of cell nucleus to build ribosomes, the protein factories.

Now, a mutant is a genetic freak. Why should a genetic freak be preferred as a source of discovery of the secrets of life?

It might reasonably be supposed that the choice was simply a matter of convenience—that the Oak Ridge National Laboratory is concerned with all aspects of nuclear radiation and that "the Oxford mutant" emerged in a family of ordinary toads because of a radioactive burst of some kind. But this is not true. Dr. Miller, a North Carolinian who has been studying genetics for most of his adult life (first at North Carolina State College, then at the University of Minnesota under Professor J. G. Gall, and then at the National Institutes of Health), went to Oak Ridge in 1961 to undertake basic research into cell growth and reproduction. His work was in no sense oriented to the primary mission of the Oak Ridge National Laboratory. He was, instead, concerned with the life of normal cells, which needs to be understood in great detail before it is possible to understand abnormal cells.

"The Oxford mutant" was picked up accidentally by British biologists in 1963. The mutant became an instant scientific celebrity because a piece of its reproductive machinery was missing.

The fate of all living organisms is fixed by the genes, which reside on the chromosomes in the nuclei of cells. Whereas human cells have twenty-three pairs of chromosomes [see the symposium on "The Child," *SR*, Dec. 7, 1968], the cells of *Xenopus laevis* have eighteen pairs. One pair—the sex or germ cell—when observed under an optical microscope is characterized by the presence of two dense globules. The globules are called nucleoli; they are resident sites for genes.

It is at this microscopic level that "the Oxford mutant" departs from the rest of its family. Instead of the two normal nucleoli in the egg cell, the mutant contains only one nucleolus. When the mutant is crossed with other toads, some of the offspring turn up with two nucleoli, some with only one, and some with none at all. The none-at-alls inevitably die before passing out of the tadpole stage.

No one knows how "the Oxford mutant" came to be what it is. The best guess is that eggs of a distant ancestor were struck by cosmic rays. The genealogy does not matter to Dr. Miller, who is content to have access to the massive store of data accumulated by biochemists in their breeding experiments with the mutant.

THE great advantage the mutant had for the biochemists was that the mutant's eggs held no ribosomal RNA. Ribosomal RNA is one of three types of RNA found in the nuclei of normal cells; its volume is much greater than the combined volume of the other two types (messenger RNA and transfer RNA). Consequently, the absence of the ribosomal type simplified observation of the processes that were going on and enabled the scientists to see the DNA clearly. This clarified picture of events in "the Oxford mutant" makes it easier for Dr. Miller to do his work with the eggs of a normal wild member of the *Xenopus laevis* family.

At his suggestion, Miss Beatty showed me how to take an *Xenopus laevis* egg apart. First, she put a cluster of the eggs under an optical microscope. Viewed through the lens, they looked like balls with oppositely tinted hemispheres—one brown, one white. With two jeweler's forceps, she grabbed the membrane covering of one of the balls at two different points and pulled. The membrane burst, spilling the egg yolk into the surrounding liquid. She blew the yolk away from the field of vision with a pipette, leaving the nucleus of the cell suspended almost invisibly on the microscope slide. I thought I could make out a gel-like presence, but I would not have been sure had she not pointed out a cathedral-window effect of pristine light. Each pane of light marked the presence of a

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nucleolus. Altogether, Dr. Miller said, there were about one thousand nucleoli produced by a multiplier mechanism in the nucleus of the female oöcyte or germ cell.

Again Miss Beatty jabbed with the jeweler's forceps, and now the invisible membrane of the nucleus was gone. All that remained was to lift out one of the nucleoli, drop it into a special preparation Dr. Miller had concocted, and wait for a nucleolus to unwind and reveal the thread of life within it.

Such a study could not possibly be done, at the present stage of knowledge, with a cell from a human or other mammal. Before a mammalian nucleolus could be pried out, so much denaturation would occur that the proteins would be cross-linked before anything could be discovered about how it happened.

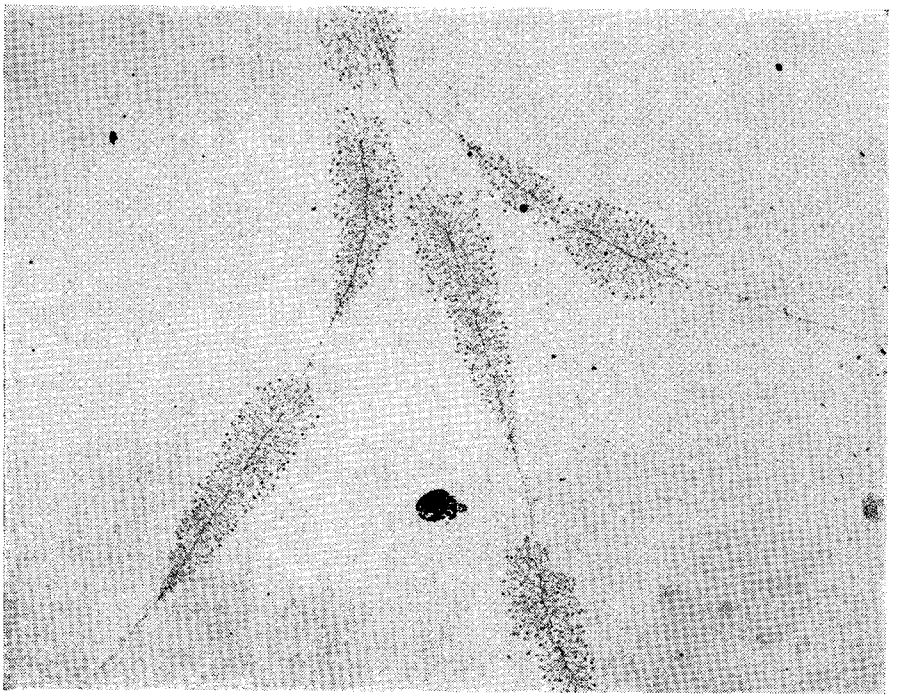
A great deal is left to be discovered from the cells of the South African clawed toad. Look at the photographs on this page for an example. Notice the blank stretches of central DNA thread that sometimes appear between the spindle shapes of the genes. Usually a blank is about one-third as long as a gene. But some blanks run ten to twenty times the gene's length. Do these long empty stretches denote absence of genes that are being suppressed by the genetic code, in keeping with heredity theory?

Dr. Alvin M. Weinberg, director of ORNL, who gave Dr. Miller's work prominent mention and high praise in ORNL's recently issued *State of the Laboratory—1968* report, thinks they may. Dr. Miller also entertains this possibility, but he wonders whether some of the blanks may not indicate other work the DNA is performing in relation to the chromosomes.

A PRIMARY mystery that Dr. Miller hopes to approach is the question of how genes are "turned on." There is strong evidence to suggest a period during cell division when the genes are at rest. Do they, at the end of the rest period, go into action all at once? Or, do they start to work in sequence, one after another, in a set order?

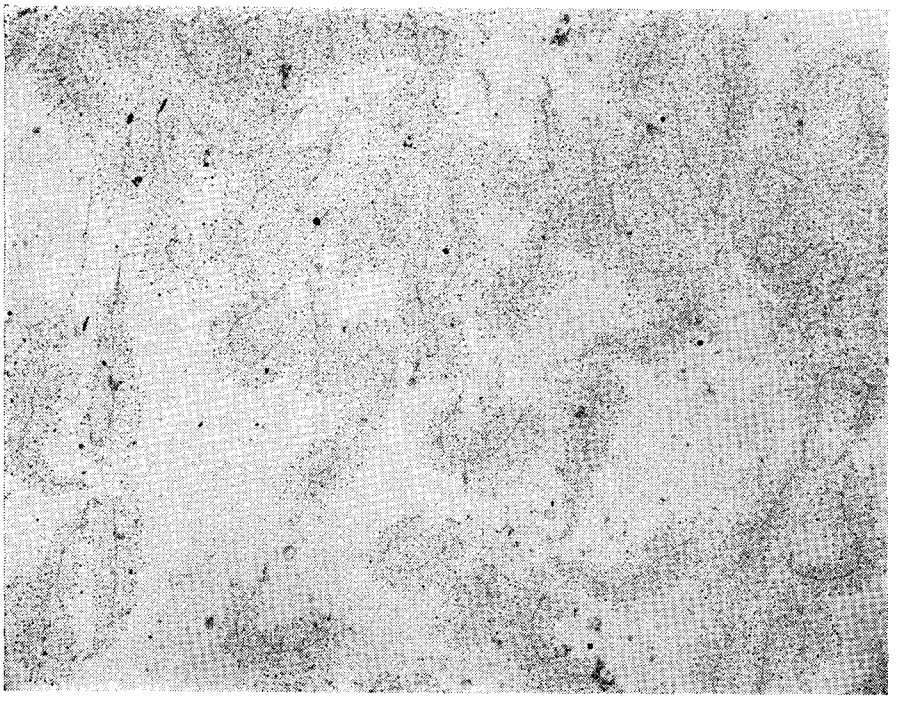
Although Dr. Miller and Miss Beatty are not now directly involved in the specific mission of ORNL's nuclear research, they may in time become so oriented. For in certain types of tumor cells the molecules used in the cellular manufacturing plant grow to giant size. If the appearance of these giants could be detected in the fine structure of the cell earlier than elsewhere, a new key might be found for the treatment or alleviation of cancer.

That eventuality is not now in sight. It is enough to exult in man's new ability to see the thread of life and gradually to put together an animated motion picture of its spinning.



—Photo by Dr. Oscar L. Miller, Jr., ORNL (AEC).

Three rows of spindle-like genes converge in the upper photo, taken through the lens of Dr. Oscar Miller's electron microscope at Oak Ridge National Laboratory (AEC) in Tennessee. Note uniformity of graded lengths of RNA fibers being spun on the spindles. Also note long strand of bare thread (DNA) passing out of the field of view midway up the picture's right margin. Such barren stretches are frequent in cell nuclei studied by Dr. Miller. They may signify presence of genes with suppressed activity, as called for by prevailing theories of heredity. Many instances of supposed gene suppression can be seen when the lower photograph is closely scrutinized.



—Photo by Dr. Oscar L. Miller, Jr., ORNL (AEC).

ORNL's Director Weinberg is one of the genuine statesmen of contemporary science. He recognizes that science, as a major consumer of the public's money, has an obligation to take the initiative in setting priorities on research so as to attack man's most urgent problems in at least a rough order of their importance to man. Today the social imperatives are overwhelmingly biological and psychological in nature, and Weinberg is guiding ORNL in those directions, *State of the Laboratory—1968* shows. *SR*'s readers may expect further reports in these col-

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umns on the functioning of ORNL as a swivel point in history.

✓ ✓ ✓

ON my way home from Oak Ridge to New York, I stopped in Washington to dine with Dr. Henry Riecken, new president of the Social Science Research Council, and his wife, Frances. In the conversation during dinner, another guest, a geologist, made an impressive point about the affair of the *Pueblo*, the spy ship captured by the North Koreans. The geologist noted bitterly that the U.S. Navy had repeatedly referred to the *Pueblo* as an oceanographic vessel. Such misleading talk, he pointed out, can only generate hostility among peoples abroad toward all scientists who try to do research unrelated to war in foreign lands.

✓ ✓ ✓

ANOTHER of my hosts in Washington was Herman Pollack, director of a growing bureau within the State Department that concerns itself with the impact of science and technology on foreign policy. He told me, among other things, that every American diplomatic mission on earth now has on its staff someone with a scientific and technological capability.

Pollack, whose rank in the Department is equivalent to that of an Assistant Secretary of State, also indicated that American policy is trending ever more heavily toward sharing the burden of extraterrestrial space exploration with other nations, notably the Russians. This is one reason why the crew of *Apollo* 9 put so much stress on earthly observations during the recent Earth-orbiting test flight of the ferryboat that eventually will drop off from a lunar-orbiting spaceship to the surface of the moon and later rocket back to the lunar orbit before returning to Earth.

✓ ✓ ✓

WITH the coming of spring, the bees will be buzzing again. It is a good time to learn about the bees' knees. Brian Hocking describes them as follows in his sprightly little book, *Six-Legged Science*, published by Schenkman and distributed by Pitman:

"The bee assists the release of the pollen grains from the anthers of the flower by means of its jaws; the pollen grains then become caught up in the branched hairs all over the body of the bee, principally on the under side. At the knees of each of the first pair of legs is a notch into which an antenna of the bee will just fit. A little flap can be used to close this notch so that when the antenna is drawn through it, the pollen which is caught on it is removed and transferred to the leg.

"The next knee of importance is that of the hind leg. The last long segment of each of these legs is broad and flat, and carries on its inner surface a series of about ten neat combs of stiff hairs. The bee uses its tongue to moisten these hairs with nectar and then with them combs out the pollen from the hairs of the body and the other legs. This, and the succeeding activities, are all accomplished while the bee is flying, on its way to another flower or back to the hive.

"At the knee itself, on the hind leg projecting downwards from the upper segment, is a further comb of stout bristles, and facing upwards on the lower segment is a scoop-like projection known as the auricle. The stout comb removes the pollen from the series of combs on the lower segment of the opposite leg, and as the leg is bent the auricle forces the resulting mass of pollen up into a structure named, rather unhappily, the pollen basket."

✓ ✓ ✓

ONE of the most popular reports ever published in these columns was titled "The Volcano that Changed the Western World" [*SR*, Nov. 5, 1966]. The gist of it was that modern science is piling up evidence in support of a theory that Plato's "lost island" of Atlantis actually had been the Greek island of Santorini. Santorini blew its top in an enormous volcanic explosion that showered dust over the eastern periphery of the Mediterranean Sea and buried much of Crete under lava about 1400 B.C., the time archeologists fix for the sudden destruction of the Minoan Empire.

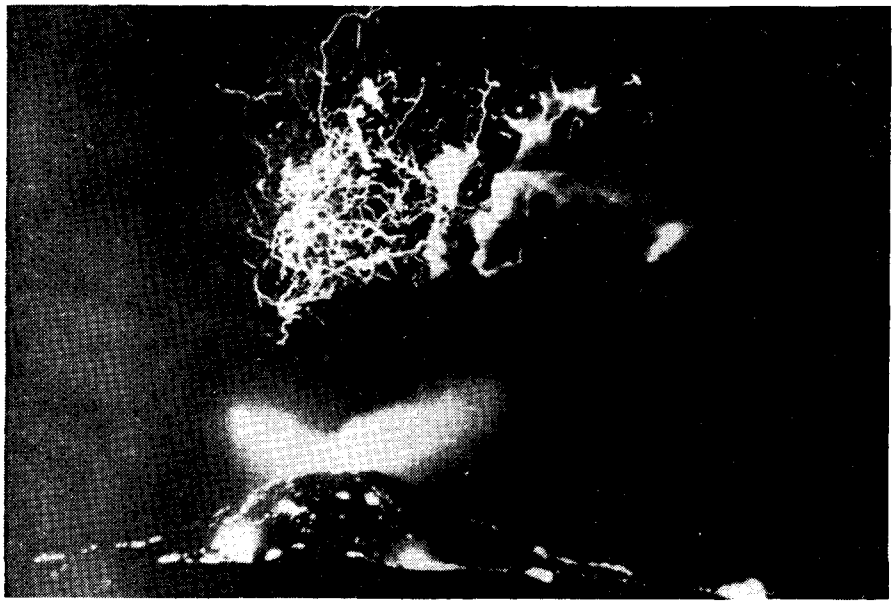
Another chapter of this intriguing story is now in book form. G. P. Putnam's Sons has issued *Voyage to Atlantis*, authored by James W. Mavor, Jr., an oceanographer stationed at Woods Hole, Massachusetts. Mavor organized an expedition to explore the riddle of Santorini, but was repulsed midway by Greek scientists resentful of the American money involved in the project.

Still another dimension has been added to the Santorini mystery by Professor Angelos G. Galanopoulos, director of the Athens Seismological Institute and a primary source of *SR*'s original information on the Agean volcano. Writing in a German journal, *Das Altertum*, Professor Galanopoulos proposes that the great eruption that destroyed Atlantis also may account for the Greek myth of Phaëthon.

Phaëthon, it will be recalled, was supposedly the son of Helios, driver of the chariot that carried the sun across the sky each day. As modern sons often do, Phaëthon asked his father for a chance to drive the car. Helios granted his son's wish, with disastrous result. The horses panicked. Zeus, big boss of all the gods, had to throw a thunderbolt to stop the runaway. Helios, in mourning, kept the earth dark throughout the next day.

The notion of Zeus's thunderbolt may have originated in the fire that accompanied the Santorini eruption of 1400 B.C., Galanopoulos suggests. A thick blanket of dust, scattered through the planet's atmosphere by the explosion could account for Helois's mourning day.

Fantastic? Maybe. But Galanopoulos supports his case with a photograph of fire in the sky over Mt. Vesuvius during an eruption in 1944 (reproduced at left). It doesn't take too much imagination to see in those flames the images of horses driven frantic by a disintegrating chariot at their heels. —JOHN LEAR.



—*G. Imbo.*

What would a myth-maker make of this Mt. Vesuvius eruption?

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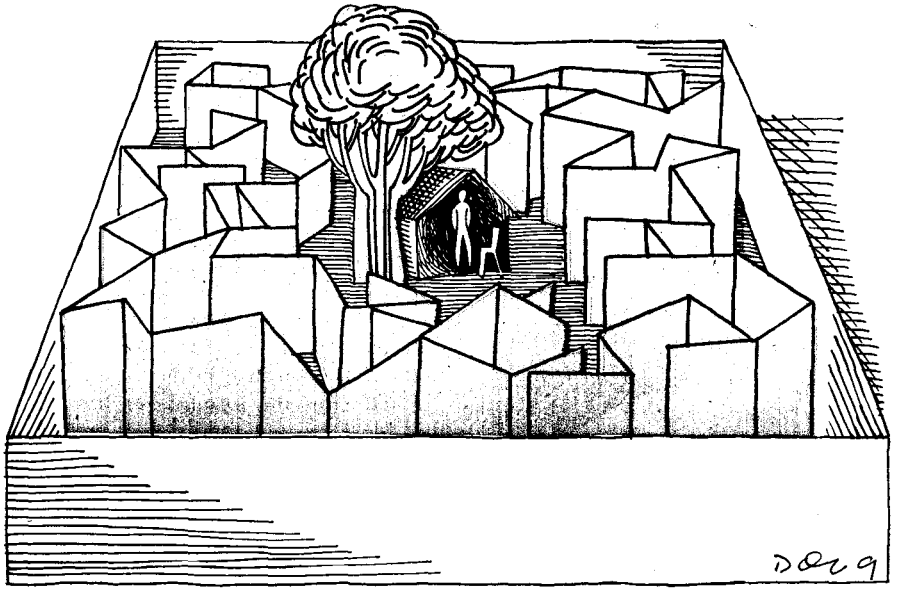
PLANNING "NOTPLACE" FOR NOBODY



By ROBERT SOMMER

IN 1516, Sir Thomas More described an imaginary island called Utopia, which enjoyed perfection in politics, law, and family relations. More's choice of name was not accidental. It came from the Greek *ou* (not) and *topos* (a place) to emphasize that Utopia did not and probably could not exist, although it was an ideal toward which men could strive.

Chad Walsh laments the declining number of authors who construct ideal societies along More's lines compared to those who foreshadow nightmares that he labels Dystopias, inverted Utopias, and anti-Utopias. These portrayals of an unwholesome future were only a minor satiric fringe of the imaginary society literature in the nineteenth century, but they are the dominant type today. It is possible to view these anti-Utopias as warnings that society is on the wrong course.

Even the word Utopia has fallen on bad times. A design can be dismissed peremptorily by calling it Utopian, which means, in plain language, unrealistic, impractical, and expensive. The planner Doxiadis substitutes the term Entopia, or "in place," which is realizable, for Utopia, which is not.

Probably the most common notion of Utopia is what might be called the visionary environment—the furthest application of the most advanced technology. It is a Buck Rogers world with floating cities covered by plastic globes, people flying effortlessly through purified air, and all food and clothing manufactured in spotless factories where machines do all the work. It remains a pleasant enough fantasy until questions are raised regarding the quality of life for the inhabitants. Then one finds the Dystopias of Orwell and Huxley.

American writers are less concerned now than they were several decades ago with spatial mobility as a means of finding Utopia, since it has become apparent that there are problems in the best places, too, usually produced by the attractiveness of the best places for too many people. If a place is desirable, it will attract people until the point is reached at which the density produces undesirable consequences that cancel out its advantages.

Historians and sociologists have shown a fascination toward Utopian communities. American Utopian communities have been of three sorts: religious, non-sectarian, and factory towns. The second category, the non-sectarian and frequently Communistic society, has attracted the bulk of the attention, although the number of inhabitants in the religious communities and the mill towns—starting with Lowell, Massachusetts, on up to the new industrial cities such as Kitimat, British Columbia—have housed far more people and have proved more viable economically and politically.

The internal use of space within Utopian communities is often very different from its use in society outside the communities. Communitarians of the secular variety are characterized by close physical contact and directness of manner. "Hippies" complain that "squares" do not look at one another but treat each other as non-persons. At Big Sur Hot Springs one might see a man and a woman discovering one another at breakfast, embracing for no special reason—even before coffee is served. A female reporter intent upon writing a story about the Keristans, a communitarian love cult in New York City, found herself "being groped by both sexes. The groping was impersonal and almost mechanical, as though this were an habitual form of communication." This description does not fit most religious communities, specifically those founded as a reaction against the licentiousness and immorality of the outside world. Yet the line between these subtypes is not always obvious. A nominee to the California State Board of Education objected to schools teaching about the Pilgrims because "they lived in a Communistic society."

THE concept of Utopia as well as the word itself is surprisingly frequent in architectural books and articles. It seems to fill much the same role for architects as the word health does for medical practitioners and the word efficiency for engineers. As laymen continue to strive toward a Utopia through laws intended to produce harmonious and frictionless social intercourse, designers use environmental programing to develop physical forms that will increase the sum total of human happiness. The problem is generally phrased in quasi-scientific terminology such as the quest for the optimal environment.

Some opportunity for planning on a Utopian scale is provided in the design of New Towns, instances where a city arises whole according to a prearranged

Robert Sommer is chairman of the psychology department, University of California (Davis). The text above is a preview of his new book, *Personal Space: The Behavioral Basis of Design*. Copyright © 1969. Reproduced by special permission of Prentice-Hall.

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plan. In theory such New Towns are balanced communities that provide jobs for the residents, although there may be some commuting in and out. Specifically excluded from this category are the suburban bedroom communities whose residents work outside the community and whose workers (plumbers, gardeners, teachers) cannot afford houses in the community and live elsewhere. Perhaps because of the American antipathy toward large-scale planning, the development of New Towns in the United States has lagged far behind that of many European countries.

Another fertile field for Utopian planning is the design of special facilities for the blind, crippled, or the insane, although phrasing the problem in this way tends to convert the clients into non-persons. There are excellent studies of the effective turning radius for a wheel chair, the optimal incline of a stairway, or the best sorts of railings for showers and baths that have proven invaluable in designing facilities for the handicapped. Some planners, discouraged by their lack of success in finding optimal environments for healthy middle-class families, are beginning to maintain that their *raison d'être* is the design of facilities for people with special needs—low educational achievement, blindness, or insanity. Not only are these needs definable, but the people themselves are usually helpless or dependent and thus unable to protest the planner's intervention into their lives. The poor and the disabled become the guinea pigs of social and environmental experimentation that would be unacceptable to a politically entrenched and financially strong middle class.

Many designers reject the idea that the optimal environment, even for the disabled, has a single static form. Architect Raymond Studer advocates *servo-environmental systems,* which respond to changes in behavioral input. He feels that design problems phrased in terms of buildings, schools, houses, and neighborhoods obscure dynamic processes that will change over time. James Marston Fitch has described a school environment that rejects day-long environmental norm—the "ideal" temperature of 72 degrees, 50 per cent humidity, 60-foot lamberts at desk top, and 45 decibels of sound. A child needs less heat in the afternoon than in the morning, more oxygen and less humidity by the end of the day, as well as greater sound levels in the afternoon than in the morning.

Fitch cites the example of hospitals that have created totally new environments to enhance therapy, rooms that are therapeutic tools rather than containers: the hyperbaric chamber where barometric pressure and oxygen content are regulated to treat circulatory disorders and gas gangrene; metabolic surgery suites where body temperature can be reduced to slow metabolic rates before difficult surgery; the use of saturated atmospheres for serious cases of burns; artificially cooled, dry air to lighten the thermal stress on cardiac cases; and the use of electrostatic precipitation and ultraviolet radiation to produce completely sterile atmospheres for difficult respiratory ailments and prevention of cross-infection from contagious diseases. Such total environments have the greatest applicability when the individual is passive, helpless, or infirm. Since he cannot look after himself or seek out and alter the environment to fit his needs, it is necessary for others to do the job for him.

THIS work rests on the assumption that the needs of these specific individuals can be known and used in programing facilities. Larger questions about the place of these people in society remain unasked and hence unanswered. A handbook of housing for the elderly will recommend bright illumination, nonskid floors, windows for looking out, and so forth. One cannot argue with these recommendations (although one can ask whether they do not apply to all people rather than just the elderly), but they miss the overriding issue of segregation or integration. A building that caters to an elderly person's need for support, visual stimulation, and privacy, but is disabling him socially is hardly an ideal solution to his problems. One can spend a lot of time researching the design of prisons without getting into the question of whether prisons as they now exist, even the best ones, do more harm than good.

When society constructs special institutions of classes of non-persons, the idea of Utopia is not very relevant. For the most part these institutions are designed with society's interests in mind rather than the individual's. Consider the large state hospitals which, at this moment, incarcerate 700,000 men and women in North America. Has an attempt been made to design these institutions from the standpoint of the patient's own needs, with respect for his way of life, his craving for privacy and refuge?

The poorest institutions are designed with security, custody, and economy in mind, the best for something nebulously called therapy or rehabilitation. In no sense can a therapeutic milieu be equated with one designed to give happiness and pleasure to the inmates. Therapy implies society's goals and interests rather than the patient's. It is stipulated by law that patients must be treated humanely while receiving therapy, but the idea of changing the individual is implicit in the concept of therapy. Let us contrast the state hospitals with a designed Utopia, Storyland Park in the Pocono Mountains of Pennsylvania.

Storyland is intended as a childhood imagination come true. Besides the junior fire engine, there is a Western town with a real jail where each child can be sheriff. There are tunnels to crawl through, walls to climb, things to take apart, an absence of no-nos—in short, everything to delight and interest the child. Buildings are child-sized, with small doors and windows, tiny tables and chairs, all to the child's scale.

One cannot say the same of Rockland or Pilgrim State Hospital, each located in progressive New York State and containing more than 10,000 patients. Yet the point is not the number of individuals incarcerated, the shortage of nurses, the crowded wards; for privacy is a matter of barriers rather than square footage. It would be possible, although somewhat difficult, to design a large state hospital as a Utopia for schizophrenics, at least in the way we have been using the concept. This would require that society recognize the legitimacy of the patient's way of life. For a patient who happens to be labeled schizophrenic, it means explicit recognition that withdrawal from social intercourse is a legitimate *modus vivendi*, acceptance of the fact that some people find no place to hide in society and turn within themselves for solace. Strange mannerisms, bizarre dress, and crazy talk are all means for keeping other people at a distance.

Knowing the schizophrenic's need for isolation, it is possible to design mental institutions that make it easy for him to withdraw. Instead of long corridors and open dayrooms, we could provide many private areas, lockers, and dressers where he could keep his belongings, and wooded areas where he could be secluded or build a shanty. A good archi-

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tect can design for isolation and solitude just as creatively as he designs for custody and enforced behavior change.

Is society willing and able to build institutions—asylums, refuges, communities, call them what you want—for people who want to avoid contact with others?

At first glance, this is a dollars-and-cents question: whether society can afford it. I will not try to answer the question in terms of specific amounts. What society can afford to pay is largely dependent on political considerations and the felt needs of its leaders. Under John F. Kennedy, there was an awareness of mental retardation; and under Lyndon B. Johnson the poor were discovered. At this moment, $2 billion a month is being spent on a war in a small Asian nation.

Set in this context, the question whether society can afford to build retreats becomes meaningless. Of more relevance is the fact that American society already maintains institutions for 700,000 of these people. Would it be more or less costly to switch from the present system of custody and behavior change to one of refuge and protection from unwanted social intercourse?

THERE can be no doubt that a refuge would be less expensive to staff, particularly if it were maintained by inmates who possessed gardens and tools for handicrafts and light industry. There would be no need for several thousand employees – gardeners, cooks, accountants, and attendants.

The amount varies from state to state, but in California it costs $14 per patient per day to maintain a state mental hospital, which works out to about $5,110 per patient per year. One could construct and maintain a very nice refuge—including a private chalet for each patient—with this amount of money. The problem, then, is not the cost of the plan but society's reluctance to underwrite an institution that is basically subversive to society's own values.

In mental hospital design, we see that it is possible to conceive of Utopia as a place where everything operates to make a cohesive and efficient society. The individual does not learn the wrong habits because the environment has been programed to optimize the well-being of the collective. Considered in this way, the mental hospital and the prison are behavior change mechanisms in a larger Utopia designed to benefit the full society—a concept that contrasts with the view of Utopia as a world designed to meet the needs of the individual residents. This brings us to the notion of the individual's rights versus those of society, which is as relevant to city and regional planning as it is to forensic psychiatry.

The libertarian view is that Utopia maximizes the individual's right to do as he pleases, and that society is a hypothetical construct composed of the sum total of individual efforts. There should be no zoning, setback, or esthetic regulations pertaining to home building, except those required by safety and/or public health.

Opposed to this is the view that Utopia can operate only at the societal or even world level at which the needs of the collective, as expressed in majority will or the decisions of elected representatives, are paramount. If the citizens decree that all houses in an area must cost $25,000 or occupy lots of a certain size and shape, or fit certain styles, the individual must bow or move out.

The concept of Utopia involves fundamental decisions regarding the rights of the individual vis-à-vis society. The example of the schizophrenic is felicitous because, unlike the deviant individual who wants to become a painter, inventor, or political activist, the schizophrenic withdraws from society under such circumstances that it is almost impossible to say that he is contributing to society; in the case of the schizophrenic, the issue is primarily one of civil rights, and secondarily of economics.

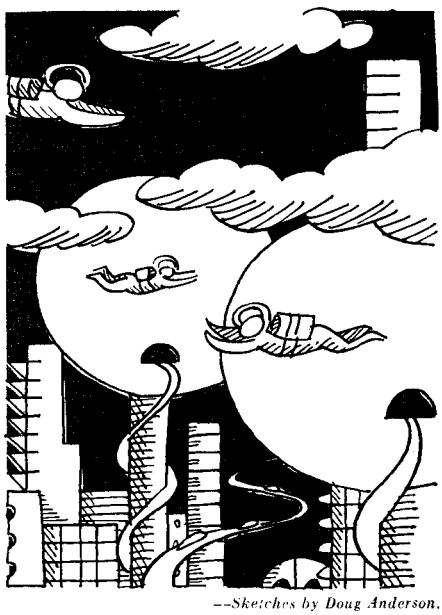
To use another example, it requires no great imagination to program an ideal world for a drug addict. The major requirement would be a place where he can obtain his drugs and then go about the business of living a full productive life. One can, of course, be concerned with the sorts of interior spaces—deep carpets, lounge chairs, music, soft lights—that will enhance the drug experience, but an American addict at this moment would settle for an unfurnished basement so long as he can have his drugs. No precise figures are available, but addicts frequently use public toilets for shooting drugs – certainly not the most attractive setting. Once an addict's need for drugs is met, then we can start making provision for other aspects of his life. His Utopia would be very different from any institution designed to help him live without drugs.

In the present social climate, it may be simpler to program a drugless institution than to change the laws, but this does not mean that such a world is more suited to the addict's explicit needs. Instead of the present policy, which costs untold millions in theft of drugs, erratic enforcement of drug laws, unsuccessful rehabilitation of drug addicts, and human suffering, society could choose to legitimize the addict's need for drugs, just as it might accept the schizophrenic's expressed needs for isolation and the homosexual's for liaison with people of like inclination. Society already tolerates nudists and monastics, allowing their rituals in geographic isolation.

Whether one is discussing the place of the elderly in society, suburbs vis-à-vis the central city, housing for low income groups, or the location of medical services, one is forced to weigh the needs of those people who would gain from segregation against the needs of those who would suffer from it.

Space is related to status not only in amount but also in quality. The high-status individual has better space and more of it. Most attempts to equalize the situation on a limited scale are bound to fail because high-status individuals also have greater mobility and will move to places where their prerogatives are respected. It is hardly surprising that people will avoid juvenile delinquency, congestion, air pollution, and welfare problems if they can.

Not only must we ask how older people fare in Leisure World; we must also measure the effects of the exodus of the elderly from the larger community—what does it do to the family traditions and culture when the people most intimately acquainted with the old days are no longer around? The young unmarrieds of Los Angeles who move into age-segregated housing to obtain country club living (built, incidentally, by people who started out constructing segregated housing for senior citizens) are the vanguard of a trend that is likely to have important social consequences in terms of boy-meets-girl. To remove mental patients from society may temporarily ease their burdens and make life simpler for their families, but what happens when it comes time to return the patient to a family and community that has adjusted to his absence? We are dealing with hierarchies of needs and interdependencies, with ecosystems rather than isolated individuals and groups. There is no situation that is ideal for everyone all of the time.



—Sketches by Doug Anderson.

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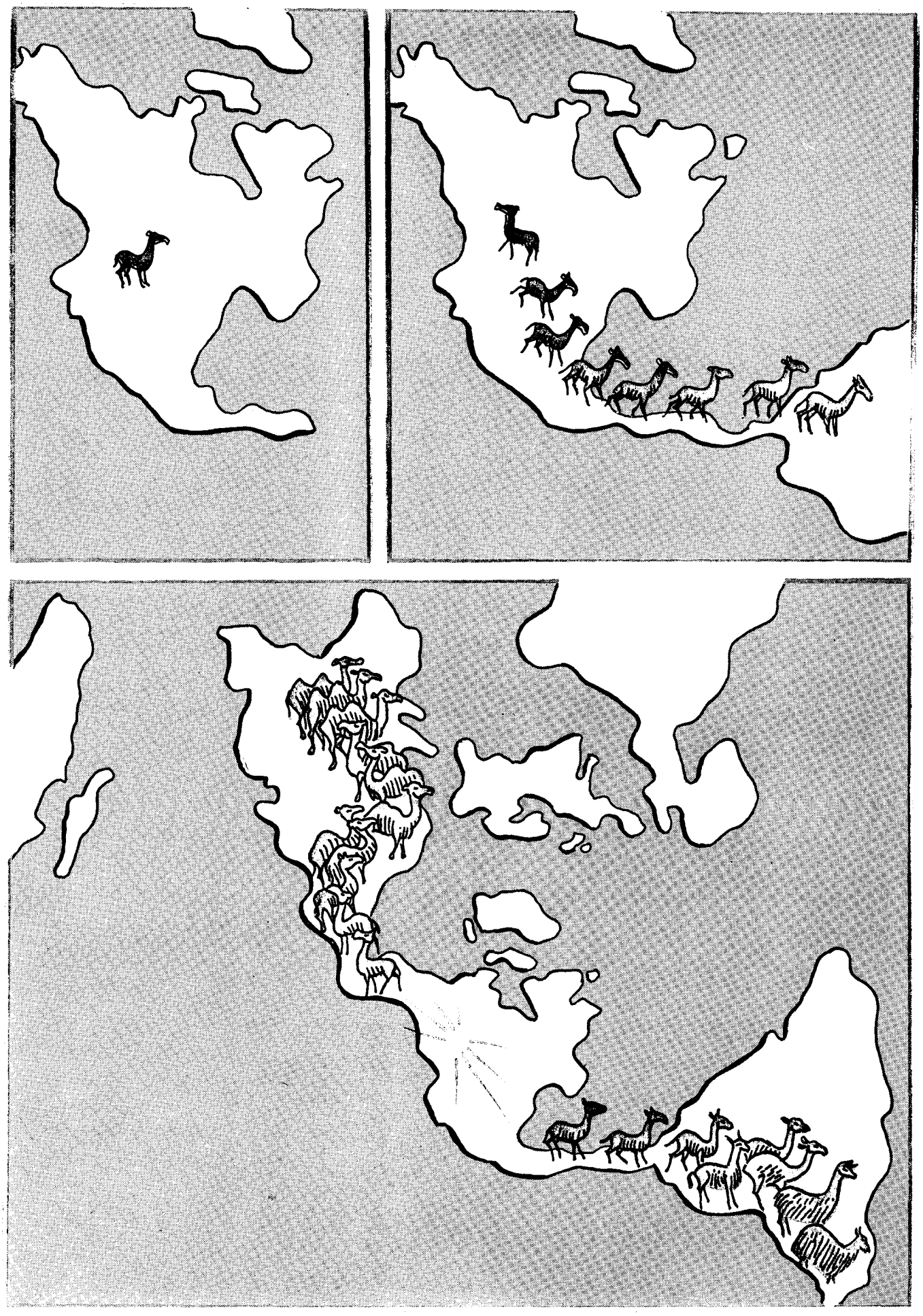

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The Three Worlds of the Camel

ANYONE looking for a camel in these United States of America nowadays must go either to a zoo or to a circus. That has been the state of affairs for the last few thousand years. Camels with a choice just don't live in this neighborhood.

But it wasn't always so. About 45,000,000 years ago, when there were no camels anywhere else on earth, a tiny precursor of the modern camel family appeared in the land now occupied by the states of Wyoming and Utah. Bones of these ancient animals have been found in sedimentary rocks dating that far back.

In the beginning, these miniature creatures—they hadn't yet grown humps on their backs and could be identified as camels only by the shape of their noses—didn't wander far from their original home. They couldn't go south because a strait of water lay where Panama is today. They couldn't go east because of the Atlantic Ocean. They couldn't go west because of the Pacific, which hadn't at that time disgorged the land bridge that later crossed Bering Strait.

About 4 to 5,000,000 years ago, however, the Isthmus of Panama rose out of the water. Sometime after that the camel family started moving south. In South America, the family produced llamas, vicuñas, alpacas, and guanacos.

About 2,000,000 years ago, dry land appeared where Bering Strait separates Alaska from Siberia today, and the camels then remaining in the Wyoming-Utah region went north and west into China and Central Asia.

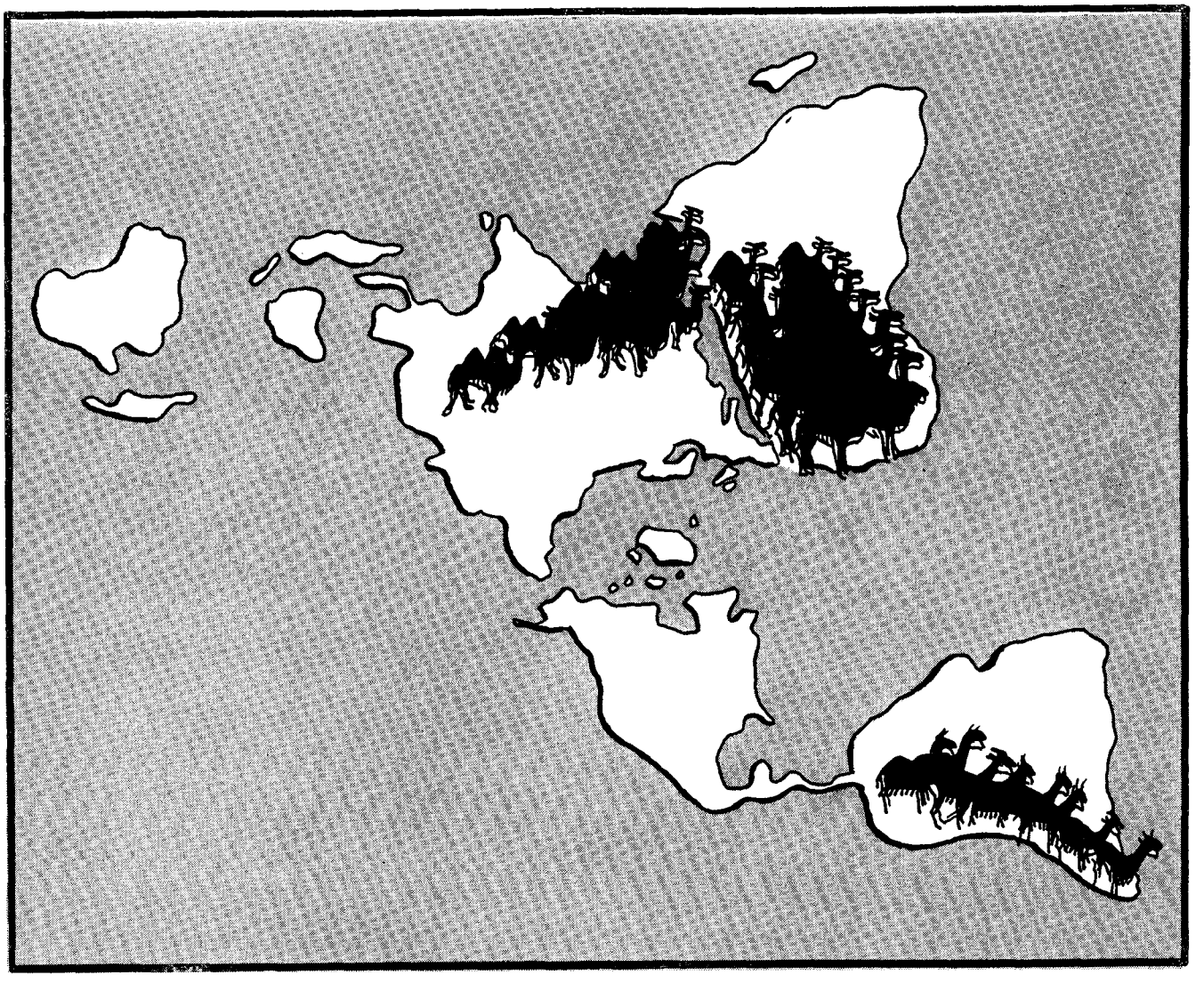
Apparently the conditions that made the camels restless in their original territory finally became unbearable, for they disappeared entirely from what is now the United States.

Today, three different types of camels live in three different worlds. There are unhumped llamas, vicuñas, alpacas, and guanacos in South America. There are two-humped camels in Asia. There are one-humped camels in Africa and the Middle East.

Camels obviously are adventurous beasts. But their dispersion is in part due to man, who domesticated them.

The inspiration for this short story of evolution came from the new Stein and Day book, *Three Billion Years of Life*, written in French by Andre de Cayeux and translated into English by Joyce E. Clemow. Dr. Malcolm McKenna, Frick Curator of the Department of Vertebrate Paleontology, American Museum of Natural History, advised on the accompanying sketches, which were drawn for *SR* by Doug Anderson. Scan them left to right, beginning on the opposite page.

—WILL JONATHAN.



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Letters to the Science Editor

More on Fluoridation

I AM APPALLED at John Lear's implication ["New Facts on Fluoridation," *SR*, Mar. 1] that an increase of fluorides deposited in the bony skeleton in dialized patients (that is, patients dependent on artificial kidneys for survival) means that the same pathology will develop from fluoridated water taken by mouth.

Mr. Lear does no public service when he further confuses a controversial issue with such unscientific deductions. Dialysis depends on the principle of osmosis. The normal function of the kidney depends on the principle of filtration.

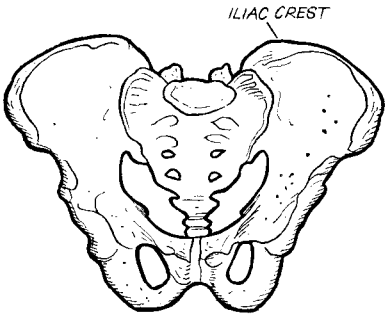
Furthermore, his statement that the iliac crest is the bony vestige at the base of the spine makes me suspect that he does not know his coccyx from his olecranon.

J. BENTON EGEE, M.D.
Newton, Conn.

EDITOR'S NOTE: *Dr. Egee is entirely justified in his ridicule of the description of the iliac crest in last month's report on fluoridation. The iliac crest is, as its name indicates, at the top—not at the bottom—of the pelvis (see sketch, right).*

Dr. Egee missed another, medically more significant, error in the fluoridation report. Three conventional means of treating bone depletion were mentioned: supplementation of the patient's supply of calcium, phosphorus, and vitamin D. Calcium and vitamin D are helpful; phosphorus is not, because it combines with and ties up calcium. The third dietary supplement, therefore, is phosphorus-binding gel, which reduces the amount of phosphorus and enhances the effect of bone-building calcium.

Though regrettable, these two minor technical errors are irrelevant to the principal message of the fluoridation report. Far from confusing the osmotic principle of the artificial kidney with the filtration principle of the natural kidney, SR's science editor emphasized that the difference between the two may amount to as much as a 50-to-1 gradient.



SR published no unscientific deductions, but asked a forthright question: Can fluoridated water, drunk daily by people with malfunctioning kidneys over a period of ten to twenty years, achieve an effect similar to the damage done by fluoridated water through artificial kidneys in one to two-and-a-half years?

And Yet More

THE United States Public Health Service is not mentioning *SR* or John Lear, but it is sending out what amounts to a confirmation of his report that fluoridated water used in artificial kidneys can cause serious adverse medical effects. The March 12 issue of *The Newton Kansan* published seven paragraphs of this USPHS statement, including these:

> The desirable fluoride content of water to be used in dialysis has not been finally determined. Some clinicians have suggested that a small quantity of fluoride may counteract, to a degree, the bone demineralization that inevitably occurs in the patient with kidney failure.
>
> There are also some indications that the absorption of fluoride during dialysis from the approximately 900 litres of water used each week, an amount of water 50 to 100 times the amount of fluid consumed by the average person, can result in accumulations of fluoride in the skeleton, and that accumulations of fluoride from such excessive amounts of water may intensify the bone abnormalities associated with chronic kidney failure. . . .
>
> The need to process some water supplies before therapeutic use in large quantities in artificial kidneys has no bearing on the normal ingestion by anyone of optimally fluoridated water from community water supplies, recommended by health authorities as a medically safe procedure for the reduction of dental caries.

Nowhere in the seven paragraphs does USPHS explain why it waited from 1965 until now to acknowledge the facts that Mr. Lear has published.

Lear's disclosures of serious adverse medical effects from the use of fluoridated water should come as no surprise. Thirty years ago, when Mellon Institute Senior Research Fellow Gerald J. Cox, Ph.D., first proposed "fluoridization" to members of the American Water Works Association, he gave this warning:

> Use of water to which a part per million of fluoride has been added for other than drinking can conceivably lead to undesirable effects. Plant and animal life may be injured. There may be interference with industrial uses. Every use of water must be examined as well as current water treatment practices before fluoridization can be begun. [*Jour. Amer. Water Works Assoc.*, 31: 1929 (1939)].

Commenting at the time on Dr. Cox's proposal, Harry E. Jordan, secretary of the AWWA, asked:

> Shall city water supplies be specially treated to prevent decay of teeth? . . . Several years ago water works men were advised by some investigators that they could help prevent goiter in certain cities by adding iodine [to the water supplies]. A few cities tried it, only to learn that the medical profession felt that greater benefit would be attained by direct treatment for those who clearly suffered from iodine deficiency. [*Ibid.*, p. 1960].

Since there is no evidence that tooth decay is in any way directly *caused* by fluorine deficiency in the diet, and since foods and beverages already supply generous amounts of fluorine to the body (for documentation on this point see the article J. R. Marier and D. Rose published in *The Journal of Food Science* [31:941] in 1966), it is obviously just as inappropriate to use public water supplies to dispense fluorine as it was to use them to dispense iodine. But now that Dr. Cox's worst fears have materialized,

"For twenty-seven years they thought I was a holy manifestation; then they heard of community control!"

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and in view of the steadily growing number of unrefuted—though often ignored—reports of harmful effects from fluoridation (for a summary of them, see my review in *Transactions of the Kansas Academy of Science*, [68:223; 418 (1965)] and my review of the book titled *Fluorine Chemistry* in *Archives of Environmental Health* [15:814 (1967)]), one can only ask how much longer it will be before public health officials cease to recommend water fluoridation and in its place urge the adoption of safe and far more effective voluntary hygienic and nutritional measures to prevent tooth decay.

In connection with Lear's reference to the Rochester, New York, nurse's death following the use of fluoridated water in hemodialysis, it should be noted that clinical details of her case were published in the *Journal of the American Medical Association* [184:1030 (1963)] nearly two years before the appearance of the 1965 report he mentioned. The *JAMA* account was written by a team of investigators headed by Larry H. Kretchmar, M.D., but was not cited in the 1965 report written by Dr. Donald Taves and others. Persons interested in side effects of fluoridated water should look up the *JAMA* article because in it the unexpected nature of the complications ensuing directly from the hemodialysis treatment is clearly revealed. I quote:

> At first the patient's response to dialysis was striking. She returned home feeling well after one or two days and was able to perform household chores and care for an eleven-year-old child. Later, when urinary output was diminished and the hypertension severe, she noted little relief of symptoms after dialysis and spent most of her time at home in bed.
>
> Within an hour after the fourteenth dialysis the patient convulsed, aspirated, and died suddenly. . . .
>
> The patient was usually dialyzed for four hours. Two longer runs of six hours were complicated in the last hour by headaches, confusion, nausea, and, on one occasion, by a grand mal seizure. . . .
>
> A bizarre neuromuscular irritability characterized by a twitching of the right arm with occasional generalized convulsive seizures developed five days after the third dialysis. . . .

Similar reactions have been noted in verified cases of acute fluoride intoxication and would not be expected to occur with hemodialysis where unfluoridated water is used.

Albert W. Burgstahler,
Professor of Chemistry,
University of Kansas,
Lawrence, Kan.

In commenting on reports that were presented to the scientific community by D. R. Taves, J. R. Marier, G. A. Posen, and myself on elevated levels of fluoride in bones and plasma of patients on maintenance hemodialysis, John Lear made an unsolicited and inaccurate reference to my person.

First, my position in Henry Ford Hospital in Detroit is not that of a consultant.

Second, my stay here is not really connected with the fluoride problem as stated in Mr. Lear's article.

Third, I never knew about or met Dr. George L. Waldbott, who was mentioned with me in one sentence in Mr. Lear's report. I understand that Dr. Waldbott is an opponent of fluoridation, whereas I have never expressed publicly an opinion about the fluoridation of water for the population at large.

This is one of many examples of inaccuracy and misstatement by Mr. Lear which doctors more deeply and directly involved than I am may wish to correct. It made me question, however, the quality and motives of Mr. Lear's reporting.

The use of fluoridated water may ultimately prove to be contraindicated for dialysis of patients without kidney function. But, after all, this small group of patients is in a very special situation, which is irrelevant to the issue of fluoridation of water for the population at large. Dialysis patients can be protected against fluoride, if such protection appears to be needed, by relatively simple measures, the cost of which is small considering the overall expense of maintaining these patients on dialysis. The issue of water fluoridation for the population at large, if there is one, must be decided, in my opinion, on grounds other than quoting reports similar to ours.

Z. F. Jaworski, F.R.C.P. (C) F.A.C.P.
Associate Professor of Medicine,
University of Ottawa
(On leave of absence),
Henry Ford Hospital,
Detroit, Mich.

Editor's note: *Dr. Jaworski has been offered space in these columns in which to spell out his accusation that SR's science editor is guilty of inaccuracy and misstatement on the question of fluoridation of public drinking water. Dr. Jaworski also has been invited to say whether the phraseology of his letter is intended to repudiate or revise the concluding statement of two scientific papers he read, approved, and cosigned before their delivery at formal sessions of the Canadian Royal College of Physicians and Surgeons and the Canadian Society for Clinical Investigation at Vancouver, British Columbia, last January. That conclusion, quoted in SR last month, reads: "We recommend that fluoridated water not be used for hemodialysis until the role of fluoride in renal osteodystrophy is clarified." Dr. Jaworski has responded to SR's invitation by saying he prefers to let SR readers form their own opinion about the points he raised.*

SR's fluoridation report did not, in fact, say that Dr. Jaworski's present assignment in Detroit is connected with fluoridation, or that Dr. Jaworski had expressed any attitude toward fluoridation of public drinking water, or that Dr. Jaworski had solicited mention of his name in SR's columns. However, since Dr. Jaworski drew the inferences he did, other SR readers may have done the same, and this opportunity to clarify the matter is welcomed.

Research on the fluoride subject, which has tended to be suppressed by the attitude of the USPHS, should now begin to flourish and the rest of the true story should be published.

Kenneth M. Oakley, M.D.
Bend, Ore.

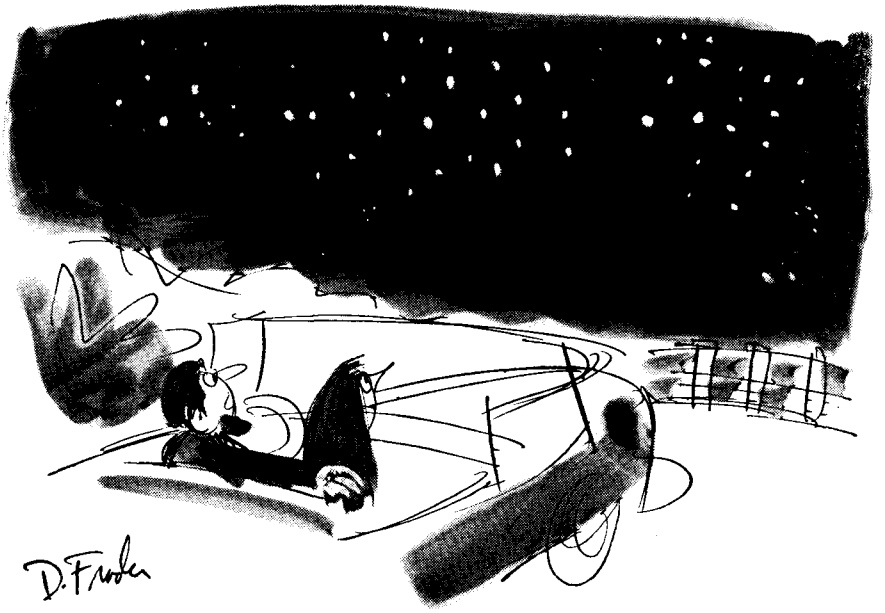
Since the kidneys are the organs most vulnerable to damage by fluoride, and since the incidence of kidney disease in children and adults is increasing at an alarming rate, the United States Public Health Service should now reappraise its stand on fluoridation of public drinking water.

Philip E. Zanfagna, M.D.
Lawrence, Mass.

I salute John Lear for his brilliant, illuminating, and factual exposé of the fluoridation folly! It is due time that the pro-fluoridationists pulled their heads out of the sand and recognized the terrible dangers of this foolish scheme.

Casimir R. Sheft, D.D.S.
Passaic, N.J.

John Lear's report on hemodialysis problems should give the proponents of fluoride a jolt. The real stumbling block, of course,



"Just think, there must be billions of people out there demonstrating violently on issues we haven't even invented."

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is the failure of the people to get their Congressional representatives to earmark the tax money appropriated for USPHS so that it can't be spent to suppress the opposition to fluoridation.

N. J. Paquette, D.D.S.
Uxbridge, Mass.

John Lear's polemic on fluoridation is built on the circumstantial evidence that there is an association between the use of fluoridated water in hemodialysis and bone disease in the recipients of such hemodialysis. I consider this evidence as guilt by association, as do the authors of the scientific reports which he describes. If this evidence is indeed verified in a larger series of cases, it would certainly be sufficient evidence for using non-fluoridated water in hemodialysis. Patients with renal disease who require hemodialysis are very few, representing a select group in the general population. Fluoridation of public water supplies is aimed at reducing dental caries in the general population. The concentration of fluoride used is known to be at a safe level for the general population.

I do agree with Mr. Lear that more investigations of the potentially deleterious effects of fluoride need to be performed. The use of fluoride at a level which approximates the concentration in naturally fluoridated water supplies should not be discouraged by the meager amount of evidence to date.

Thomas C. Washburn, M.D.
Director, Genetic Counseling Service,
Sinai Hospital of Baltimore,
Baltimore, Md.

The third report on the effects of fluoride on the people of Cleveland, published by the Cleveland Board of Education, and authored by Thomas F. Healy, D.D.S., *Study of the Effects of Fluoride on the General Health of the People of Cleveland and Cuyahoga County*, provides data on the general health status of greater Clevelanders in comparison with residents of other fluoridated and non-fluoridated areas, both before and after the communal water supplies were supplemented with one ppm of sodium fluoride. This report consists of trends in mortality and morbidity over a period of approximately ten years, and includes information on heart diseases, vascular lesions, malignant neoplasms, diseases peculiar to early infancy, general arteriosclerosis, influenza and pneumonia, diabetes mellitus, etc. Thus, there has been some attention given to the effects of fluoride in the human body apart from the teeth, contrary to Lear's statement that very little is known about this.

Mrs. Mark A. Murray,
Health Planning Associate,
The Welfare Federation,
Cleveland, O.

Editor's note: *SR readers who wish to acquaint themselves with all the facts on fluoridation should note this source of information in Cleveland. Less reassuring data is being made available by the Independent Phi Beta Kappa Environmental Study Group through its secretary, Miss Elise Jerard, 115 Central Park West, New York, N.Y.*

The Christmas Family

In reading the introduction by John Lear to the special section on "The Child" [*SR*, Dec. 7, 1968], I feel the victim of shallow scholarship by his numerical listing of the "brothers and sisters" of Christ. At least he should have been fair in saying that this is an opinion which is not accepted by all scholars. Of course, the Catholic belief is in the virginity of Christ's mother, Mary, and that her virginity was sustained throughout her life. It bothers me to be relegated to a naïve believer by such an offhand remark by Mr. Lear, especially when *good* scholarship will tell us that in the use of biblical language the "brothers and sisters" which Lear enumerates can also mean cousins or kin other than the ties of an immediate family.

Also, the biblical terminology used is subject to form criticism of the time in which the books of the New Testament were written. The authors were concerned about the community of Christ and those who were spiritually brothers and sisters in his name, and used those who were close to Christ in his time as examples. Nowhere in the Bible is it stated that these "brethren" are the children of Mary and Joseph. In fact, the Simon and Jude referred to by Lear are specifically listed as the flesh sons of Cleophas. By the way, the "firstborn" title is a technical biblical term, not necessitating other children.

One other thing which I do think should be taken into consideration is the passage in the Gospel of John, where at his death Christ gave Mary to John and told him that she was now his mother and he her son. If all that other family existed, how would Christ have had the authority to entrust their mother to an outside son?

I think your public deserves a little more honest shake. Lear might be an editor for science, but he certainly doesn't have that grasp on biblical studies which would allow him glibly to assume the biblical platform he did.

Reverend Dennis C. Klemme,
J.C.D., S.T.L.
Milwaukee, Wisc.

Editor's note: *Josephus, the famous Jewish historian of ancient Palestine's relationships with the Roman Empire, identified James, oldest of the brothers of Jesus, as head of the Christian church after the crucifixion of Jesus. Thus there is independent secular confirmation for the following biblical references to Jesus' family:*

While he yet talked to the people, behold, his mother and his brethren stood without, desiring to speak with him.
—St. Matthew, Chapter 12, verse 46.

And when he was come into his own country . . . they were astonished and said . . . Is not this the carpenter's son? Is not his mother called Mary? And his brethren, James, and Joses, and Simon and Judas? And his sisters, are they not all with us? Whence then hath this man all these things?
—St. Matthew, Chapter 13, verses 54-57.

There came then his brethren and his mother, and, standing without, sent unto him calling him. And the multitudes sat about him and they said unto him, "Behold, thy mother and thy brethren without seek for thee."
—St. Mark, Chapter 3, verses 31-32.

And when the Sabbath day was come, he began to teach in the synagogue; and many hearing him were astonished saying, "From whence hath this man these things? And what wisdom is this which is given unto him . . .
"Is not this the carpenter, the son of Mary, the brother of James, and Joses, and Juda, and Simon? And are not his sisters here with us?"
—St. Mark, Chapter 6, verses 2-3.

"Oh dear, I think they're burning the steaks."

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(Continued on page 78)

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(Continued from page 77)

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FUN AND ADVENTURE for boys 7-18 . . . Adirondack Woodcraft Camps. Six groups. Two lakes near Old Forge. Mountain, Adirondack, Canadian canoe trips. Sailing, forestry, natural sciences, riflery, fishing. Tutoring. Mature counselors. William Abbott, Box 2385, Fayetteville, N.Y. 13066.

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IDEAL FOR FIRST TIME CAMPERS: Appel Farm Art & Music Center for Children, Elmer 24, New Jersey 08318.

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SNOWMASS LODGE, ASPEN, COLORADO—A small secluded ranch catering to families interested in a true mountain wilderness vacation. Write Box D-802, Aspen, Colorado 81611.

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CARIBBEAN ESCAPE! Estate Beth Cruz on Bethany Hill, Cruz Bay, St. John, U.S. Virgin Islands. All units housekeeping with daily cleanup maid service. Bar, dining room, pool, rental cars. Bugfree hideaway with spectacular panoramic view.

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(Continued on page 80)

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(Continued from page 79)

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KINGSLEY DOUBLE-CROSTIC NO. 1826

Reg. U. S. Patent Office

By Thomas H. Middleton

DEFINITIONS	WORDS
A. Roman satirical poet of the 1st and 2nd cent. A.D.	55 70 180 188 193 205 6
B. Confection sometimes made from the root of a plant of the same name	22 39 44 50 72 126 137 34 57 89 158
C. Allegorical dramatic performances popular in 16th and 17th cent. Europe	224 12 21 172 5 18 46
D. Contemporaneity	63 76 93 120 125 151 157 166 24
E. Nathaniel asked "Can there any good thing come out of———?" (John, 1:46)	49 61 153 179 189 195 203 11
F. With justice or reason on one's side (3 wds.)	80 94 121 170 174 217 1 162 187 206
G. Material objects regarded with great reverence	99 135 140 150 177 15 25 60
H. Rigorous control (2 wds.)	95 102 123 130 38 67 110 117
I. The final thrust of a properly finished corrida	154 192 215 4 31 69 111 112
J. After *The:* D. G. Rosetti poem beginning, "The wind flapped loose, the wind was still."	220 32 43 155 226 8 28 64 79 175
K. 2 wds. after *like a:* very quickly	27 216 225 14 37 91 118 129 74 83
L. Agitated	106 196 209 10 77 134 165 138 92 53 62
M. Gob	78 3 16 100 113 146
N. A people of Sonora, Mexico, who have not recognized the sovereignty of the Mexican nation (2 wds.)	159 183 207 33 65 122 168 198 213 221 176 96
O. The worship of snakes	163 13 36 20 160 68 101 149 88 59
P. Not embarrassed	208 124 131 82 104 114 204 227 19
Q. Several	84 171 139 128 181 201 71 152 212 30
R. Matisse, Roualt, Braque, et al were so called	42 143 51 17 41 222
S. Hero of a 13th cent. French *chantefable*, he loved WORD Y.	23 107 66 86 127 147 197 211
T. Signal sounded before taps	85 148 90 2 56 73
U. Weak: ineffective	132 58 75 142 214 167 7
V. Large, high, circular hall or room	105 98 97 115 178 26 119
W. Discredit	191 200 40 54 144 218 35 223 186 45
X. Mouthpiece	47 29 103 133 173 136 156 161 116 9
Y. She loved WORD S.	184 141 52 194 81 48 164 169 199
Z. This is used for soundings of more than 100 fathoms (comp. and wd.)	185 202 210 87 108 190 109 145 182 219 228

DIRECTIONS

To solve this puzzle you must guess twenty-odd WORDS, the definitions of which are given in the column headed DEFINITIONS. Alongside each definition, there is a row of dashes—one for each letter in the required word. When you have guessed a word, write it on the dashes, and also write each letter in the correspondingly numbered square of the puzzle diagram . . . When the squares are all filled in, you will find that you have completed a quotation from some published work. If read up and down, the letters in the diagram have no meaning . . . Black squares indicate ends of words; if there is no black square at the right side of the diagram, the word carries over to the next line . . . When all the WORDS are filled in, their initial letters spell the name of the author and the title of the piece from which the quotation has been taken. Of great help to the solver are this acrostic feature and the relative shapes of words in the diagram as they develop.

				1 F	2 T		3 M	4 I	5 C	6 A	7 U		8 J	9 X	10 L	11 E	12 C	13 O
14 K		15 G	16 M	17 R	18 C		19 P	20 O	21 C	22 B	23 S	24 D	25 G	26 V		27 K	28 J	29 X
30 Q		31 I	32 J	33 N	34 B	35 W		36 O	37 K		38 H	39 B	40 W	41 R		42 R	43 J	44 B
45 W	46 C	47 X	48 Y	49 E		50 B	51 R	52 Y	53 L		54 W		55 A	56 T	57 B	58 U	59 O	
60 G	61 E	62 L	63 D	64 J	65 N	66 S	67 H	68 O		69 I	70 A	71 Q	72 B	73 T	74 K		75 U	76 D
	77 L		78 M		79 J	80 F	81 Y	82 P	83 K	84 Q	85 T		86 S		87 Z	88 O	89 B	90 T
91 K	92 L	93 D	94 F	95 H	96 N	97 V		98 V	99 G		100 M	101 O	102 H	103 X	104 P	105 V	106 L	107 S
108 Z		109 Z	110 H	111 I		112 I	113 M	114 P	115 V	116 X	117 H		118 K	119 V	120 D	121 F	122 N	123 H
124 P		125 D		126 B		127 S		128 Q	129 K	130 H	131 P	132 U	133 X	134 L	135 G		136 X	137 B
138 L	139 Q	140 G	141 Y	142 U	143 R	144 W	145 Z	146 M		147 S	148 T	149 O	150 G	151 D	152 Q	153 E	154 I	155 J
	156 X	157 D	158 B		159 N	160 O	161 X		162 F	163 O	164 Y		165 L	166 D		167 U	168 N	
169 Y	170 F	171 Q		172 C	173 X	174 F	175 J	176 N	177 G		178 V	179 E	180 A	181 Q	182 Z		183 N	184 Y
185 Z		186 W	187 F	188 A	189 E	190 Z		191 W	192 I		193 A	194 Y		195 E	196 L	197 S	198 N	199 Y
200 W	201 Q	202 Z		203 E	204 P	205 A	206 F		207 N	208 P	209 L	210 Z	211 S		212 Q	213 N	214 U	215 I
216 K	217 F	218 W	219 Z		220 J	221 N	222 R		223 W	224 C	225 K	226 J	227 P	228 Z				

Solution of last week's Double-Crostic will be found on page 18 of this issue.

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